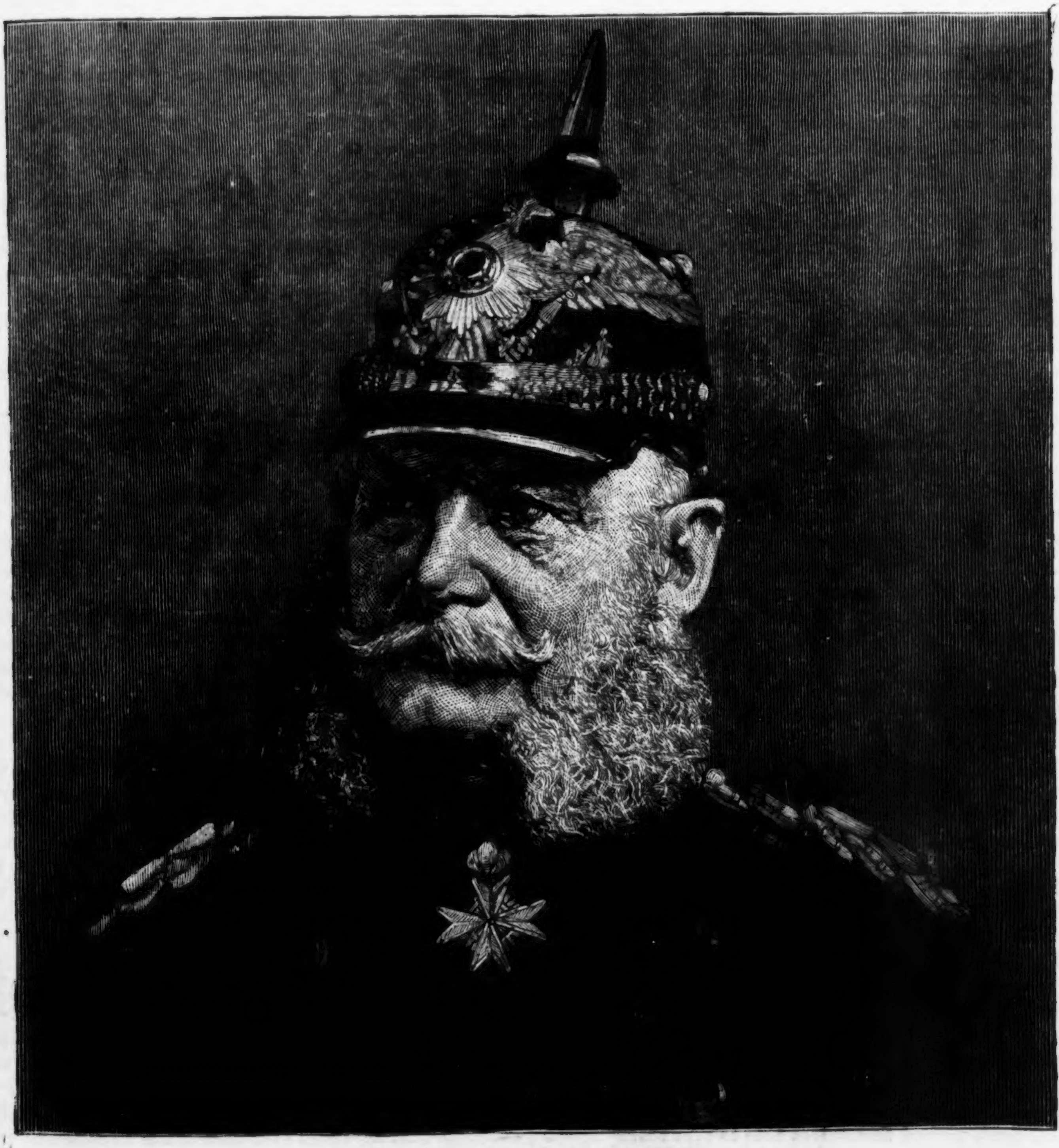
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII.—No. 2. AUGUST, 1886. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.

By George Makepeace Towle.

The Emperor William of Germany is the most picturesque, unique and interesting figure in the group of living European monarchs. Everything about him—his great and yet vigorous age; his sturdy and forcible character; the long series of stirring and dramatic events which he has witnessed, and in which he has



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY.

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often borne a conspicuous part; his era, which has been so crowded with startling changes, with mighty national catastrophes and triumphs, with thrilling political and military episodes—all endow him with an interest such as no other living ruler inspires. It is not easy to take in at a glance the wonderful history of which his very name reminds us. To realize the great span of his life and his career, we must call to mind that when the Emperor William was born Washington was holding his "republican court" as President at Philadelphia; that Napoleon was just coming into public notice; that the haughty Catharine of Russia had but lately passed off the world's stage; that William's granduncle, Frederick the Great, had only been dead eleven years; that Pitt was Prime Minister of England; and that the steamboat and the railway locomotive had not been heard of. We must remember that this still hale and hearty old potentate, who is ruling his united realm with a yet sound mind in a sound body, was a full-grown, tall young officer of the Prussian Army on the field of Waterloo, and shared in the revels after Waterloo with the Czar Alexander, Wellington and Blucher, in captured Paris. We must take note of the striking fact that William has held a commission in the Prussian Army for no less a period than seventy-nine years.

In an age vigorously destructive of old ideas, institutions and creeds, the Emperor William appears as the very ideal and type of mediæval kingliness. In a group of sovereigns who, for the most part, have been forced to yield somewhat to the democratic tendencies of the age, and to govern according to the will of the people, the Emperor William stands almost alone as the very incarnation of absolute monarchy. In every attribute of his, mental, moral and even physical, he reminds one of the portraits of the stout-souled, haughty, warlike and self-willed Kaisers who ruled in Germany in the Middle Ages. Their despotic ideas of kingship have descended to him in all their stern purity. William believes in, and has often asserted, his "divine right" to rule. He believes himself commissioned to a crown by God Himself. He cannot admit that this sacred and lofty trust may be challenged by his subjects, however intelligent. He has not learned any lesson from the liberal progress of his age. He has been called to his post by a higher power than the popular will, and he maintains himself in it with all the stubborn, serene, undoubting pride of his stalwart race. Happily for him, at least, events have served, in his instance, rather to bulwark and strengthen than to diminish his royal authority. His own character, moreover, has contributed to induce his subjects to be more than patient with him. His chivalrous traits and bearing; the transparent honesty; the bluff, simple, soldierly frankness of his nature; his hearty participation in the tastes, ambitions and pleasures of his people; his kindness of disposition, and the entire absence of capriciousness or tyranny in his method of conducting public affairs, have turned the hatred and distrust with which the Germans at one time regarded him into universal affection, loyalty and homage. Nor can we forget that the great part which he has played on the stage of Europe during the past twenty years has been such as to strengthen the bonds of the love and admiration which the Germans feel for their knightly old Emperor. He represents German victory, German unification, and the revival of the German Empire. To his conduct, his intense sympathy with the cause of German unity, his choice of statesmen and generals who, in the council and on the field, proved themselves able to give reality to the long-cherished German dream, his constant and tireless co-operation with his so ably chosen instruments, the Germans rightly credit, to a large degree, their present predominant position as a nationality in Europe.

Let us take a rapid survey of the Emperor William's remarkable, in some respects unparalleled, career. He is the second son of King Frederick William III. of Prussia, who was the successor on that throne of Frederick the Great. Frederick William was the King who took part in the Napoleonic wars, and whose misfortunes, rather than any marked personal traits, preserve for him a sympathetic page in history. William's mother, on the other hand, was beautiful, talented, and was conspicuous for her fervid patriotism as well as for her personal graces. Louise of Mecklenburg was adored by her Prussian subjects; and to this day the aged Emperor preserves a tender and touching recollection of his mother. She was a fervid spirit in maintaining the alliance against Napoleon, and when, at last, the legions of France swept over Prussia, and the country which she loved was humbled to the dust, Queen Louise died broken-hearted. It was, perhaps, as much from this beautiful mother as from his sturdy paternal race, that William derived the qualities which have endeared him to Germany, and have won for him the veneration of mankind. From the first William was by taste and temperament a soldier. Born and brought up amid the hurly-burly of furious wars; accustomed from childhood to witness great reviews; to watch the departure and arrival of troops; to see gathered in the palace multitudes of officers, and to hear on every hand the talk of battle, sieges and alliances, it is no wonder that the young Prince became thoroughly infected with the military spirit. And a soldier he became, at an age when most boys, whether princes or not, are just beginning to struggle with Latin nouns and verbs. It is related that, on the 22d of March, 1807, which was William's tenth birthday, his father, the Prussian King, called him into his library and said to him:

"My son, I appoint you an officer in my Army. You will serve in Company No. 1 of the First Guard Regiment."

The little Prince drew himself up, gave his father a prompt military salute, and bowed himself out. He soon reappeared before the King attired in the uniform of his new rank, and, once more saluting, announced to his father that "he was ready for duty."

But even at so tender an age William was no mere drawing-room warrior. His rank was that of a junior ensign; and he entered upon his duties with such zest, submitting to all the hardships and privations, and tried so earnestly to master the military art, that he soon proved his thoroughly soldier-like qualities. He was trained in the strict military schools of Prussia, and before the first symptoms of a beard had appeared upon his face he had become a really accomplished soldier. His first experiences on the battle-field were indeed memorable. He first saw war on a vast scale, in the very crisis of the fate of kingdoms and empires. He was at Blucher's side on the desperate day of Waterloo. It seems strange that, at the outset of his military career, he should have taken part in the overthrow of the first French Empire; and that the crowning incident of his later years should be the demolition of the second.

We catch but few and fitful glimpses of William during many years after the collapse of Napoleon and the establishment of European peace by the Treaty of Vienna. He was a younger son, and it seemed improbable that he would ever ascend the Prussian throne. He continued in the Army; but life in the Prussian

Army was an inactive and ornamental one from Waterloo until within the past twenty-five years. From youth to middle age William's career did not differ in a marked degree from that of other younger sons of kings, holding a command in an Army in time of peace, living amid the ceremonies and distractions of a royal court, enjoying the pleasures of life with lusty good cheer, and thoroughly German in his habits, tastes and hearty enjoyment of his own family circle.

William emerges from this uneventful princely obscurity in the troublous times of 1848. Then for the first time he becomes a conspicuous figure on the stage of the great European drama. The third French revolution has broken out. Its fiery, destructive spirit has run and spread through Europe like an epidemic, and is deeply infecting other people. Frederick William IV., the elder brother of William, is reigning in Prussia. He is an accomplished and able ruler, who, some years later, is destined to sink into the night of hopeless insanity. He holds the same haughty, despotic ideas of kingship that have run for centuries in the blood of his race. His Prussian subjects have caught the French epidemic, and begin to think they will get rid of kings, and set up a "republic, one and indivisible," too. It happens that William, like many younger sons before him, has been professing liberal opinions, and has coquetted somewhat with the radical professors of the universities. When the conclusion comes, the King and Princes, William included, are forced to fly from Berlin and seek refuge on the hospitable shores of England. A constituent assembly is chosen in Prussia, and William's asserted liberalism being remembered, he is chosen a deputy. But on his arrival William speedily proves to his revolutionary colleagues that he is a true Hohenzollern. Taking command of some troops in Berlin, he turned their guns against the assembly and the populace. By his command the mob was shot down relentlessly. He thus "restored order," and opened the way for the return of his royal brother. This act is the one blot on the honor of the German Emperor. It made him, for a long time, bitterly hated throughout Prussia and liberal Europe. It was, according to modern ethics, an act of sheer treachery. But William frankly avowed that, since the King's right to rule was "divine," it was justifiable, by any means, to bring him to his own again. Despite this sterling service to Frederick William, the relations of the two royal brothers were never cordial. Two men more different in temperament and tastes it would be hard to find. The King was scholarly, intellectual, fond of the arts and refinements of life. William was a soldier, an "out-of-doors" man through and through.

Ten years after the suppression of revolution in the streets of Berlin, Frederick William became entirely insane. It is related that on one occasion, when a royal banquet was going forward, the afflicted monarch deliberately washed his face in his soup, to the dismay of the assembled grandees. When he grew utterly incapable, bluff William assumed the office of regent, and from that time (1858) was the real ruler of Prussia, though he did not succeed to the throne until 1861.

Even down to the time of his accession a remnant of his old professed liberalism clung to him. He turned the aristocratic Ministry of his brother out of office, and replaced them by Liberal statesmen. His accession gave rise to a mixed feeling in the minds of his subjects. He was disliked and distrusted because of his action in the revolution; but his continued profession of liberalism gave hopes of a more generous system of government. Both these feelings, curiously enough, gave way before the momentous events which were soon to begin, and which were to continue in a dramatic succession throughout his reign. He came to be trusted and beloved. At the same time his subjects soon awaked to the fact that, in his time, at least, absolute monarchy was to remain unimpaired, and that no concessions to the desire for a constitutional system were to be thought of.

It was not long before William deserted his old Liberal allies, and took the Yunker party (the German Tories) into his counsels and confidence. The first notable step of his rule—a step the importance of which later events have abundantly proved—was to appoint Bismarck as his chief adviser. It is one of the most striking evidences of William's shrewdness and foresight in kingcraft that he should discern the one man in all Germany whose brain and will were equal to the mighty task in the near future. That choice, as we can now see, insured to William beforehand a brilliant and glorious reign. It may be fairly said that William could not, in all human probability, have achieved German unity and a restoration of the ancient Empire without Bismarck, and it may with equal reason be surmised that had not the character of the sovereign been singularly adapted to support and cooperate with the great Minister, Bismarck might have found the task too formidable even for his towering genius. The King and his chief adviser, in short, have been necessary to each other, and equally necessary to Germany, from first to last; and united, have proved able to realize the magnificent vision which, very early in their connection, absorbed the thoughts and aspirations of both. William's ability to perceive and pick out the best instruments to carry out his purposes has been shown again and again; while in Bismarck he recognized the pre-eminent adviser, diplomatist and energetic political agent; in Von Moltke, Von Roon, and Prince Frederick Charles he was quick to find the highest grade of military talent.

There can be very little doubt that the audacious design to unite the German nationalities under the headship of Prussia, and to call into a new life the German Empire which was extinguished eighty years ago, was conceived, entered upon, and actively pursued very soon after Bismarck took his seat at the head of the Royal Council Board. It is needless to recall here the series of thrilling acts by which the drama advanced from stage to stage, until it culminated in the splendid scene of the proclamation of the new Empire in the stately halls of Versailles. It is the most interesting part of the history of the past quarter of a century, and it is also the history of the Emperor William's triumphant career; but its events are recent enough, and have, moreover, been retold often enough to be familiar to most readers. William, with Bismarck at his elbow, began by establishing a perfectly despotic rule in Prussia. He dissolved Parliaments, removed Ministers, repressed the nobility, domineered, in turn, over all parties. The next step was the alliance with Austria for the purpose of despoiling Denmark; an alliance which resulted in a victory, the fruits of which were reaped by Prussia alone. Then it became necessary to remove Austria from the headship of the Germanic Confederation, and to exalt Prussia in her place. This was accomplished by the subtle diplomacy and the persistent will of Bismarck. Within four years, William found himself face to face with the two great Powers which stood as supreme obstacles to the accomplishment of German unity. With Bismarck and Von Moltke as his constant prompters and counselors, he formed the bold resolve to subdue these obstacles, one after the other. Austria's turn came first.

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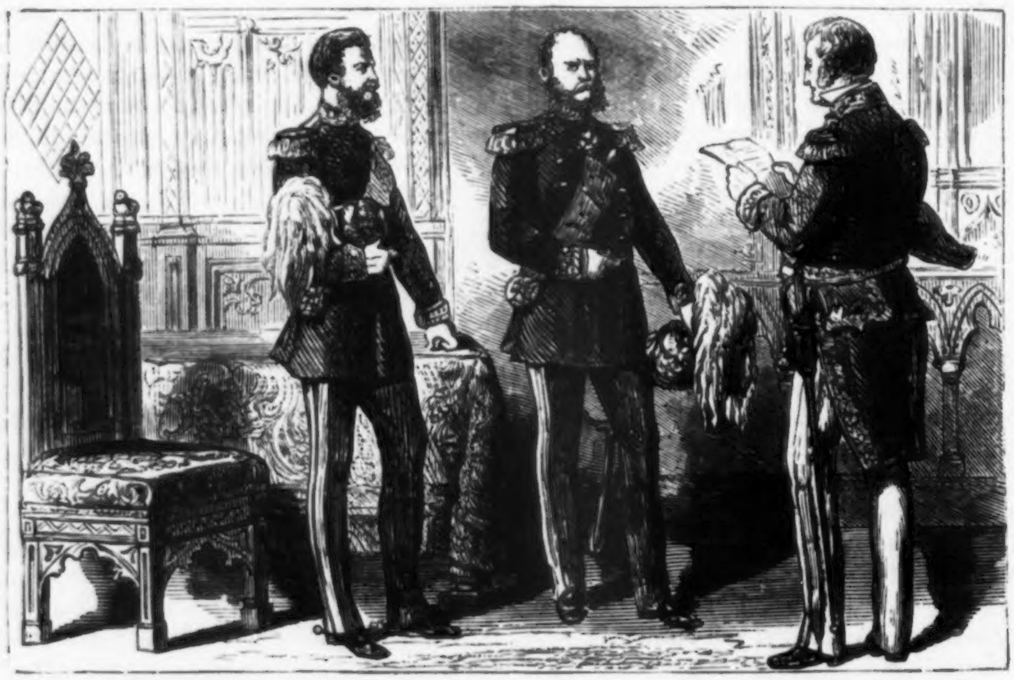
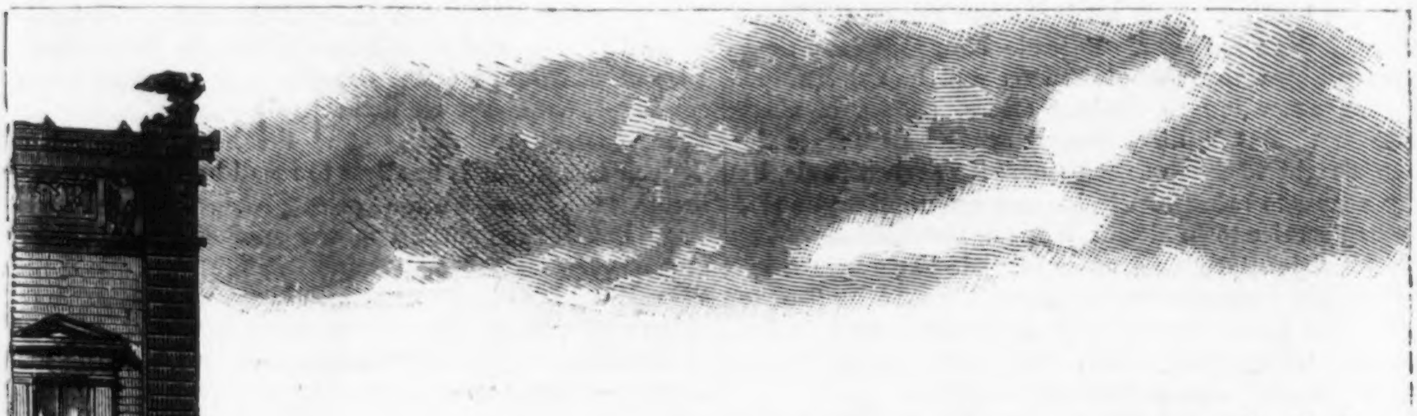


WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AS HEAD OF THE NORTH GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

The brief, sharp, decisive campaign in Bohemia in 1866 rendered Austria for ever powerless to resist German unity under Prussian ascendency. France was too short-sighted to see what was in the air; to perceive that the blow aimed at Austria was intended, later, to reach France also. Napoleon III. missed his only chance of preserving his Empire when he refused to ally himself with the Austrians in 1866. This, history has made clear beyond a doubt. Four years later, it came the turn of France; and, amid a shock which shook Christendom, the Prussian arms were carried within the walls of Paris, the ostentatious Empire of the last Napoleon fell crashing into hopeless ruin, and the Kings, Princes, and Dukes of Germany kneeled before the sturdy old Prussian King in the Palace of Versailles and offered him an Imperial Crown.

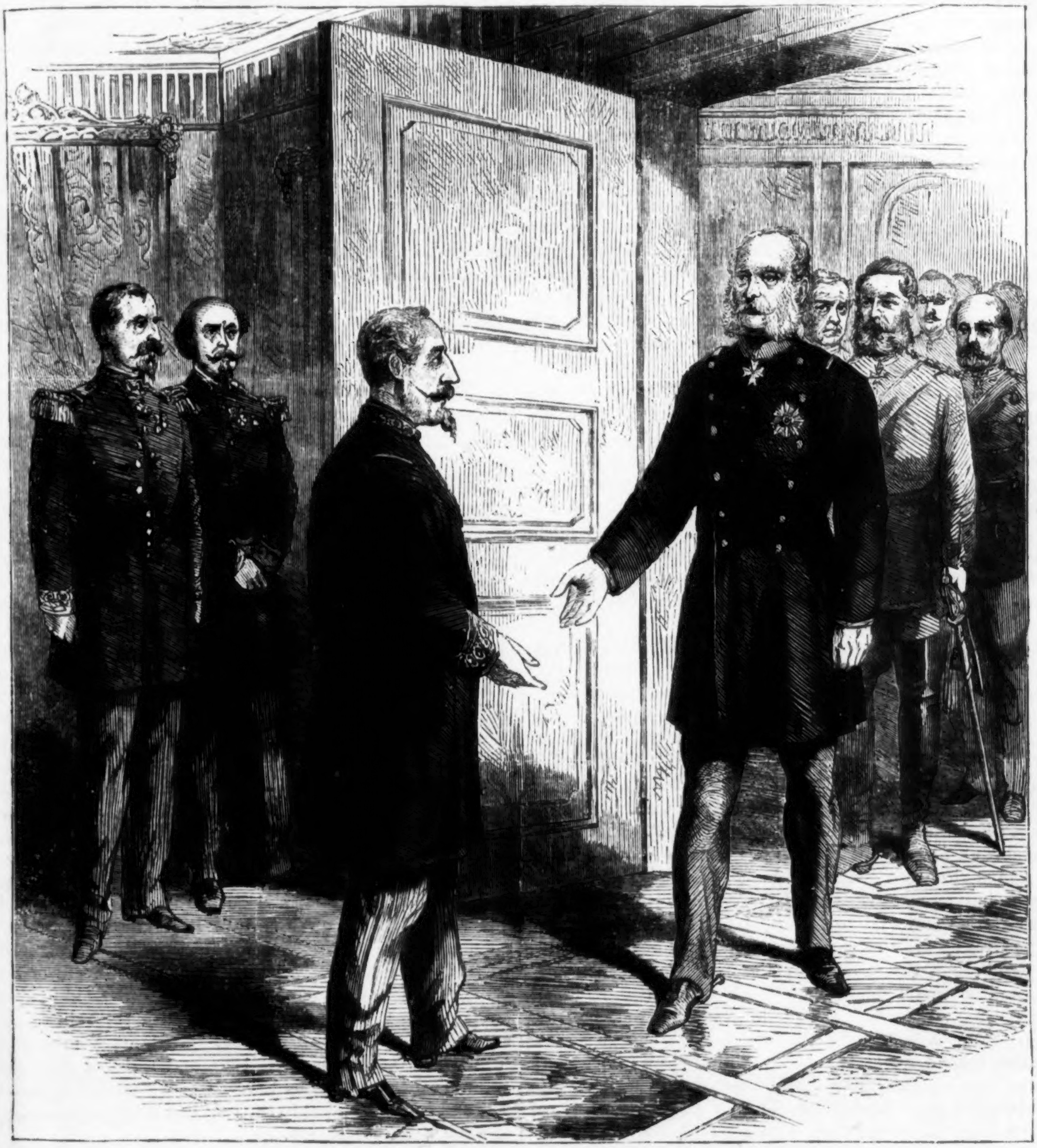
At the time of that most memorable event, William was in his seventy-fourth year. It seemed probable that his career had culminated, and that the realization of German Unity and Empire would prove the great closing scene of his reign. Few could have foreseen that he would yet live to preside over the slow and difficult building-up of the new and vast realm over which he had been called to preside; that he would preserve, for years after, in undiminished virility, the mental, moral, and physical qualities which had already proved so well fitted for his great life-work. It would have then been hard to believe that, in his ninetieth year, the sturdy old Kaiser would be seen, as he was recently, going to open the German Parliament in person; his broad shoulders still unbowed by the weight of years, his cheeks ruddy with the keen breeze, his white locks half hidden beneath his plumed and glistening helmet; towering, in his height, above the multitude; with his figure soldierly erect, his



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S PALACE IN BERLIN.

step firm, his eye bright and piercing, and his carriage as stalwart and kingly as if he were still in the ripe prime of years.

The victory over France, and his consequent elevation to the Imperial Throne of United Germany, made William by all odds the most powerful monarch in Europe. He became, as Napoleon III. had once been, the arbiter of nations. Berlin became the centre of European power and influence. He held in his hands the destiny of states and the fate of rulers. At every crisis in the affairs of nations, all eyes have ever since turned, with one accord, to the capital where the aged Emperor, with Bismarck always at his side, has pursued without pause his labors as the head of the most potent of Empires. To William's praise be it said that his supreme influence in the affairs of Europe has apparently been wielded, with scarcely an exception, for sixteen years, on the side of peace. Many instances might be cited in which European nations have seemed to be on the very verge of war, when a word of counsel from Berlin, bearing the meaning though not the tone of a command, has restrained the passions and conciliated the differences of rival states. The moderation, the judgment, the wisdom with which William, essentially a soldier in every fibre, has maintained for so long the peace of Europe, has resisted the temptation, more than once offered, to crush the reviving strength of France, and has averted a conflagration among the combustible materials in Southeastern Europe, cannot be too strongly commended.



NAPOLEON III. AND WILLIAM, AFTER SEDAN.

In his relations with his German subjects, William has never swerved from the firm maintenance of his absolute rule by the right divine. When, in the Cathedral at

Berlin, twenty-five years ago, he took the Prussian Crown from the high altar, and, with solemn and reverent gesture, placed it on his head, he said, "I receive this Crown from God's hand." That has been the warrant upon which he has conducted the affairs of Prussia and the German Empire ever since. He has been the divinely appointed monarch, and also patriarch and father of his people; not to be resisted in authority, but exercising that authority always in a kindly, paternal, thoughtful, conscientious way.

The personal appearance, qualities, habits and daily living of a man of the Emperor William's career and rank, cannot fail to be of interest to all; not merely because he rules one of the greatest of European states, or because he is descended from an ancient and stalwart race, but because, in his own personality, his traits are strong and marked, and full of striking aspects.

The writer first saw the Emperor William when, in 1867, he went to Paris, accompanied by Bismarck and his warrior son, the Crown Prince Frederick William, to visit that gorgeous festival of all the nations, the Grand Exposition. He was then only King of Prussia; three years would elapse before he became Emperor. He was then in his seventy-first year. He rode freely about Paris in his coach, and so there were many opportunities for observing him as he appeared at that time. He was conspicuously tall and straight, broad-shouldered and sinewy, with a thoroughly military air and bearing. His chest was full and broad, and he gave the impression of possessing great physical powers in every muscle and limb. Most prepossessing of all were the head and features. The countenance was truly German in its open, frank, kindly expression; the head was held up boldly, even haughtily, but with an entirely amiable, self-satisfied *hauteur*. The forehead, half bald, was not high or intellectual, but fair, open, and scarcely wrinkled. The hair was almost white, and thick, as could be seen when, on occasion, the heavy military helmet was lifted to give greeting. The eyes were light, clear, and penetrating, and were overshadowed by heavy white brows. They seemed quite capable of gleaming forth with a set and unconquerable though not truculent determination, but now gave forth a frank and good-humored look. "The Emperor William," says a recent French writer, "has the beautiful blue eyes of Frederick the Great. His tufted eyebrows form a fine arch. The gaze of William has a strange slowness. It is the look of a man who has the consciousness of majesty. His eyes have not the vague mysteriousness of those of the late Czar Alexander, nor the dreamy melancholy of those of the Emperor Francis Joseph, nor the trouble of those of Queen Victoria." His nose was bold, strong, thick at the end, and had large, high nostrils. Above the wide, curved, resolute lips swept a very long, white and thick military mustache, turned up at the ends; while the prominent and firmly set chin and jaws were bordered with short, white side-whiskers. Altogether he was imposing, full of grandeur and dignity, yet with no stiffness or self-consciousness.

"The Emperor William's voice," says the French writer before quoted, "has a strong tone of command. The accent is slightly Berlinese. The Emperor thickens a little, and dwells somewhat on the vowels. He speaks slowly and very correctly, as a man who has the habit of always being listened to. He chooses rather than seeks words. He would be able to deliver from the tribune of the Reichstadt an eloquent discourse. He has the real memory of a sovereign. He remembers every name and every face. He knows most of the officers of his army. Sometimes, when at a military review, he will be heard to say to some undistinguished captain or lieutenant, 'You resemble your grandfather; a little lighter, perhaps. He was a brave soldier.' He remembers a conversation which he has heard years before. Adored by those who surround him, he is always very thoughtful of them. Yet he thinks only of those whom he sees, and of whom he has need. It is an egotism of the Sovereign which does not affect the heart of the man. Look at him close by. Every face of old age is a revelation. The Emperor William is good. No man knows better than he the profession of Sovereignty. Very simple, and of plain appearance, he insists strictly on etiquette. He carries high his head, as if he always wore the Crown. Never has any one been familiar with him; not even his son. During an audience, after holding his hands in front of him for some time, he crosses them behind his back. He grows old slowly, without bending. He even seems to increase in height; the oblique rays of the setting sun make the grand old trees appear still grander."

Many anecdotes are told illustrative of the old Kaiser's traits of character. His *bonhomie* and bluff good nature, his love of his family and his people, and, withal, his occasional severity and strict adherence to etiquette and the proprieties, are shown by many little incidents of his life. It is related of his capacity to be at times very severe, that, on the occasion of a state ball, he saw that a young officer, who was talking with his partner, accidentally turned his back upon a young English lady. The Emperor walked up to the officer, turned him sharply around, and warned him never again to turn his back upon a lady. At another ball, he perceived an officer dancing very awkwardly, so that he embarrassed the other dancers. He thereupon sent an aide-de-camp to the officer to command him not to dance any more until he had learned to do it more gracefully. But the anecdotes which tell of his good-humor and kind-heartedness are far more numerous. A trifling but very significant incident, which took place not long after the Bohemian campaign of 1866, will serve to show one of the characteristics which call forth the love and veneration of his people. The Emperor had gone, as was his usual custom, to drink the waters at Ems. There he was wont to take long walks very early in the morning, to enjoy undisturbed the exquisite scenery of the Valley of Lahn. It is a landscape which has always seemed to give him especial delight. One afternoon, as he was strolling through the beautifully laid-out gardens which surround the Kursaal, with an American lady, William met an aged soldier, who had been wounded at Königgrätz, and was just able to drag himself along by the aid of his crutches. At the sight of the Sovereign, the old soldier promptly uncovered and turned to give the salute. In so doing, he dropped his hat. Without a moment's hesitation, William picked it up and restored it to the veteran's head. The soldier was overwhelmed with the act, and began humbly to say that he was quite unworthy of such a condescension.

"Tut, tut, my good fellow," was William's genial reply. "William reigns at Berlin; this day he is happy to serve at Ems."

Although William is every inch a soldier, and has passed, unwounded, through many a scene of carnage and death, he yet has a heart so tender that it is with the greatest reluctance that he ever inflicts severe punishment or pain. He has the greatest repugnance to sign warrants to inflict the punishment of death, even upon the greatest criminals.

On the table of his cozy and well-filled study—a small room which overlooks the great square in front of his palace—there is always lying an old cavalry helmet. It would be hard to guess to what use the Emperor puts this cumbrous headgear, which seems quite out of place among the papers and little ornaments which are strewn over the table. It comes into service when a death-warrant is brought by one of the Ministers to the Emperor to sign. The warrant is left on the desk; and as soon as the Minister has retired, William quietly slips the obnoxious document under the old helmet. Sometimes his officials, who are aware of his dislike to give his sanction to an execution, avail themselves of his absence from the study to lift the helmet, and move the document in such a way that its edges protrude slightly from under the helmet's brim. In nine cases out of ten, however, this gentle hint proves unavailing; for the Emperor, as soon as he catches sight of the detested paper peeping out from the place where he concealed it, quietly pushes it back again and forbears afterward to make any allusion to the incident. When this happens, the obnoxious paper is secretly taken away and destroyed, since the officials give up in despair the hope that the big-hearted Kaiser would ever be induced to sign it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Emperor's personal courage is as conspicuous as has always been that of the knightly race of Hohenzollern. Twice have attempts been made on his life as he rode through the avenues of his capital. On one of these occasions he was wounded. But neither incident caused him to refrain from appearing among his subjects with the same trustful freedom as before. Every day, when he is in good health, he may be seen standing at the front window of his palace, gazing out with interest upon the street scenes below. He returns the salutes of the passers-by with easy and genial response. Unless he is seriously indisposed, he never fails to appear, on his white horse, crowned with his shining peaked helmet, and attired in the brilliant uniform of a Prussian general, at the frequent military reviews which take place in the neighborhood of Berlin. He is as fond of military displays and manœuvres as he was in youth, and never neglects to give hearty praise to a regiment or a company which goes through its evolutions with especial skill. He is more fond of the companionship of military men than of civilians. With them he fights over again in talk the campaigns in which he has borne a part; and if he finds a veteran of Waterloo, he delights to recall the thrilling incidents and scenes of that life-and-death struggle for supremacy in Europe. Aside from military matters, the Emperor shares the ardent love of his subjects for music, the drama and the arts. The "first performances" of opera are always marked by his presence in the Imperial box, usually surrounded by some of his children, grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren; nor can any one see him sit there, intent upon the harmonies which swell from the stage and the orchestra, without perceiving how devotedly fond he is of the best music. In his earlier days he was noted for his especial liking for the *ballet* and for his admiration of the pretty and lightsome *coryphées* who tripped the gay fantastic toe in his august presence; whom he was in the habit of visiting and delighting with flatteries and praises in the green-room between the acts. His palaces are replete with the evidences of his love of the arts. Statuary, painting, carving, ornaments and nicknacks of deft handiwork are to be seen on every hand. The Emperor is very fond of preserving all sorts of relics of persons and events of the past. His study is fairly incumbered with such mementoes. Over his head is a life-size portrait of his adored mother, Queen Louise, and a statuette of the first Napoleon——whose savage conduct in Prussia has not served to blind William to his great genius—observes him from one of the shelves near his desk.

The daily life of the Emperor William is probably more simple and more laborious than that of the majority of his well-to-do subjects. He is, even in his ninetieth year, a hard and patient worker. Every duty imposed upon him by his Imperial office is promptly and thoroughly fulfilled. Even when he goes to bed late, after a reception at the palace, or an evening at the opera, he rises early and begins a daily routine regulated by long and rarely omitted habit. He sleeps in a simply furnished chamber; not a luxurious couch of silk and feathers, but on a plain army cot. At dawn he has finished his slumbers and is dressing. His first act of each day is to read the Bible. His piety, indeed, has long been one of his most conspicuous traits. He is a firm believer in Protestant Christianity, and this is a belief devoutly shared by the partner of his Throne, the Empress Augusta, who is everywhere known and beloved in Germany for her pious and charitable acts. The Emperor's religion has the simplicity, directness and frankness shown in all his conduct. During the war with France in 1870, his dispatches from the field of war constantly betrayed his gratitude to God and his recognition that the triumphs of the cause which he believed to be right were due to a higher than an earthly power. There was something singularly winning in the blunt, homely phrases in which he expressed this feeling.

The Emperor goes directly, each morning, from his dressing-room to the study, which is his workshop, and has already been mentioned. He is attired in military habit, and it is that in which he almost invariably appears. Booted, spurred and epauleted, he settles himself down to his morning labors. He takes his place at his desk, hurriedly dispatches a cup of coffee, and casts his eye over the morning papers. The morning mail has brought a formidable pile of letters. It is the Emperor's first task, which is patiently performed, to go through the mail, to sort the important from the unimportant missives, and to classify them in due order, making notes of instructions to his secretaries on the envelopes. By the time the mail is disposed of the hour has arrived to give an audience to his chief military aide, who reports to him the condition of the troops quartered in Berlin, and to make out his list of the persons to whom he will give audience. Thus the back of the day's work is broken before the Emperor sits down to breakfast, which he does at about half past nine. He meets the Empress for the first time in the day at the breakfast table, and a cozy, quiet family meal ensues, substantial and abundant, but not luxurious, in its dishes. This Imperial couple almost invariably breakfast alone, and discuss the meal at leisure. In quite domestic German fashion the Empress lays before her spouse the intended bill of fare for dinner, which he approves of or amends in a manner which hints his still lusty appetite and keen gastronomic tastes. The first reunion of the Imperial family takes place after breakfast in the large and splendidly furnished drawing room, which, like the study, looks out upon the broad square, and upon the noble equestrian statue of the great Frederick which adorns it. Here are assembled the tall, red-bearded, soldierly Crown Prince, with his stout and sweet-faced English wife, and their fine, healthy children, and an hour or two is passed by the family in reading, chatting, making plans, and discussing the incidents, grave or gay, of the day before. By eleven

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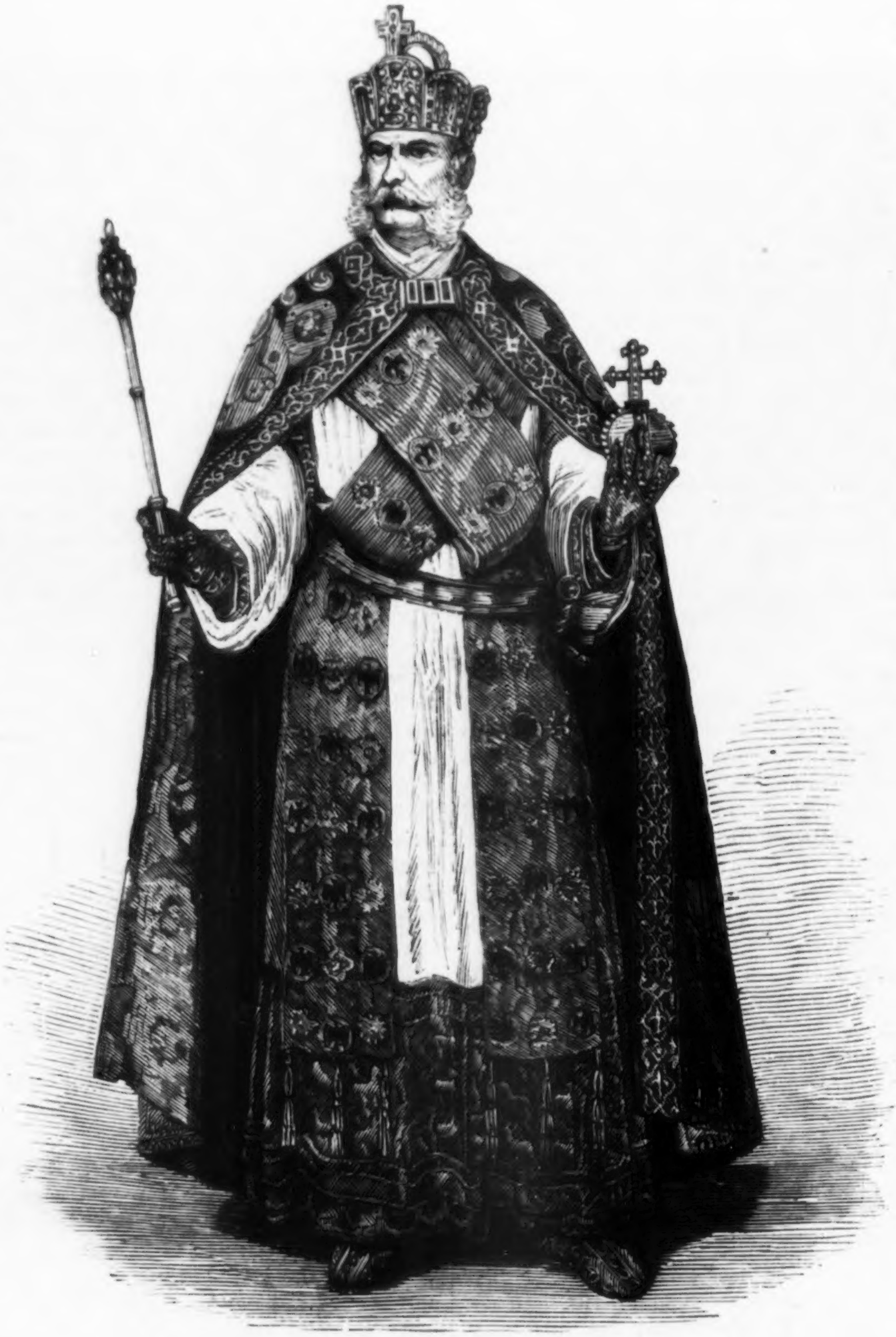
o'clock the old Emperor is ready to go through the daily ordeal of official receptions. A large apartment is reserved for these, and here stands the monarch greeting a succession of dignitaries and officials, giving orders and talking over the business of the Empire. As soon as the receptions of household and military officers, heads of departments and foreign envoys is over, William passes to another smaller room, where his ministers, with Bismarck at their head, are awaiting him. The "haut politique" of the Empire and of Europe are then considered with closed doors, the Emperor always taking an earnest and leading part in the discussions.

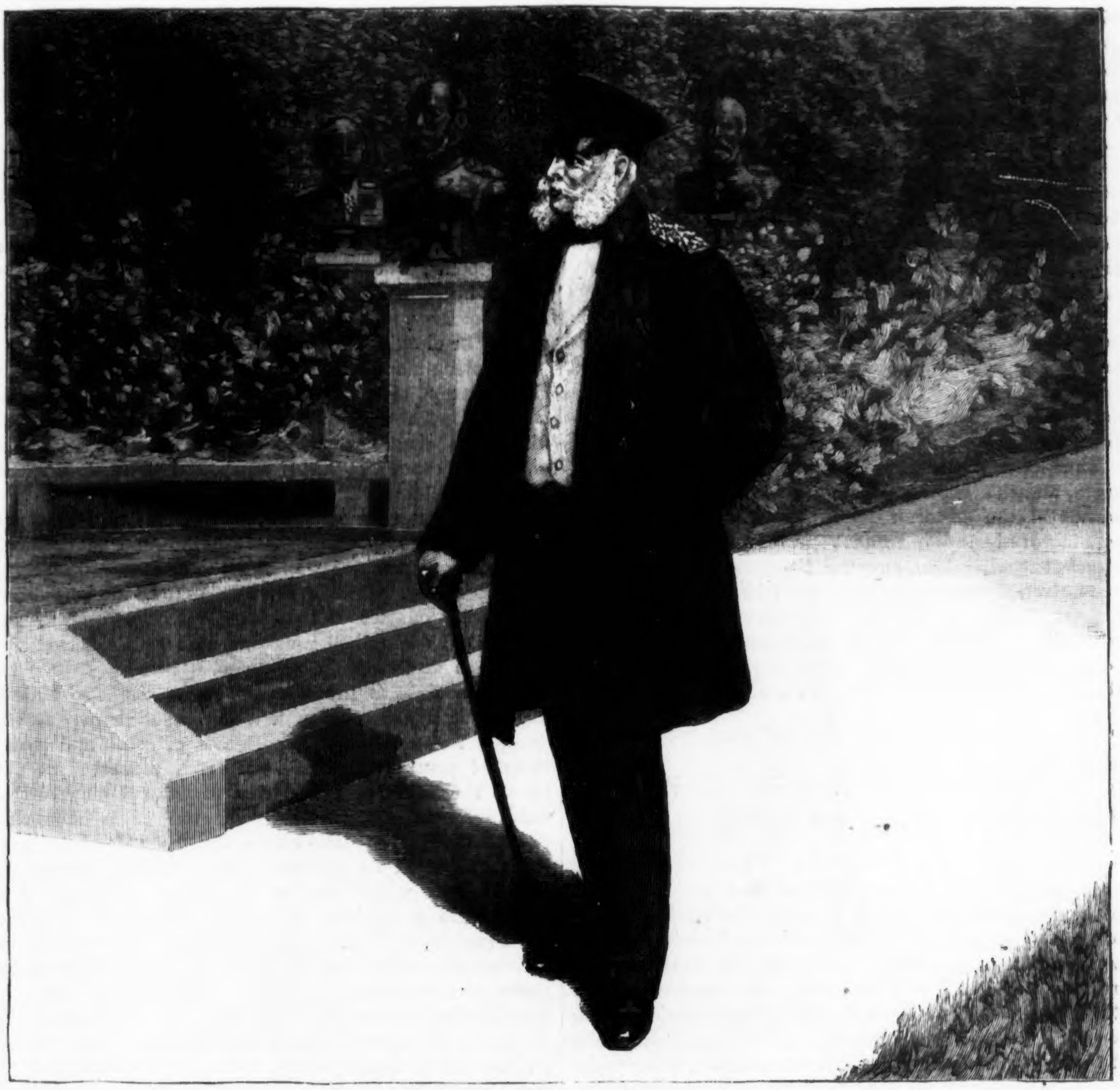
After the Cabinet Council has risen, the Emperor usually enjoys a brief period of leisure. It is at that time of the day that he is most often seen standing at the window gazing out upon the street. If, at this time, a military company chances to march past, the old man's eyes twinkle with pleasure. He draws himself up to his full height, and gives his "children," as he is very apt to call his soldiers, a stately military salute. A light lunch is partaken of about two o'clock, and the afternoon is devoted to various lighter recreations. It is then that the Emperor reads, or, perchance, takes delight in looking at a new picture or piece of statuary that he has added to his collection. As the afternoon wanes, he is very apt to take a turn outdoors, either mounted on his favorite white horse, and attended by a few aides, or in an open barouche accompanied by the Empress. Thus he drives rapidly beneath the umbrageous trees in the Unter den Linden or around the Thiergarten, where crowds of the Berlinese are taking their pleasure. On every hand the stranger may see the most undoubted signs of the really filial affection with which the stalwart old Kaiser is regarded by his subjects. The mutual greetings which are exchanged between them are genial, almost familiar. On returning to the Palace the Emperor nearly every day has a long and earnest conference with Prince Bismarck. The relations between the sovereign and his chief Minister are very interesting. It is needless to say that the iron Chancellor has his way with his master. This is not because William has not a stubborn will and self-reliance of his own, but because the objects and methods of the two men are the same. The single aim of both is to make Germany great and strong both within and without, and to maintain German supremacy in Europe. Both are hostile to any interference of the masses of the people or their representatives in the vital concerns of the Government. Both believe in proceeding to their end by the free and sustained use of the despotic power which they regard as pertaining to the Imperial crown. They are personally bound together, moreover, by the strong tie which has grown out of common labors and co-operation, sustained through years of toil, difficulty, danger and triumph. William's



EMPEROR WILLIAM IN HIS CORONATION ROBES AT VERSAILLES.

faith in Bismarck's genius and devotion to the Imperial dynasty has never for a moment wavered, and this in spite of the fact that influences at the court, and even within the circle of the Imperial family itself, have been brought to bear, from time to time, with energetic persistency, to drive the Chancellor from place and power. Bismarck, on the other hand, it may well be believed, is more attached to the Emperor by reason of his personal qualities, his stanch support, his never-failing ability to act perfectly the part allotted to the sovereign in the great drama of European politics, than because of his undoubted veneration for the Imperial office, or his equally undoubted adherence to a belief in the "divine right" of the House of Hohenzollern. Bismarck shares no less the pleasures than the labors of the Emperor. At the brilliant state receptions which are so often given at the Palace, the Chancellor is nearly always seen, attired like his master, in military costume, standing at the Emperor's side. The two tower in height above all the gay company. The only man who rivals them in stature is the Emperor's eldest son and heir, the sturdy Crown Prince Frederick William. Bismarck is often with the Emperor at the reviews, in which both delight; and a glimpse of his grim and saturnine face may be often had in the Imperial box at the opera.

A frugal but abundant dinner, enjoyed quietly with his spouse, follows the Emperor's conference with his faithful "right hand man." William has always been a true German in his fondness for the good things of the table, and, like most of his subjects, he prefers substantial to fancy or dainty dishes. He once had a severe conflict between his appetite and his patriotism, in which, it must be confessed, his appetite won. Before the war with France he had a chief cook who suited him exactly. But the cook was a Frenchman, and when the war broke out he was dismissed because of his obnoxious nationality. But the German *cordon bleu* who replaced him only succeeded in giving the monarch a series of fits of violent indigestion. So the former cook, Gaul as he was, was recalled to his post, where he has remained ever since. It is only occasionally that a few guests are invited to join the Imperial pair at dinner. Such an



EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE GROUNDS AT BABELSBERG.

invitation is regarded as a very rare and marked distinction. Amusing stories are told of the meagre hospitalities of William when he was Crown Prince. "His invitations," we are told, "were dreaded like the cholera." A cup of tea and a wisp of white bread, with the thinnest possible layer of marmalade on it, was the utmost of refreshment to be found on the table of the heir to the throne. After being thus served, William's guests were wont to hasten, like Lord Byron after Rogers's famous dinner where ladies were present, to the nearest restaurant, in order to satisfy their unsatisfied hunger. One day, it is said, William perceived what was going on. He intercepted a lady who was making her exit, and gravely remarked to her that she could not go yet, since the Princess had not retired. But it must be said, in justification of this meagre hospitality, that William, as Crown Prince, was greatly restricted in his income, and found it no easy task to make both ends meet. Since he became King and Emperor his reputation for hospitality has been entirely retrieved. No more splendid and bountiful state dinners are given in any European court than those at which the old Kaiser now and then presides, and the good cheer of which his genial and hearty *bonhomie* never fails to stimulate.

The interval between dinner and the almost invariable evening visit to play or opera is spent in reading letters and giving orders to secretaries, the winding up of the state toils of the day. The Emperor is still fresh for the amusement which follows, and about midnight he retires, to be up bright and early at dawn next morning.

Thus, after a life almost unparalleled in its length, vigor, and the thrilling succession of events which it has witnessed, the Nestor of living monarchs is spending the evening of his days in content and happiness, brightened by great recollections, sweetened by the consciousness of the universal veneration and love of his subjects and the respect of the world; proud of descendants worthy of his lineage, and not yet seriously admonished, at least by the failure of his mental or physical powers, that his time on earth is fast drawing to a close.

TARTARIN IN THE ALPS.

HIS GREAT ASCENT OF THE RIGI-KULM.

By Alphonse Daudet.

On the 10th of August, 1880, at that witching hour rendered so famous in the Alps by the setting of the sun, and so "boomed" by the celebrated guides Joanne and Baedeker, a yellow, pea-soup fog, dappled with spiral patches of snow, enveloped the summit of the Rigi. This fog also enshrouded the gigantic hotel, so startling in contrast to the dry and arid heights of the Rigi-Kulm, windowed like an observatory, massive as a citadel, and whither repair, to pass one day and one night, the swarm of tourists who storm the heights in order to worship the rising and the setting sun.

Awaiting the second bell announcing dinner, the guests of this vast caravansary were either preparing to appear at that meal, or were lounging in the immense hall, or in groups upon the piazza.

Suddenly there came from the pea-soup mist a noise as of some one approaching the hotel, accompanied by a strange clanking of iron or other metallic substance.

At twenty paces the assembled tourists recognized a moving body; at ten, a man, attired more after the fashion of an archer of the Middle Ages than of a traveler of the nineteenth century, and when the apparition halted at the foot of the steps leading to the piazza, the newcomer was recognized as a "walkist," or one who had ascended the mountain on foot; no despicable feat at any time, and a particularly risky one in a pea-soup fog.

He was a fat man, puffing and blowing. He was armed with an alpenstock, a pick, coils of ropes of various lengths and thicknesses, clamps, grappling irons and green spectacles. On his head he wore a sort of helmet in tiers, so as to ward off falling ice, if not avalanches.

Upon Mont Blanc, or the Finsteraarhorn, this armament would appear natural enough; but on the Rigi-Kulm, within thirty minutes of a railway!

He gazed at the hotel for a long minute, bewildered to find, at 2,000 metres above the sea, a building of such importance, with its glazed galleries, its colonnades, its seven stories of windows, and its stairways lined with vases filled with flowers, giving it the appearance of the Place de l' Opéra on a Winter night's *fête*. But if he was surprised, so were the guests at the hotel, and when he entered the hall his arrival was telegraphed to all the living-rooms, whose occupants turned out *en masse* to gaze at him: gentlemen, some with billiard cues in their hands, others with newspapers; while ladies crushed forward still clinging to their books or their needlework.

Removing his helmet and spectacles, he found himself the centre of attraction, and recovering his *aplomb* like a comedian in sight of overflowing boxes, he cried, "A nice little chamber," when the Bernese chambermaid advanced, candle in hand, and asked if he would like to take the elevator.

"The elevator for *me? Me?* On my feet and legs, my pretty cat, if *you* please!" And he followed behind her, his enormous person occupying the staircase, buffeting the passers-by, while everybody asked, in languages from every quarter of the globe, "Who is he? Then the second dinner-bell rang out, and the extraordinary personage was instantly forgotten.

What a sight is the dining-room at the Rigi-Kulm. Six hundred covers around a horseshoe-shaped table, decorated alternately with pyramids of cakes and pyramids of prunes, an occasional palm reflecting on its leaves the lights of the lustres, and the gilding of the walls. As in all Swiss hotels, the cakes and the prunes divide the diners into two rival factions, and looks of hatred or pleasure cast upon the dessert at once tell to which faction the guest belongs. The Cakists are recognized by their unwholesome pallor; the Prunists, by their congested faces. This particular evening the latter were in force, and counted in their ranks personages of importance, such as the historian Astem-Réhu, of the Académie Française; the Baron de Stoltz, an old Austro-Hungarian diplomat; Lord Chippendale, of the Jockey Club,, Professor Schwanthaler, of the University of Bonn; and a Peruvian general with eight daughters.

The tourist entered, a little out of ease, and seated himself in his rank as last comer. Unshelled, he was now an ordinary tourist, amiable of aspect, his beard tufted and pointed, and his nose, if majestic, and eyebrows somewhat ferocious, were set at defiance by a geniality that at once bespoke a good *camarade*, and an amusing one to boot.

He had scarcely seated himself when a waiter, arrayed in a silver chain, announced that his chair was engaged. A young girl with golden hair reposing on virgin snow-flesh, in a strange accent, softly exclaimed:

"This place is free. My brother is ill."

"Ill?" demanded the tourist, with an anxious air. "Ill?—not dangerously ill, I hope?"

The young blonde replied only by an icy glance, a sort of blue-black or abysmal blue.

His neighbor on the right gave no sign of encouragement either. He was an Italian tenor, a "masher" with needle-tipped mustache, which he twirled with paralytic fingers. But the cheerful tourist exclaimed, while darting admiring glances at the cuffs of the glowing Italian:

"What pretty sleeve-buttons! Notes of music incrusted in jasper! A charming effect!"

His voice sounded in silence, finding no echo.

"Monsieur is surely a singer?"

"No, *capisco*," growled the Italian, in his mustache.

For a moment the tourist resigned himself to eating without saying anything, but his food was choking him. At length, as his *vis-à-vis*, the Austro-Hungarian diplomat, endeavored to reach the mustard, he obligingly passed it to him, exclaiming, "At your service, Monsieur le Baron."

Unhappily, poor M. de Stoltz had for some time past lost both words and ideas, and was traveling in the mountains for the special purpose of regaining both. He opened his eyes very wide, and reclosed them without uttering a word.

At this new defeat the tourist made a grimace, and the brusque fashion in which he seized a bottle would have led the casual observer to imagine that he was about to hurl it at the head of the silent diplomat. Not a bit of it. It was with a view to offering a glass to his fair neighbor. She leaned forward; she brightened up. Dainty little curls shone in the light against a small, transparent, rose-colored ear. A song of his country came to his recollection, which he tranquilly rendered:

"O Coumtesso ogento,
Estello du Nord!
Qué la neu Argento
Qu' amor piso en or."

Everybody at the table turned. They imagined that he had gone crazy. He reddened and sat up very straight, never stirring save to violently repel the sweets offered by a waiter. Prunes again! Never!

There was a general movement of chairs. Neither Cakes nor Prunes! What next?

Everybody retired, and it was freezing, this silent defile of lowered noses, corners of mouths curled in contempt before the luckless wight, who remained alone, crushed beneath the weight of universal disdain.

He suffered, now, from not being able to speak, to make a noise, to slap some one on the shoulder, or to call some person by his given name. This is what oppressed him on the Rigi-Kulm.

"I shall have the pip, sure," said the poor fellow as he wandered about the hotel, not knowing what to do.

He entered the *café*, vast and deserted as a church on a weekday, called the waiter "My good friend," and ordered "a mocha without sugar," and the waiter not having asked "Why without sugar?" the tourist gayly added, "It is a habit that I contracted in Algeria during my great hunting expedition."

Very gloomy, also, was the reading-room—every newspaper in hand—and that long row of hundreds of heads bent over the long green table beneath the reflectors. Straight and immovable, their backs to the stove, both solemn as Minerva's bird, sat two pontiffs of official history, Schwanthaler and Astem-Réhu, whom a singular fatality had brought face to face on the summit of the Rigi, and who for thirty years had been engaged in tearing each other to pieces—figuratively, of course.

Imagine, then, the glance which the worthy tourist received on approaching with a view to establishing the basis of an instructive conversation! From the height of these two caryatides, two currents of cold air suddenly descended upon him, of which he was so scared that he rose, glided around the room, and in order not to betray his defeat, opened the bookcase. He took a novel to read in bed, but was obliged to surrender it at the door; the rules being adverse to guests carrying books out of the library.

He half opened the door of the billiard-room, where the Italian tenor was playing all alone, posing for effect with his torso and cuffs for the benefit of the beautiful blonde, who was seated on a divan between two young men, to whom she was reading a letter. At the entrance of the tourist she stopped, and one of the young men rose, the larger, a sort of *moujik*, made two steps toward the newcomer, and glared at him so ferociously that the worthy tourist executed a half-turn to the right, prudent and dignified.

"They are not quite civilized in the North," he said aloud, shutting the door with a bang to prove to this savage that he was not afraid of him.

The *salon* still remained as the last refuge. He entered. Here was a morgue! The morgue of Mont Saint Bernard, where the monks exhibit the unfortunates dug out from the snow, was fairly to be compared with the *salon* of the Rigi-Kulm.

All the ladies, silent, depressed, in groups on divans, or utterly isolated, seemed to have been frozen here and there. All the young girls, immovable underneath the cold glitter of the lustres, still held in their hands the albums, magazines or embroidery which they had clasped when the cold had pounced upon them.

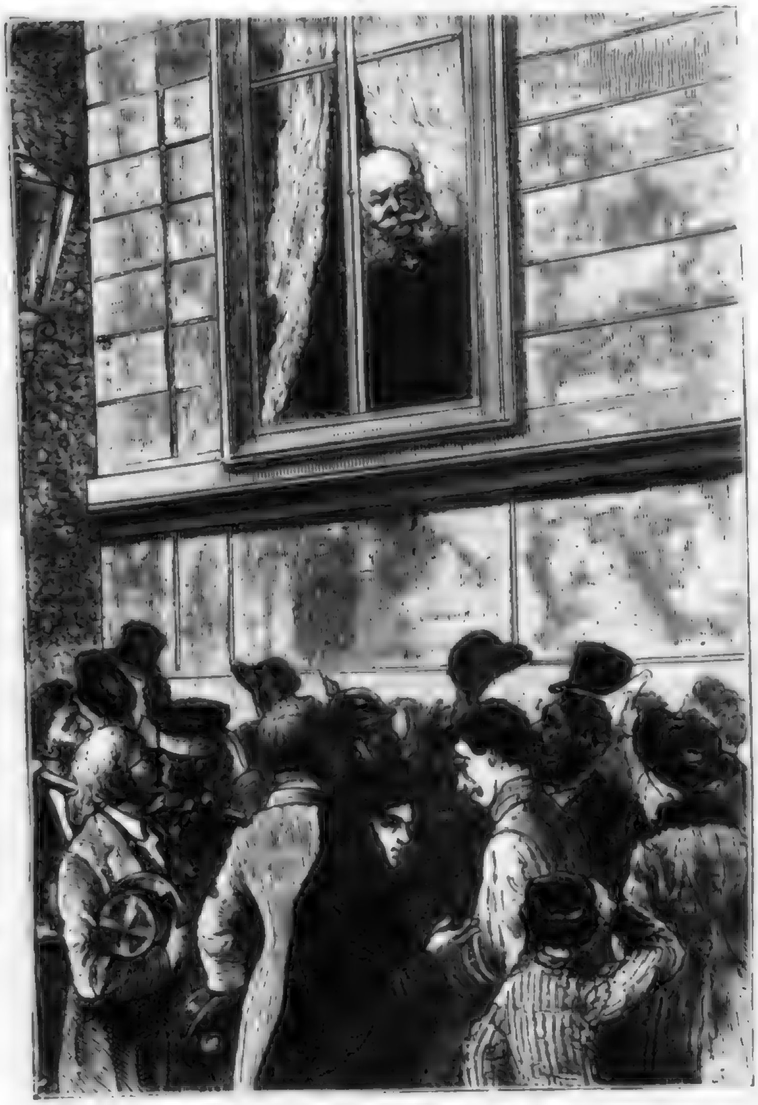
The tourist, succumbing to the frigid atmosphere, had rolled on to a divan, when joyous sounds were heard; the harp, flute and violin of three seedy-looking tramps, attired in long-skirted coats that flapped against their seedy legs, who had come to install themselves and their instruments. At the first notes our tourist woke up, as though galvanized.

"Bravo, music!" he shouted.

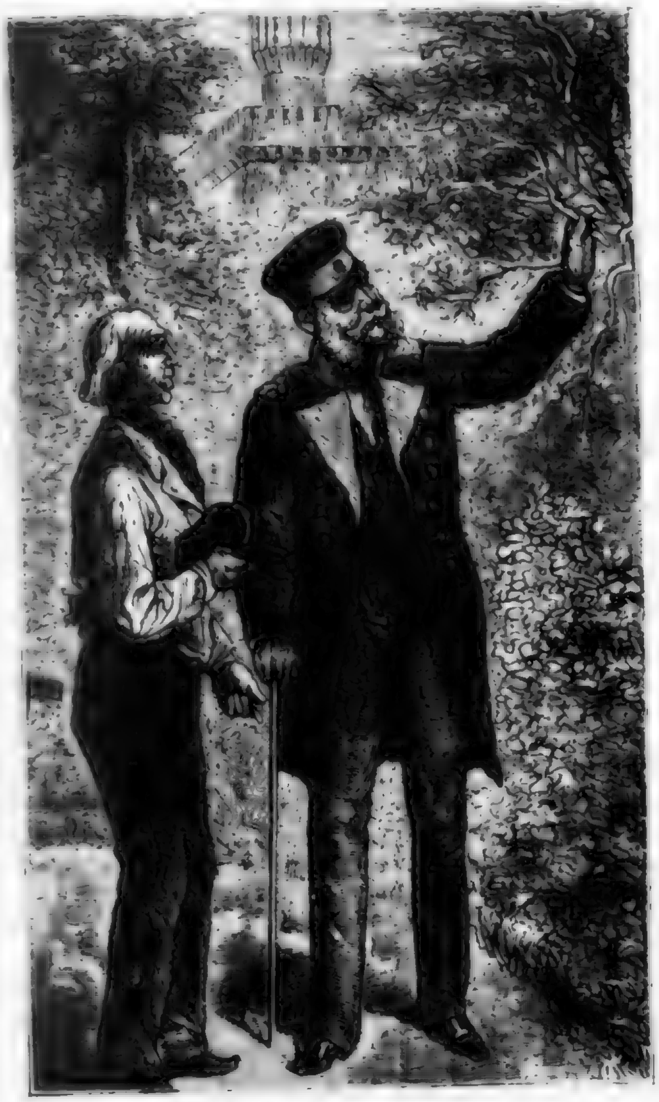
In a second he had flung wide the doors of the *salon*, and had given uproarious greeting to the "musicos," for whom he ordered champagne. The music had entered his soul and his body. He proceeded to imitate the cornet-à-piston, he imitated the harp, he snapped his fingers with the "clack-clack" of the castanets over his head, rolled his eyes, and gave a series of gymnastic bounds, to the utter stupefaction of the guests, who assembled from all quarters on hearing the hubbub.

Suddenly, at one of Strauss's waltzes—which the "musicos," inflamed with the sparkling wine, operated with the frenzy of true *tsiganes*—the tourist, perceiving at the door the wife of Professor Schwanthaler, a little Viennese with roguish eyes, darted at her, seized her around the waist, and shouting to the remainder of the company, "Waltz, you stupids! waltz!" was off, whirling like a teetotum, so Frau Schwanthaler, were she so inclined, could offer no objection.

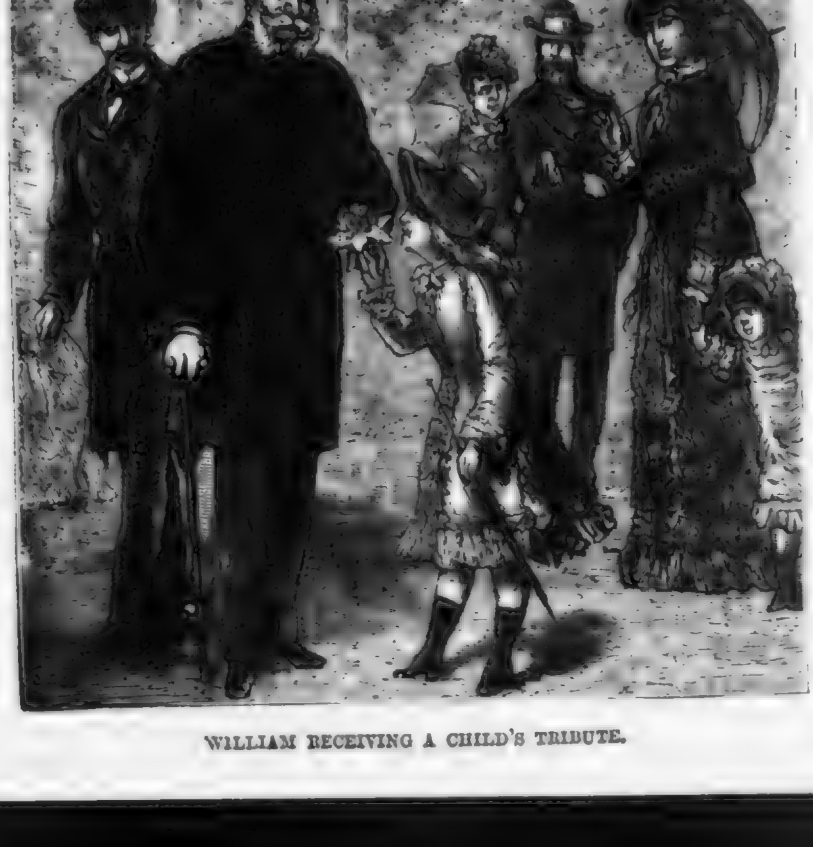
The spark ignited, and the thaw set in with electric rapidity. The waltz fever raged and everybody went at it. They waltzed in the hall, in the *salon*, around the long green baize-covered table, in the reading-room, around the billiard-tables. And it was the "pariah" tourist who had set them going. He, however, danced but little, as he got blown after a few turns, but he watched over the ball, urged the musicians, joined the dancers, flung the professor from Bonn into the arms of



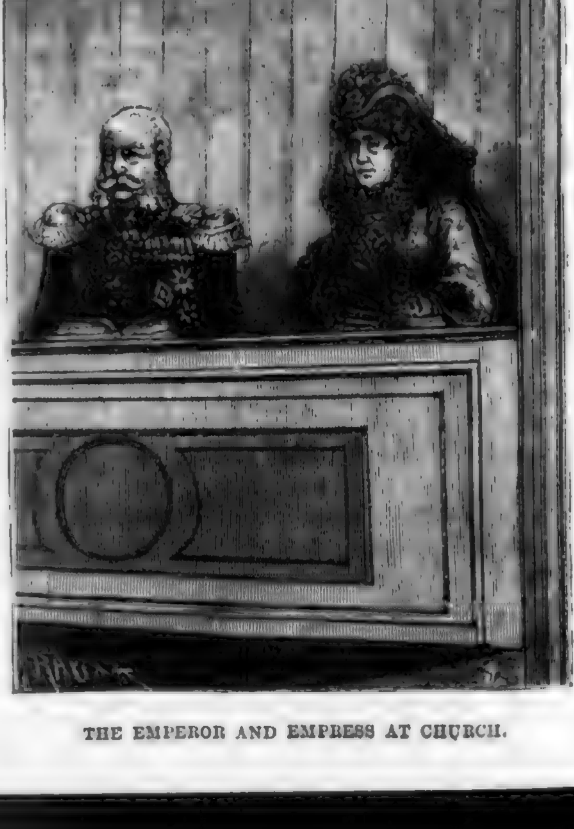
GREETED BY HIS PEOPLE.



IN HIS WOODLANDS.



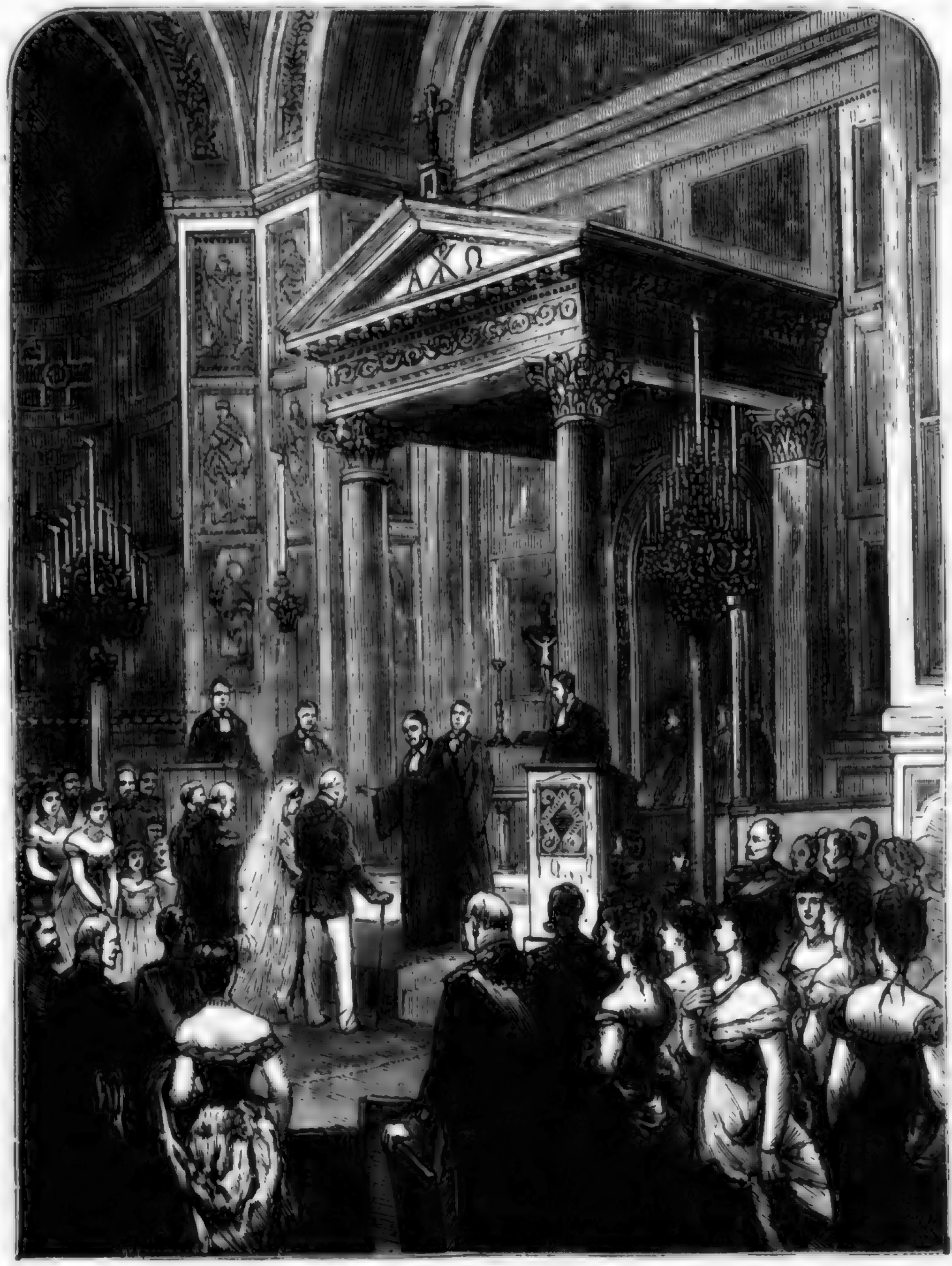
WILLIAM RECEIVING A CHILD'S TRIBUTE.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT CHURCH.

an elderly Englishman, and upon the austere Astem-Réhu he planted the most bounding of the Peruvians. Resistance was impossible. No more disdain. No more hatred or contempt. No distinction now between Cakes and Prunes—all were waltzers. The fun waxed furious, and spread itself to the upper stories, where, up to the top story, and with the stiffness of automatons in a hand-organ, spun the heavy and colored petticoats of the Swiss chambermaids.

Aha! The wind may whistle outside, threaten the lamps, cause the telegraph-wires to moan! Within, all is joyous, and it is a night not to be forgotten.



THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.—GOLDEN WEDDING OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM. SEE PAGE 129.

"I am off to bed," said the tourist, as he glided from the *salon*, having escaped Frau Schwanthaler, who was for dancing with him all night.

He took his key, and his candle, and stepped on the first landing to enjoy the spectacle of the fun he had created. A chambermaid, breathless from her interrupted waltz, presented him with a pen and the hotel register.

"Will not monsieur have the great goodness to inscribe his name?"

He took the pen, and with a careless hand, on Astem-Réhu, Schwanthaler and the other illustrious personages, signed a name that was to eclipse all—his own name; then mounted to his chamber without even turning to witness the effect.

The chambermaid studied the entry on the register, "Tartarin de Tarascon," and behind it, "P. C. A."

She read that, this Bernese, and was not in the least moved. She did not know what "P. C. A." meant. She had never heard mention of "Tartarin," a savage!

When the name of Tarascon sounded in the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway, under the vibrating blue and limpid provincial sky from car to car, travelers exclaimed, "Ah, there is Tarascon! Let us look at Tarascon!"

All that these voyagers beheld was a neat little town, with towers and roofs, and a bridge upon the Rhone. But the Tarasconic sky canopies a joyous people, exaggerated, comic, impressionable; and it was to see this community that the travelers invariably craned their heads.

Many years have passed since the war with Prussia, but Tarascon, renouncing the fertile distractions of other days, has only thought of creating blood and muscle with a view to the hour of revenge. Rifle societies, gymnastic clubs, each having its band and its banner, armories, boxing rings, foot-racing tracks, all have been cultivated, so that when the moment arrives Tarascon shall not be caught napping.

At length the club, the old club itself, abjuring dominoes and bezique, was transformed into an Alpine Club, on the plan of the famous Club of London, which has carried to the tops of the Andes the fame of its climbers. The Tarascon club differed from that of London in this, that instead of expatriating its members to conquer strange countries, it kept them at home, and almost at the gates of the little town. Near by was a chain of small hills, the highest being about six hundred feet, whither the club climbers were wont to resort, and which were named Mount Terrible, the Top of the World, the Giant's Peak, etc. It is a stirring sight on a Sunday morning to behold the Tarasconites, pick in hand, sack and tent on back, set out, headed by trumpets, and talking *en route* of abysses, gulfs, gorges, crevices, as though about to ascend the Andes, or to scale the Himalayas.

Tartarin is president of the club, and the most prominent citizen of Tarascon. He is the Alpha and Omega of the place. His word is law, and his exploits the chronicles of the town. Who has not heard of his astonishing lion-hunt; of his saving a superb chamois, the last in Algeria, from the lion; of his bringing home the chamois; of his having nurtured it till death, and then presenting it, stuffed, to the museum of the town?

One man alone was jealous of Tartarin. This was the gunmaker, Costecalde, who was in the habit of sneering at lion-hunts, and even doubted the genuineness of the chamois story. When Tartarin would relate his astounding adventures in the Desert of Sahara, Costecalde would interrupt with dry laughs and toss of his head.

"But the skins of the lions, Costecalde? These lion-skins which he sent us, and which speak for him in the hall of the club!"

"Bah! Are there no furriers in Algeria?"

Costecalde of late hinted at a real ascent of the real Alps. Tartarin took the idea to his soul. Why should he not utilize the three months before the election of club officers to attempt some great enterprise? Plant, for example, the standard of the club upon one of the highest peaks in Europe, the Jungfrau or Mont Blanc.

What triumph on his return; what a slap in the face to Costecalde, when the *Forum* (the only newspaper in Tarascon) published the ascent. Who, after that, would dare dispute the presidency of the club with him?

He quickly set to work, and secretly sent to Paris for a number of special works—"The Climbs," by Whymper; "The Glaciers," by Tyndall; "Mont Blanc," by Stephen d'Arve—and filled his head with cheminées, couloirs, moulins, névis, séracs, moraines, rotures, etc., without the faintest idea of what they meant.

He next ordered clamps for his feet on the Whymper system; a pick on the Kennedy system; a new patent lamp, two waterproof coverlets, and 200 feet of rope, his own invention, plaited with a steel thread.

The arrival of these different articles, the mysterious coming and going, considerably exercised the Tarasconists, who said to one another, "The president is preparing a grand *coup*. The eagle does not chase flies."

Tartarin made his will.

"To Costecalde"—yes, Costecalde himself had a legacy—"the famous poisoned arrows." Perhaps in this gift he entertained the secret hope that the traitor would scratch himself and die, but nothing to this effect appeared in the will. "I hope that my dear Alpinists will not forget their president. I ask them to pardon my enemy, as I pardon him, although, in case of accident, he will have been the cause of my death."

That very evening he repaired to the pharmacy of his dear friend Buzuguet, laden with *impedimenta*, a valise in his hand.

"My dear president, what has happened? You have been poisoned! Ipecacuanha, quickly!"

Stopping the man of leeches as he bounded in the direction of a row of emetics, Tartarin, with great gravity, informed him of his project, and tearfully placed the will in Bezuguet's trembling hands. Then, after a parting drink, Tartarin tore himself away.

Three days afterward he disembarked at the foot of the Rigi. Assured of being recognized upon the road, and perhaps followed, he made a great *détour* to tap Switzerland unchallenged, proving himself a fearful nuisance in the railway-carriages on account of the spiky and bulky nature of his *impedimenta*. It rained at Basle upon the little white houses; it rained at Lucerne upon the railway platform, where the piled-up baggage resembled the effects of a shipwreck; and when he struck the station at Vitznau, on the edge of the Lake of the Four Cantons, it was the same deluge. Rain everywhere; little cascades leaping down from every rock on the sides of the Rigi. He entered an inn and partook of *café au lait*, with honey and bread and butter, the only good food he had tasted on the journey.

"What time does it take to ascend the Rigi?"

"An hour or an hour and a quarter, monsieur. You must make haste, for the train starts in five minutes."

"A train for the Rigi—Bah! you are joking!"

The waiter took him to the diamond-paned window and showed him the train about to start.

"I shall go up on my feet, if only for the exercise," he gayly cried.

He started, very much puzzled as to the exact mode of wielding his alpenstock, while every person connected with the inn accompanied him to the door, each one bellowing directions as to the path for the ascent.

At first he followed a rising road paved with great, uneven stones, with deep gullies on either side to let off the descending water.

"Heaven, what rain!" cried this man of the sunny mid-south of France.

Things became worse when the road ceased, and he was compelled either to bound from boulder to boulder like a chamois, or to wade. The rain continued, becoming, if possible, heavier and colder as he ascended. When he halted to gain his breath, he heard nothing but the roar of water, and beheld the murky clouds join the lake, the houses in Vitznau looking like newly varnished toys. Men and children passed him close, their heads lowered, and their backs laden with packs of necessaries for some villa or boarding-house.

"Rigi-Kulm?" asked Tartarin, to assure himself that he was on the right road, but no one he questioned made reply; they passed on in silence. Presently these encounters became more rare; the last human being whom he met was an old woman who was washing under an immense crimson umbrella planted in the earth.

"Rigi-Kulm?" asked the Alpinist.

The old woman raised an idiotic and terrified face; then, after a prolonged examination of him, she was seized with a fit of inextinguishable laughter which opened her mouth from ear to ear and closed her little eyes.

"Blooming old idiot!" growled Tartarin, as he angrily continued his route.

From hence the country changed. No more pathways, trees or pasturage. Great blocks of rock, solemn, silent, grim and gray, seemed ready to fall on the famous traveler, and which he was compelled to climb by the aid of his knees to prevent himself from slipping; marshes rich in yellow, clinging mud, which he waded, feeling his way by the aid of the alpenstock. Presently a rich pea-soup fog enveloped him, preventing his seeing ten yards in advance, while here and there patches of black ice rendered the ascent still more difficult. All of a sudden he halted; the earth vaguely whitened around him. He had arrived in the region of snow; and now! now look out for his eyes. He quickly drew forth his spectacles from their case, and solidly adjusted them. The moment was a solemn one. A little moved, proud too of himself, it seemed to Tartarin that, with one bound, he was lifted a thousand yards toward adventure and considerable danger. He now advanced with precaution, pondering on the crevasses and avalanches of which his books had spoken, and, at the bottom of his heart, cursed the people of the inn who had advised him to mount straight up and without guides. Could there be any mistake? Was this the right mountain? He had been walking for more than six hours, while the Rigi only asked for three. The wind whistled, a cold wind that caused the snow to whirl in penetrating particles.

Night was approaching. Where find a hut, or even a projecting rock for cover? At length he perceived before him, springing out of the desolation, a sort of *châlet*, inscribed: "Photographic Establishment of the Rigi-Kulm." At the same moment the immense hotel with its 300 windows appeared a little way off, illuminated as if for a *fête*, and Tartarin gleefully entered, as we have already succinctly related.

We left him in quiet in the quiet hotel. Suddenly confusion arose.

"What is that? What is the matter?" cried Tartarin.

The sounds of rapid footsteps were everywhere in the hotel, doors banged, shoutings, followed by "Make haste! You haven't a second to lose!" filled the place, whilst from outside came the blare of horns and shootings of flames, illuminating window and curtain.

"Fire!"

With a bound he was out of bed, clothed, booted, hatted, and on the staircase, where the gas still burned, and rushing downward in a crowd composed of the hotel guests, all enveloped in such wraps as they had hurriedly laid hands upon.

Tartarin, with a view to tranquillizing the fears of the ladies, cried, "Keep cool! keep cool!" while they in turn seemed intensely amused, and actually laughed, so unconscious were they of their danger. Happily, however, the veteran diplomat came behind them, strangely and scantily attired save for an ulster, that seemed but to betray the hurry and awkwardness of his toilet.

Tartarin closed with him, shaking him by the arm.

"Ah! Monsieur le Baron, what a terrible thing. Do you know how it originated? Where is it? Where did it break out?"

"What, what?" gasped the baron.

"The fire!"

"What fire?"

The poor man wore so stupid and vacant expression that Tartarin abruptly quitted him, and dashed onward to "organize aid!"

Outside the building, Tartarin perceived the error he had fallen into. Not a sign of fire. A wolf-like cold. Pitch darkness, save for some resin torches that here and there threw a weird and curious light upon the snow. On the piazza an Alpine horn player blew his melancholy tune, a "*ranz des Vaches*," composed of three notes only, as is the custom on the Rigi-Kulm, when the hour draws nigh for the tourist worshipers to sally forth and greet the rising sun.

It is alleged that he sometimes, at his first awakening, shows himself at the extreme point of the mountain behind the hotel. To reach this point Tartarin had but to follow the laughing ladies who pressed around him. But he walked more slowly, still full of sleep, and with legs heavy as lead after his six hours' climb.

"Is that you, Maniloff?" suddenly exclaimed a voice—a clear, sweet voice—a woman's. "Help me. I have lost my shoe."

He recognized his neighbor, the beautiful blonde.

"It is not Maniloff, mademoiselle; but if I can be of any service?" She gave a little cry of mingled fear and surprise, which Tartarin did not perceive, as he was already groping for the missing shoe.

"Here it is," he joyously cried.

He lifted the neat little slipper, which the snow had powdered with diamond-dust, dropped upon one knee, after the most gallant fashion, and solicited the honor of replacing the tiny shoe on the tiny foot.

The lady, however, responded by a very dry "No," and hopped about endeavoring to replace her silk stocking in the slip-away shoe; but she was compelled at last to request the aid of our hero, who was considerably agitated on feeling, if even only for half a minute, a little hand resting on his shoulder.

"You have good eyesight," she observed, by way of thanking him, as they walked side by side.

"I am in the habit of searching for objects in the dark."

"And you are a hunter!"

She said this with an accent of raillery, of incredulity. Tartarin had only to reveal himself to convince her, but, like all bearers of illustrious names, he preserved a discretion, a coquetry, and wishing to graduate her surprise, replied: "I am a very effective hunter."

She continued, in the same tone of irony: "And what game do you prefer to hunt?"

"Lions!" cried Tartarin, hoping to impress her.

"Do you find many on the Rigi?"

Always gallant in reply, Tartarin answered that on the Rigi he had only encountered gazelles.

At this moment two shadows approached who called, "Sonia! Sonia!"

"I am coming," she said; and turning toward Tartarin, whose eyes, now accustomed to the obscurity, distinguished her pale and pretty face under its mantilla, she added: "You are following a dangerous hunt, my good man. Take care of your bones!" and she instantly disappeared with her companion into the darkness.

Tartarin moved forward in the direction in which the group had retired, when his ears encountered a confused murmur, coughings, and the chatterings of the tourists, who impatiently awaited the rising of the sun.

A light commenced to clear in the East, which was saluted by a blast from the Alpine horn, and an "Ah!" from the assembled and expectant tourists. The light increased, enlarged itself and the horizon; but simultaneously there arose from the valley an opaque and yellow fog, which became thicker and more penetrating as the day dawned. It was like a vail between the scene and the spectators.

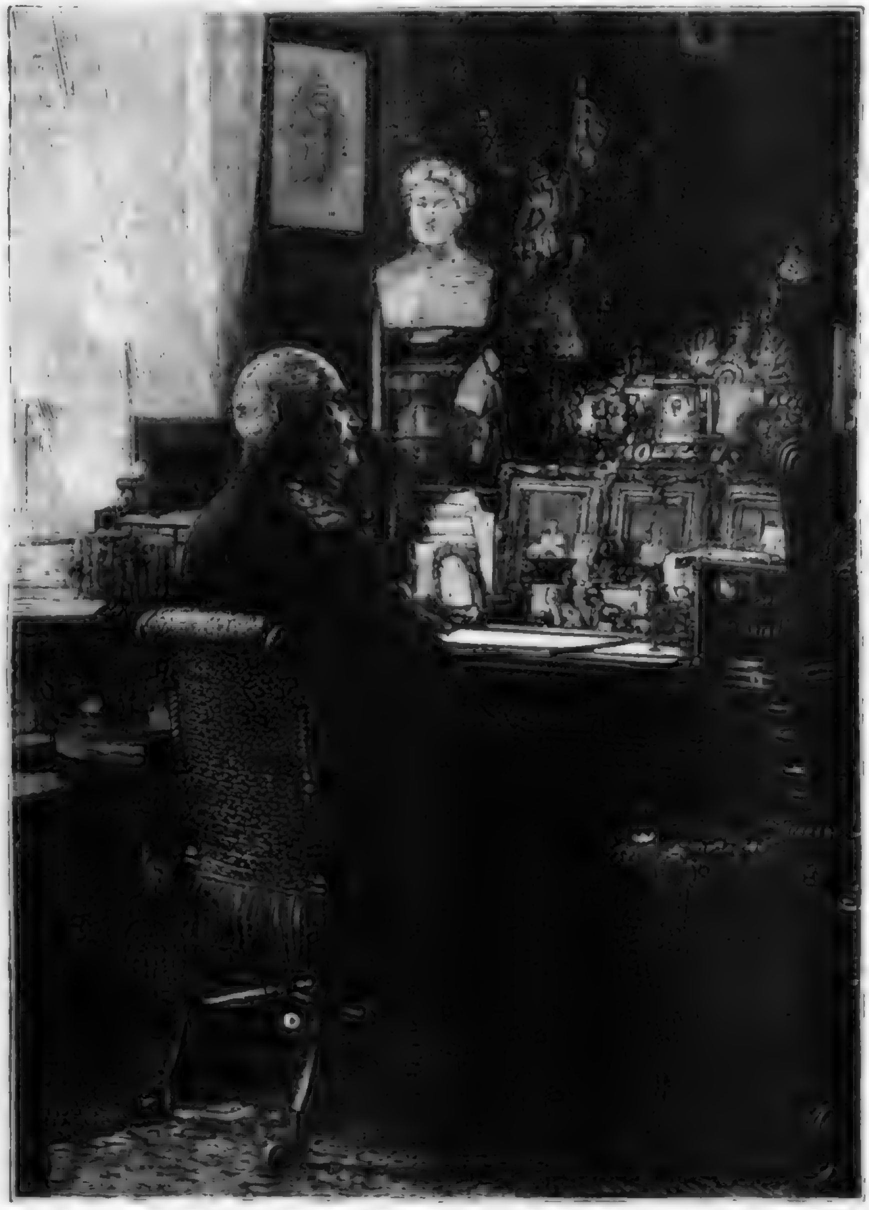
The gigantic effects promised by the guides had to be renounced. As a set-off, however, the appearance of the dancers of the previous night, just plucked from sleep, and attired in shawls, rugs, counterpanes and even bed-curtains, was as *bizarre* as anything that could have been expected. Under various headdresses, caps of silk and cotton, Scotch bonnets, Canadian clouds, Turkish frizzes and pith helmets, were faces anxious, haggard and frightened, as though belonging to a ship wrecked on an island in the middle of the ocean, all eyes strained to catch a glimpse of a sail.

Nothing to be seen! Nothing!

Some of the tourists would persist, out of good-heartedness, in seeing that which did not appear to the large majority, and from the height of the Belvedere the exclamations of the Peruvian family were heard—the eight girls with the general being packed around a tall man enveloped from head to foot in an ulster, and who imperturbably detailed the invisible panorama of the Bernese Alps, naming and designating in a loud voice the summits lost in the fog.

"To the left you perceive Finsteraarhorn, four thousand two hundred and seventy-five metres; the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Monk, the Jungfrau, whose elegant proportions I would impress upon the young ladies."

"Here is a fellow who has plenty of faith," said Tartarin, who roved through the various groups in hope of



THE NESTOR OF MONARCHS.—EMPEROR WILLIAM IN HIS STUDY.—SEE PAGE 129.

finding the ravishing Sonia, but without success. She had evidently become tired of waiting, and had returned to the hotel, whither the crowd of tourists reluctantly followed. Everybody disappeared, the mist having thickened, and Tartarin was left alone upon the desolate and marrow-chilling plateau now graying in the increasing light, with the performer on the Alpine horn. He was a little man with a long beard, his head covered by a Tyrolese hat ornamented with green tassels that hung down his back, and bearing, in common with the rest of the employés of the hotel, a plate with the words "Regina Montium" in golden letters. Tartarin approached him to give him a coin, as he had seen the other tourists do.

"Let us go to bed, my old chap," he said, tapping him familiarly upon the shoulder. "What a humbug the sun on the Rigi is."

The old chap continued to drone, with a silent smile.

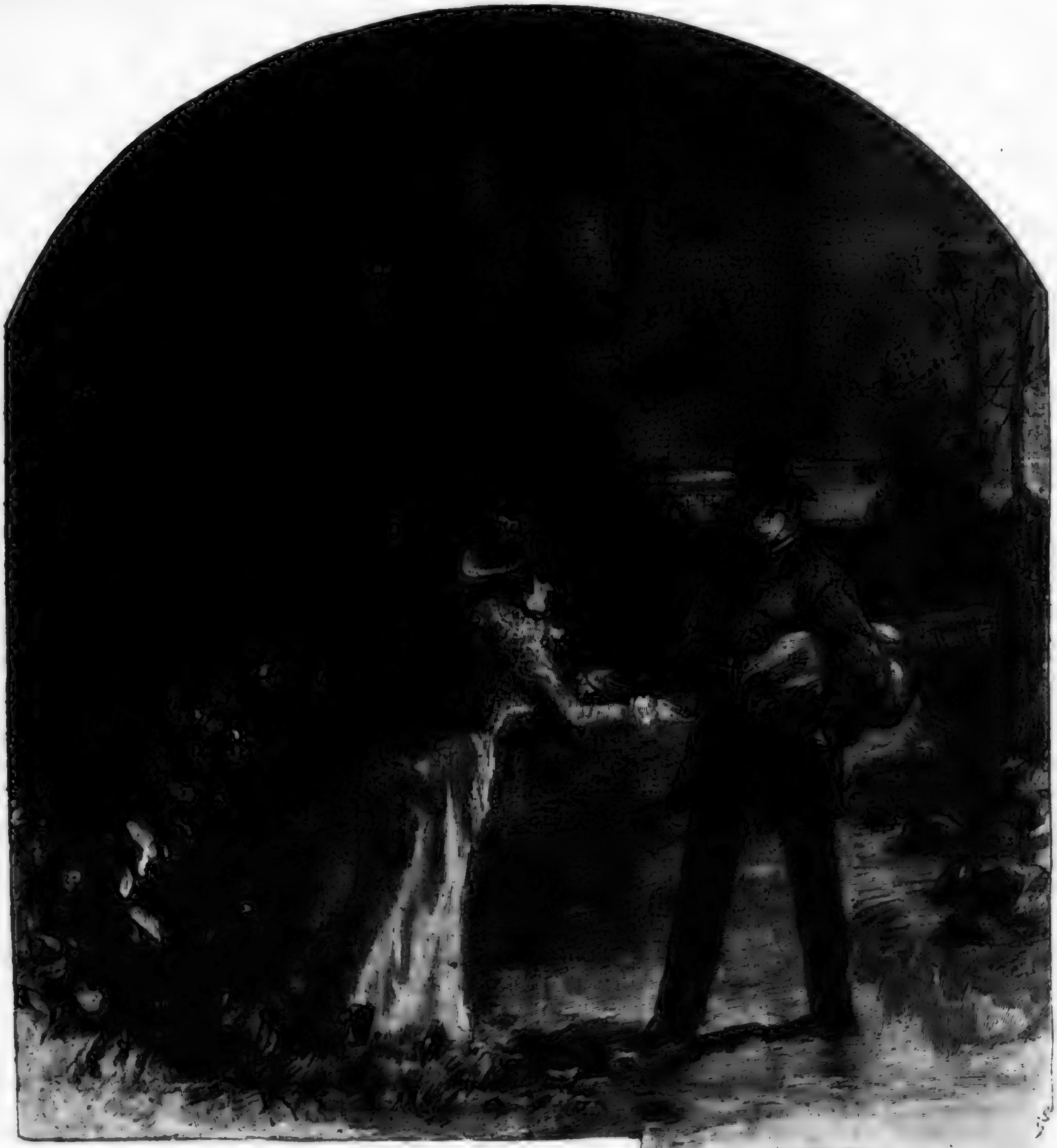
In spite of everything, Tartarin did not regret his night. The meeting with the beautiful blonde somewhat disarranged his sleep, for he had an amorous heart and a romantic imagination. Back in his room, his eyes closed in order to re-sleep, he imagined he held the little shoe, so light and coquettish, and heard the sweet voice warbling, "Is that you, Maniloff?"

Sonia—what a pretty name. She was certainly a Russian traveling with her friends, friends doubtless of her brother. Then everything got mixed up, the pretty golden bangs joined other floating images, the peaks of the Rigi, cascades and snow drifts, and soon an heroic snore, a round and rhythmical snore, filled the little chamber, ay, and a portion of the corridor.

* * * * *

Tartarin returned to Tarascon, having "done the Alps," and now bids defiance to the vile intrigues of the infamous Costecalde to oust him from the presidential chair of the Alpine Club.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.



HERMON DRAKE'S ASHES.—"I DREW BACK A LITTLE, PRESSED THE CASKET STILL CLOSER UNDER MY ARM, AND WAS TEMPTED TO BREAK INTO A RUN FOR THE RAILROAD STATION."

HERMON DRAKE'S ASHES.

A CREMATORY STORY.

By Ausburn Towner.

Such an agonizing cry as it was! A demon in the pit, the wildest maniac in the madhouse, the horrors of the most excruciating torture of the Inquisition, could not have produced a shriek so utterly terrifying!

You have heard the hoarse scream of a locomotive just as it was entering a tunnel! It startles the air for an instant, and is then suddenly shut off or quenched by the entrance under the arch into the bowels of the earth.

Like unto this, too, was the cry that we heard—shrill, unspeakably agonizing! and then suddenly shut off and smothered.

Poor Amy, who was clinging in her distress to the arm of her father, sank away, utterly unconscious, and hours afterward, when she was again restored, there were streaks of white in what had been the glossiest of dark hair, and it was not Amy at all who came back to us in her form. It was only a poor, stricken creature, who, even as now, many years after, was continually wringing her hands, peering in front of herself, as though she was looking into and through a long, dimly lit tube, and in a murmur, which now and then rose to a grief-stricken cry, was continually saying: "Yes, yes, yes! We burned him alive! Hermon was burned alive!" shivering at the word "burned" every time.

It seemed, as it seems now to be, the only thought in her mind.

The rest of us stood stone-still, as if we had been petrified or touched by the spell of some demon sprite or djinn of the flames. Even the stout men who had slid the iron frame with its precious burden into the glowing, white-heated furnace, in their sudden fright forgot for a moment to shut the iron doors, and stood as motionless and awe-stricken as the rest. One of them, however, quickly recovered himself, closed the doors and shut down the heavy latch. He looked at his companion with eyes wide open with apprehension, and then both hurried into the open air.

All that was mortal of Hermon Drake was within that superheated furnace, and, before one hundred minutes had passed, it would be dissolved, some of it passing away in the thick smoke that already was flying from the high brick chimney, and some of it being deposited underneath the grating in the form of light, white ashes.

Not one of us, excepting she whom we carried from the now terrible place, but was asking himself: "Was that cry from Hermon?" And one or two who were observing the operation attentively, further thought: "Did the body under the alum-saturated sheet stir as the intense heat first made its impression on it?"

No one had been thoughtful enough to look about him when the unexpected cry came breaking out upon the air. The horror of the thing was too great for the moment and for many moments thereafter.

All of the circumstances were touching, and this one, the culmination of them all, was overwhelming.

Amy Hutchins and Hermon Drake had been lovers from their childhood and youth, and had never been separated for any length of time, except once—for a little more than one year—when Hermon had gone to the Island of Hayti to take charge of a certain business speculation in timber in which the firm of which his father was a member, had engaged.

But even in this separation, the frequency of communication had kept them almost as intimate as when they were living in the same neighborhood.

On his return from Hayti, Hermon and Amy were married.

He had just tasted the sweetness of a honeymoon that promised a long life of married happiness, when, one evening, after their return to their home, they were starting to attend a fashionable assemblage arranged in their honor.

Amy, nimble-footed, ran down the steps of the porch, and with the assistance of a servant leaped lightly into her carriage. As she seated herself she called out, half petulantly, half jocularly:

"Come, Hermon, come. You don't move half as quickly as you used before we were married."

Hermon did not hear the words. He had put on his overcoat and was reaching up to the rack for his hat, but the uplifted hand went, instead, in a feeble, tremulous manner, to his head. The servant at the door heard him utter a smothered moan, and then saw him fall upon the floor of the hall, dead, his head lying upon the very threshold.

I lived but three doors away from him, and being, fortunately, at a late dinner, and being immediately notified, was by his side before those carrying him to his room were half-way up the stairs.

I might describe his condition in such a manner that, at least, those of the faculty who read this would coincide with me in the complete assurance that the vital spark had fled instantly. I know, as well as though I had inspected it with the best of eyesight, that that little velvet-like muscle just above the top of the heart, prematurely worn out, had shut down in its place for the last time, and would never open again to let the life-giving principle stream through the veins, and that life was extinct before I had laid my hands on the still warm breast, or had begun those vigorous operations that, haply, when some slight flickerings of the immortal principle remain in the body, recall the spirit to the form it had inhabited.

To the untutored and inexperienced eye, however, the body, as it lay upon an outstretched reclining chair, showed none of the usual outward signs of death. It was more like the gentle twin brother of the fell destroyer—sleep. The color of the face was life-like, and standing alone beside it, in the silent and cool room, even the most penetrating observer might readily imagine that he saw the chest rise and fall with the regular, life-like pulsation, or that he heard the movement of the air of one gently breathing.

And I did not stand alone in my examination of the case. Three eminent physicians were, at my desire, called in, and there was no disagreement among us all as to the fact that Death had done its bitter work with Hermon Drake.

It was an unhappy, and by no means a pleasant, task, to remove Amy from the side of her dead husband, even to perform the offices customary on such occasions. Literally, it was necessary to tear her away from him. She placed herself close beside him and wound her arms about him, kissing the cold lips that never before refused to return the caresses, and it was only by main force that she could be removed from him.

It was a cruel task, and even touched to tears those who were compelled to do it.

She was full of unnecessary and uncalled-for condemnation of herself, bewailing the fact that the last words she had spoken to him were a half-reproach.

On the second night after Hermon had fallen upon his threshold, and it was far into the night, I received a message that somewhat startled, and, for a few moments, bewildered me.

"Amy contends," said the messenger, who was her sixteen-year-old brother, that "Hermon lives! He is warm about the region of the heart."

I hastened to dress myself, hoping that all indications had been falsified, and that my professional brethren and myself had been led astray. I would gladly have confessed that we had been wrong, and acknowledged that I didn't know Death when I saw it.

In the stillness of the night Amy had crept beside the body of him who had been all-in-all to her, and taking him in her arms, had drawn him tightly to her warm and loving breast.

Suddenly the whole house had been aroused with glad cries coming from the room.

"He lives! He lives!" she exclaimed, in hysterical ecstasy. "See—mother—feel. His body is warm, and surely his heart beats!"

Most certainly, in the region of his heart, there was some warmth. The sympathetic mother could but acknowledge it, and I was aroused.

Alas! alas! The tender, loving wife, willing to give up her life's blood, if need be, for the sake of him who was so dear to her, had communicated some of her own glowing warmth of body to that to which she clung, where it tarried and flickered for a moment and then vanished as will a flame when it has no more to feed upon.

XUM

Added to all of these unusually untoward circumstances, was the further fact of Hermon's extreme dread of being buried while life yet remained within him. This was not an ordinary fear or apprehension, which is absent from but few in the world, but was an absolute terror, that sometimes seized upon him in his most wholesome moments and fairly made him livid and speechless with dread.

He had, when but a boy, exacted the most solemn promise from his father and mother that he should never be put into the ground until the certainty of his being dead was past the least doubt, and he had imbued Amy with much the same sentiment.

When the notion of cremation, borrowed from the most cultivated and enlightened nations of antiquity, and upheld by the highest sanitary considerations, was first broached, it of course met Hermon Drake's most cordial approval. He felt that here was a method of safety for him, and, as he expressed it, "No turning over in one's coffin when you are packed under six feet of earth!"

Prejudice, superstition and custom, absurd as are the first two, and barbarous as is the last, were against the new method of disposing of the dead, and the few brave ones who contemplated the proposed innovation with favor, were obliged to move somewhat in secret.

How easy it is to remember that some of the offices which are now held to be of the most sacred character, were originally performed in secret and in out-of-the-way places. It seems almost as though the very best things that we have in the world were introduced with fear and trembling, and with a lively apprehension of the popular disapproval.

Hermon, with his father, were among a company who erected in this country the first edifice devoted to cremation. It was quietly done and in an unfrequented spot, the object aimed at being almost as illegal as it was obnoxious to the popular sentiment, as popular sentiment goes. The long and narrow brick building with its tall chimney was only known in the sparsely settled but thickly gossiped locality where it was put up, as the "Powder House."

Five days elapsed, three after the simple funeral service had been performed, before evidences, unmistakable in their character, convinced Amy that her husband was no more. This conviction was immediately followed by her persistent declaration that she must accompany the remains to the place where they were to be reduced to ashes, and remain with them until the final melancholy rites were performed.

No persuasion on the part of her friends, not even the commands of her father, would, in the least, shake her determination, and she was one of the six—the other five being her father, her brother, Hermon's elder brother, myself—the family physician—and the gentleman who had charge of the building—who accompanied the body to the place of its dissolution.

Notice had been forwarded ahead of our coming, and we were met at the little railroad station by some rather rude conveyances, and driven at once the mile or more to the lonesome spot where the little building stood.

The furnace was already aglow and at the proper temperature, and only a few minutes were required to prepare the body, stripping it of all clothing, wrapping it in a linen sheet, saturated with alum-water, and laying it along the narrow iron frame that, with a gentle pressure, would roll it into the fiery crypt.

I know, that for the instant the figure lay before us, and as Amy and the others came to take a last look and see it plunged into the white heat, I know that I could only liken it to the unfinished clay model of some recumbent statue over which the sculptor had thrown a damp sheet to hold together the moist earth.

This was almost immediately followed by that terrible cry.

The two stout men had their hands upon the iron frame, giving it a gentle impulse, which it quickly answered, toward the narrow doorway leading to the furnace, when it came. It rang in our ears, echoed around the vaulted apartment, and died away sharply as though suddenly smothered.

I have said that we were all too sorely shocked to look about us calmly, or to attribute the cry to any other human source than was intimated by the crazed exclamation of Amy after she had regained her consciousness.

All of my companions were as well assured as was I myself, that there were no others near the building than we, who were so very deeply interested in the solemn occasion.

The drivers of the two vehicles that conveyed us to the spot, after depositing us, had gone back to the little station, being instructed to return in four hours. And it was a lonesome locality where the building stood. Forty or fifty feet back of it, began a dense piece of woods that must have formed a part of the primeval forest, but in front and at each side, for a long distance, stretched acres and acres of clearing, sometimes thickly studded with stumps, but mostly cultivated and improved.

As soon as possible, I passed from the small anteroom of the building out into the open air, seeking to compose myself, and, if possible, disabuse my mind of the notion that the cry had come, when all too late, from the lips of a dead man. I could hear it still in my imagination, and all of my senses told me it could have come from no other source. Yet my reason, my teaching, and my long experience forcibly urged upon me that such a thing was impossible, and that we had all been, in some way or other, horribly deceived.

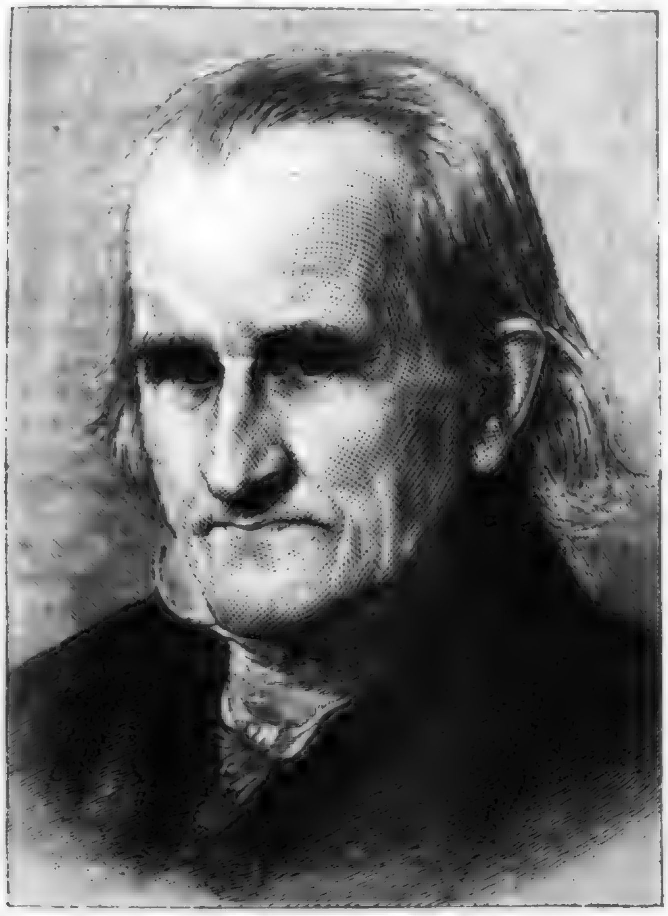
The dead cannot cry out, and Hermon Drake, science assured me, had been dead for nearly a week.

The certainty that there had been a cry, attended by all the appalling circumstances that followed it, forced one conclusion, however, upon me. It must have been uttered by some human being, some human being in the direst distress. It was uttered by none of my companions, and there were no others near the premises.

I walked out toward the wood at the back of the building, and for some distance into its shadows. It was a quiet Autumn day, and that stillness pervaded the whole atmosphere that can be found nowhere so entire and absorbing as in a deep forest. Had there been the movement of a living creature within the distance possible for one to have gone since the cry had been uttered, my eye would have caught it instantly, or my ear would have detected it.

I came out of the wood, climbed up to the smooth top of one of the highest stumps in the field, and looked about on every side. The same absolute quiet prevailed wherever I turned my gaze. The heavy, thick smoke from the tall chimney of the little building had changed into thin wreaths almost as white as steam; far away, to the right, was the little habitation of the one who owned the lands of the locality, surrounded by its numerous out-buildings, the only structures in sight, save that one immediately at hand.

I knew much of the neighborhood and its inhabitants, and knew, also, that their inclinations would rather keep them at a distance than draw them to this spot. I knew there were no institutions anywhere within miles and



THE FIELD FAMILY.—REV. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.
SEE PAGE 153.

miles from which could have escaped demented creatures capable of uttering such a maniacal shriek as that which we all had heard.

The nature of the cry had started such a suspicion in my mind at first.

And even were all these things not absolutely so, the cry fell upon us right there, in that room, apparently issuing from the form that was laid out upon the iron frame, and surely there was no one there save myself and my companions.

I sprang from the stump and walked slowly toward the little building. That old notion, lying at the foundation of all that is good and evil in the world, came to my mind, "Who is the woman?"

Hermon had lived a life open and clear before the world. There had been no spot or blemish in his character or reputation. Amy's influence upon him from childhood had been such that his life had been as pure and sweet as that of a maiden. I doubt if any other woman could have attracted him even momentarily, and know that the most beautiful one would have been no temptation to him.

I found, on my return to the little building, that Hermon's brother had gone for the carriage that Amy might be taken at once to the railroad station, where, it was hoped, at the public-house, or at some private one, she might be made more comfortable and kept more quiet than where she was, until the train arrived that would take her home.

She seemed to yield more readily to the influence of her father than to any one else, and, as I could do nothing except advise him what course was the best to pursue, I was left behind to gather up tenderly and literally the precious ashes, seal them in the small silver casket prepared for their reception, and in which they were to be buried in the family plot in the cemetery, and follow on foot my companions to the station.

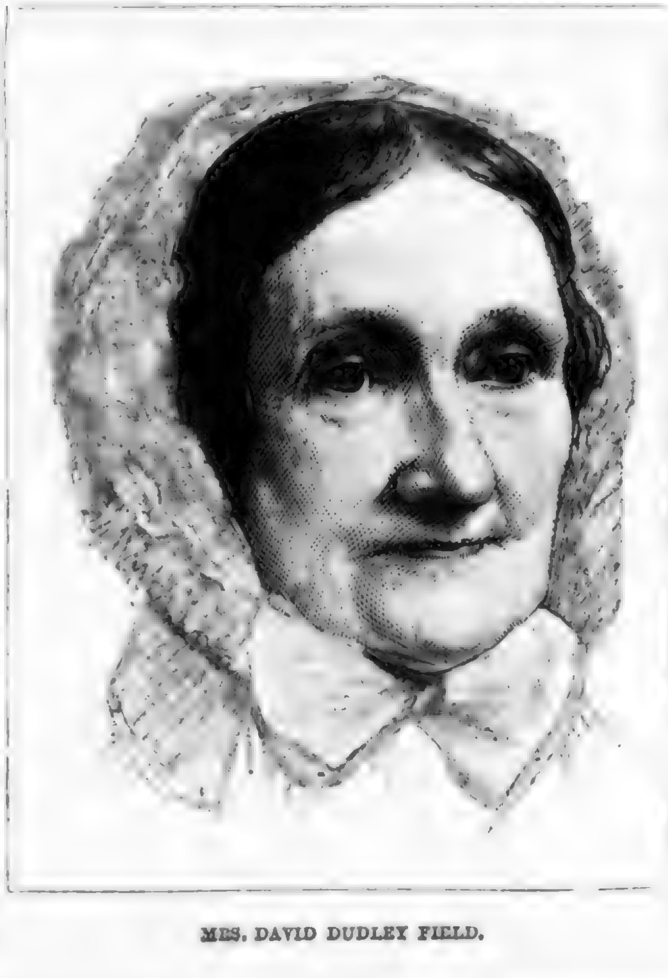
It was only a little before dusk that I was able to set out, and it was well, perhaps, that I was not delayed beyond that time, for the thick darkness of the night had not fully shut down upon the locality before a throng of men and boys gathered about the little building. In almost as many minutes as it took days to build it, the structure was pulled down, tall chimney and all. The bricks, stone and mortar, were scattered about there in unsightly heaps next morning, but where the iron went that entered into the construction could never be ascertained.

The rumor had spread throughout the neighborhood with extraordinary rapidity, from a few words dropped by the stout men who had slid the frame into the furnace, and perhaps, too, from some one overhearing the sorrowing cries of Amy, until it was on almost every person's lips that "A man had been roasted alive there to-day!"

The suddenly sensitive community, impressed with the notion that the tale was too horrible not to be true, resolved that they wanted no such "goings on" in their midst, and no place where such "goings on" could be possible. They, therefore, being "the people," arose in their might and destroyed the building. The fact was telegraphed all over the country next day by a correspondent of the Press.

With the silver casket, wrapped in a piece of white silk, under my arm, I walked briskly on the soft and springy turf of the roadside toward the station. I had entirely recovered from my agitation, being quite as calm and composed as a man well could be under the circumstances in which I was placed; but I was speedily destined to be quite as much startled as I had been in the earlier part of the day.

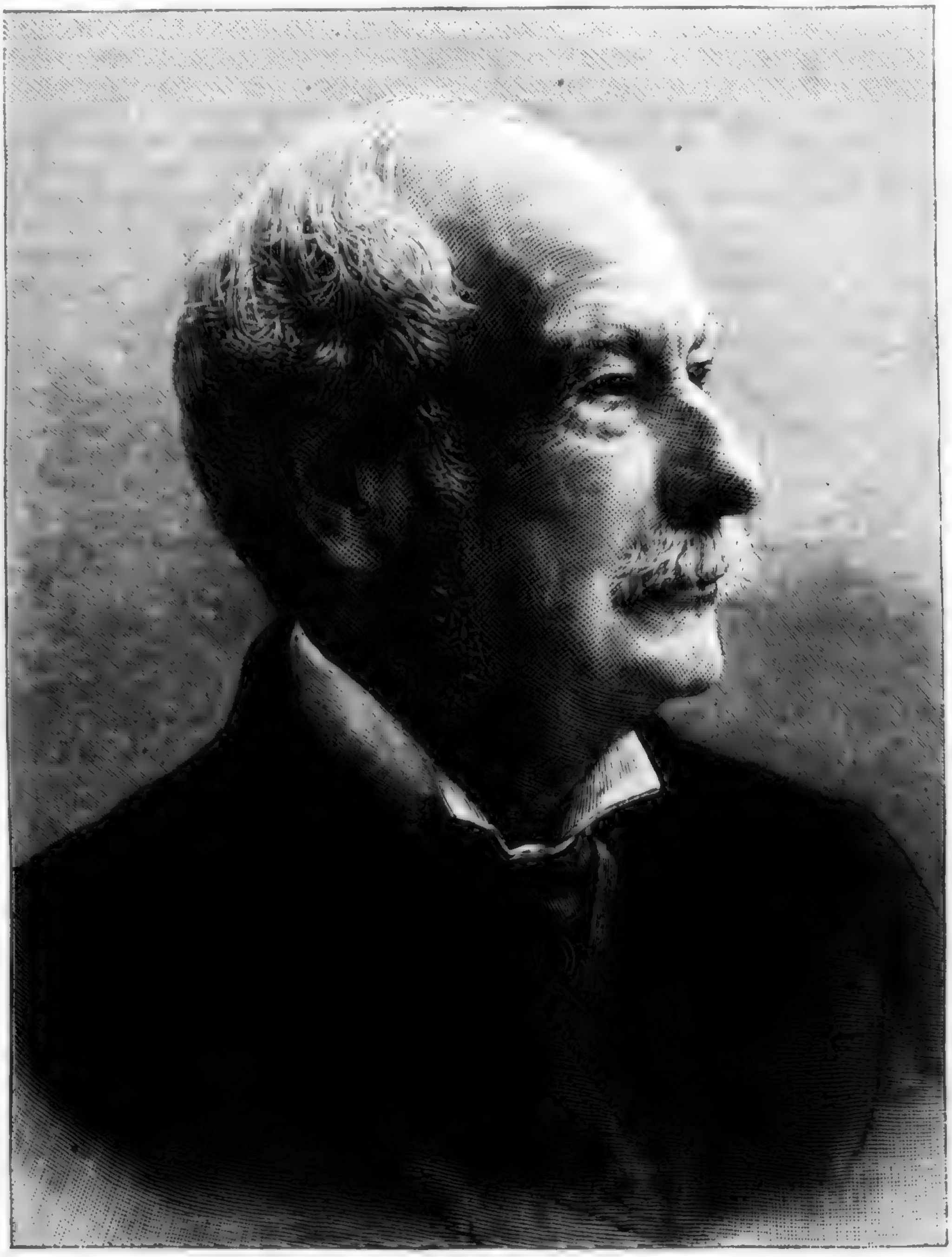
I could not tell whence it came. It may have dropped



MRS. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

suddenly from the skies, or sprung out of the earth; but it came, wherever it came from, noiselessly, and was there walking close beside me. I say *it*, for it appealed to my senses at first more like an apparition than like any living thing, and as it moved along without the slightest noise.

I can most positively aver that one instant I was absolutely alone, so far as human companionship is concerned, and the next instant it was beside me, as though it had accompanied me since I had left the little building. A *petite* female figure in the softest of garments, of a cool gray color, like the clouds in the East just when the sun begins to make it manifest that he is about to rise; with strips of creamy lace about the throat and at the wrists; a modest hat of soft material and rather broad brim, caught up at the left side in front and ornamented with a feather of the prevailing subdued tint, that drooped more than half way around the crown. A half-cape, half-shawl kind of garment, bound around with a narrow strip of silk all of the same gray color, fell upon the shoulders, and over its two ends, in front, small and delicate hands in gray gloves were softly folded.



DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.—SEE PAGE 153.

The precious casket I was carrying was under the arm on the side where this figure appeared. Instinctively I changed it to the other side.

Such a figure, under ordinary circumstances, it would be very pleasant to meet. Coming as it did, with the knowledge I possessed that the neighborhood could not of itself have furnished it, and my ignorance of its approach until it was right at my side, made its appearance peculiar, if not a little uncomfortable.

And yet it was only a woman, after all—a woman with a complexion that came nearer being olive-tinted than ever I had seen before. It was a warm, glowing complexion, as though the flesh was showing a perpetual blush. She had, besides, large, dark eyes with long fringes of eyelashes, and the waviness of her plentiful black hair was never produced by crimping pins or similar mechanical contrivances. Withal, although the expression of her face was bright and sprightly, there was still an uncultured, unpolished look there that, not being ignorant nor stupid, showed an absence of mental cultivation. The next glance told me, too, that among her ancestors, and not very far back either, was one who counted Africa as his native land, and possibly had danced, savage and naked, on the sands of that country.

At first she was looking very earnestly at the silver casket which I was carrying, and watched it as I transferred it from under one arm to the other.

It was some time before she spoke, and then it was with a sigh, as she said: "The ashes of him whom I loved."

She did not speak in our tongue, but in a language which, rude as it was, made me thank my stars for those two years at Ménilmontant and Lariboisère, and in the Latin Quarter.

With a genuine stare I looked down upon her, and using the same language in which she spoke, echoed the final word of her expression with an interrogation point in every letter:

"Loved?"

She bent her eyes toward the ground and slowly nodded her head two or three times.

I could not question her sincerity, for I could see that the long eyelashes were moistening.

Presently I thought. Well. This is not so very peculiar. Hermon was always kind-hearted and generous, and this is, perhaps, some poor girl whom he has befriended by some act that was small to him, but large to her.

Communing thus for a considerable distance as we walked, I was about to ask her what claim Hermon had on her affections, and was then going to dilate upon his manifold good qualities, when, still speaking in what was evidently her native tongue, she said :

"I think those ashes belong to me !"

This put an end to my train of thought, and I replied :

"His wife is the proper person to claim and bestow them."

The shapely hands at once unfolded themselves, and were held out beseechingly toward me, and the eyes looked into mine with a gratified expression.

"You think so ?" she said. "I am glad of it. Then they are assuredly mine."

The action and tone were precisely those of one who was expecting that I would immediately hand over the casket in my care. But I could only reply with another blank stare that must have manifested my astonishment. She folded her hands again and cast her eyes upon the ground, murmuring something in an undertone that I did not catch.

"What did you say ?" I asked.

Her reply greatly astounded me, and at the same time stopped me.

"He was my husband, monsieur," was what she said.

Between my positive knowledge of the complete falsity of her expression, and my dislike and unwillingness to use the harsh language that at first sprang to my lips to one who was so gentle and demure, I was silent.

We were facing each other on that lonesome road in the twilight of an Autumn evening. She looked up at me with a modest but an assured and confident look in her face. I can liken her attitude and manner to nothing that illustrates them more closely than those of a pet dove looking up at you, knowing you would not harm it for the world, and waiting for the favorite dainty you are accustomed to give it at certain hours.

"Yes," she said to me presently, "he was my husband." There came a deeper flush on her cheeks, and a bright, animated sparkle in her lustrous eyes as she added : "or rather, perhaps, I am his wife. Mam. Vaillieu can tell you," she proceeded, "that every act has been done that binds me to him for now and for whatever comes after now !"

Here was a little peg to hang upon in the midst of what seemed nonsense.

"Who is Mam. Vaillieu ?" I asked.

"Our famous doctor and wise woman," was the answer, uttered in a tone as though forgiving my ignorance.

"And who are you ?" I pursued, rather abruptly.

"Judith Le Traine," she answered, promptly, casting her gaze again upon the ground for a moment.

I heard these two names uttered then for the first time in my life. They were not names of the neighborhood, and I doubted much if Hermon himself had ever heard them. So I told her.

"Very likely," was her unconstrained reply.

I was more puzzled than ever.

For a few moments she stood before me in an irresolute, undecided manner, then, looking closely into my face, and gathering from it what seemed to satisfy her, she said :

"Listen and I will tell you the whole story."

Using the language she had employed from the first, which, rude and uncouth in itself, seemed limpid and musical, falling from her lips, she spoke as a child would speak, confidingly, trustingly, as though not questioning for one moment anything she had been told to do, but doing it and believing in it. There were certain odd little shruggings of the shoulders, and a constant movement of the shapely hands as running accompaniments by way of gesture, approval or disapproval, that rather heightened the effect of what she said.

"A little more than a year ago," she began, "I was a child." She was not much more than that now. "My mother was the general overseer of the servants of the Hotel of the Strangers. She said I was very wild, a tomboy, a mischief-maker, and often threatened, if I didn't better behave, to tie me all night to a post in the garden of the hotel. I laughed at her threats, and kept on with my merrymaking. One day I set the whole house in an uproar by a malicious tale I invented, which concerned the son of the manager and one of the housemaids. Just before dark I found myself very securely strapped to the post that had been promised me. I had not been taken there willingly, of course, but there I was. I didn't expect to be very uncomfortable, for the night was warm, and I promised myself that I never would cry out, no matter how tiresome or unpleasant my situation became. I amused myself at first with squirming around to see if I couldn't get out, but the strap had been very adroitly passed around my body and over my shoulders, and I soon found that all efforts in that direction would be in vain. Then I twisted and turned myself into almost every shape, attracting the amused attention of some of the servants who occasionally passed that way.

"Before the darkness fully came on, however, my position had become quite unbearable, and I longed to get out. But I wouldn't make any cry.

"I was at the further end of a long latticework, upon which a big-leafed vine was trained, and with a little movement I could pull some of these leaves about me so closely that I was entirely concealed from the view of those chancing to pass by.

"I amused myself by thus hiding for a few minutes, and then suddenly throwing all the leaves away from me and standing exposed to view.

"Once when I did so, as I threw out my arms, one of my hands brushed against the elbow of a gentleman who was slowly walking alone, up and down the pathway, smoking in the cool of the evening and deep in thought. He sprang away evidently very much startled. He just caught sight of me as I screamed with laughter, and then again covered myself with the leaves. Then he passed along.

"Two minutes after that I was wild with affright. One of my hands had just touched something moist and slimy on one of the slats of the lattice. I threw back the leaves to see what it was, and there, within two handbreadths of my naked shoulder, was a long, green lizard-scorpion, that had evidently been awakened by my touch. It was just dark enough for me to see its blood-red eyes shining upon me, and its tooth-shaped tail moving slowly from one side to the other. I knew that its sting was a deadly poison and felt that merely its touch would kill me. I was in a shiver of horror and dread, and couldn't stir. I didn't dare to cover my eyes to keep out the loathsome sight, and I didn't want to look and see it drop upon me. I forgot my resolution and cried out in my mortal fear. I heard footsteps, and, just as the terrible creature was losing its hold on the lattice, the gentleman who had passed me was beside me. I shuddered as I pointed out to him the hideous reptile that was threatening me. I saw him strike it down to the ground with a good stout blow of his cane, and the next that I was aware of, I was lying in my mother's bed with my head bandaged and a strong smell of dried herbs about me.

"That gentleman was Herman Drake."

So suddenly mixing up the name of my friend with such a tropical story, added still more to the improbability of the claim the young woman had set up.

"My gratitude for this act," continued Judith Le Traine, "was supreme and very rapidly developed into a deeper and stronger feeling. I was no longer a child. He had saved my life; it belonged to him, and I had nothing else to give him. I was made one of the house-servants under my mother, and his apartments were given to me, to be under my particular care.

"For more than a year no priest ever officiated at the altar of his God with more sacred love and tenderness than I cared for the—to me—almost hallowed precincts that the one I loved called his home."

I thought this rather delicate ground on which the young woman was beginning to tread; began to reckon that, perhaps, we had all been mistaken as to Hermon, and that the story, after all, was that commonplace one that you can find related in almost every newspaper you take up.

I shook my head once or twice to indicate that it wouldn't do, and made a movement as though I would walk on. She stopped me with a touch of her hand.

"Alas! alas!" she continued. "All my offices were unavailing. He never once more than casually looked at me, offering me money as he did to the other servants. And I always refused it, except once, that piece which he gave me being even now in my possession.

"Oh, how I loved him!" exclaimed Judith, and it was the only time in her whole narration when she seemed to lose control of herself and give way to the ecstasy of her passion. "How I loved him! I would have died for if it would have saved him from one moment of unhappiness. He could have asked nothing I would not have granted, and he asked nothing!

"No," she continued, dejectedly, "he never, never noticed me, and then I took my desires and hopes to Mam. Vaillieu. I was driven to seek her help. I knew she could help me if she would. She did help me, and we were married."

This, assuredly, seemed to be the climax of all the absurdities and contradictions I had been hearing.

I uttered an impatient exclamation.

"We were married!" repeated the young woman, doggedly. "Mam. Vaillieu never lies and never goes astray. What she says, will be; what she denies, cannot be. It was done in her cabin under the shadow of La Hotte, in the Sierra de Monte Cristi."

"Did Hermon Drake go there?" I asked, petulantly. I knew it was so unlike him.

"In person, No. In spirit, Yes," was the quiet reply. "As Mam. Vaillieu directed, so did I. I took from his rooms the garments he had just laid off, even to the thin silken shirt that had touched his flesh, warm yet with contact with his vitality. They were all returned between midnight and dawn. They drew with them the spirit that made responses to Mam. Vaillieu's questions and united him to me for ever and ever."

Judith spoke this with such a confident, solemn air, with so much of earnestness and conviction, that the absurdity of it did not for the instant manifest itself.

"And, more than that," she continued quickly, "the union was made more complete and binding still by Mam. Vaillieu. Could we do it, she swore that, after two years were passed, he would be mine entirely. We did it. Close to midnight, one evening, we stood with the full moon making it almost day about us, and our shadows as sharp and clearly defined as though they were cut out of black paper. He was not far from me, and I crept silently beside him. Our shadows mingled completely, and mine was lost in his. Mam. Vaillieu struck her sharp-pointed crutch into the earth over the spot where our hearts were, and held it there, until he, as though coming out of a fit of abstraction, sighed deeply, laid his hand on his left breast, as if to quiet a pain there, and uttered a slight moan. Mam. Vaillieu was eager with excitement. I can see her now, as she stood on that October night, her eyes fairly glowing and her smile shining in the moonlight. 'Nothing can resist that, Judith!' she says. 'Nothing can resist that! The lasting charm never worked so satisfactorily. Remember what Mam. Vaillieu tells you, girl. For two years your love will be dead to you—for two short years—and then, he will be yours, and yours alone. But you must still do this, else all will fail. Once in every twenty-four hours, once within the time that it takes the sun to swim around the world, you must look full upon the face of him you love, or every charm will fail. This done, in twice twelve months your love will be all your own, else stars, sun, moon and planets fail, and Mam. Vaillieu is a liar!"

I cannot say what effect such a tale would have had on an ordinary strong man under ordinary circumstances, but conjecture that, in the clear daylight, and with a number of companions close by, the hearer or reader would be quite likely to cry out, "Stuff and nonsense!" But under the circumstances in which I found myself, with the ashes of a dead man under one of my arms; with the shadow of the night rapidly falling about me, and the way a lonesome and little-traveled one, the story, little as I believed it, did not in the least tend to my composure.

When my companion, after a slight pause, suddenly threw out her hands toward me and exclaimed, "Will you not give me the ashes now?" I must confess that I drew back a little, pressed the casket still closer under my arm, and was greatly tempted to break into a run for the railroad station.

Then I recovered myself, and felt ashamed that any fear had crept over me concerning such a little body as the one that stood before me.

"I have followed him a long, long distance," she went on, after a time. "Anticipating the event, the savings of my whole year's work helped me. When he went, I went. Where he went, I went. Once in every twenty-four hours for a year and more now I have looked full into his face, but never recognized by him. I am as conscious as you are or were that he died—died to all of you. But Mam. Vaillieu never lies. I don't believe, but I feel and know, that when the twice twelve months have rolled around he will be mine alone, and mine for ever. I doubted for the first time when you came here, and when I saw the dear body rolled into that hot furnace my doubts prevailed. I could not control myself. My spirit seemed to take its flight along with his, and in my doubt, distress and agony, as I looked into the window of the room, I could not control myself as much as I wished I might, I gave one great cry and sank, for an instant, upon the ground."

This, then, is the explanation, I thought; but alas! it comes after it has wrought other misery; but I did not interrupt her.

"I did not know what might be done with me if I was

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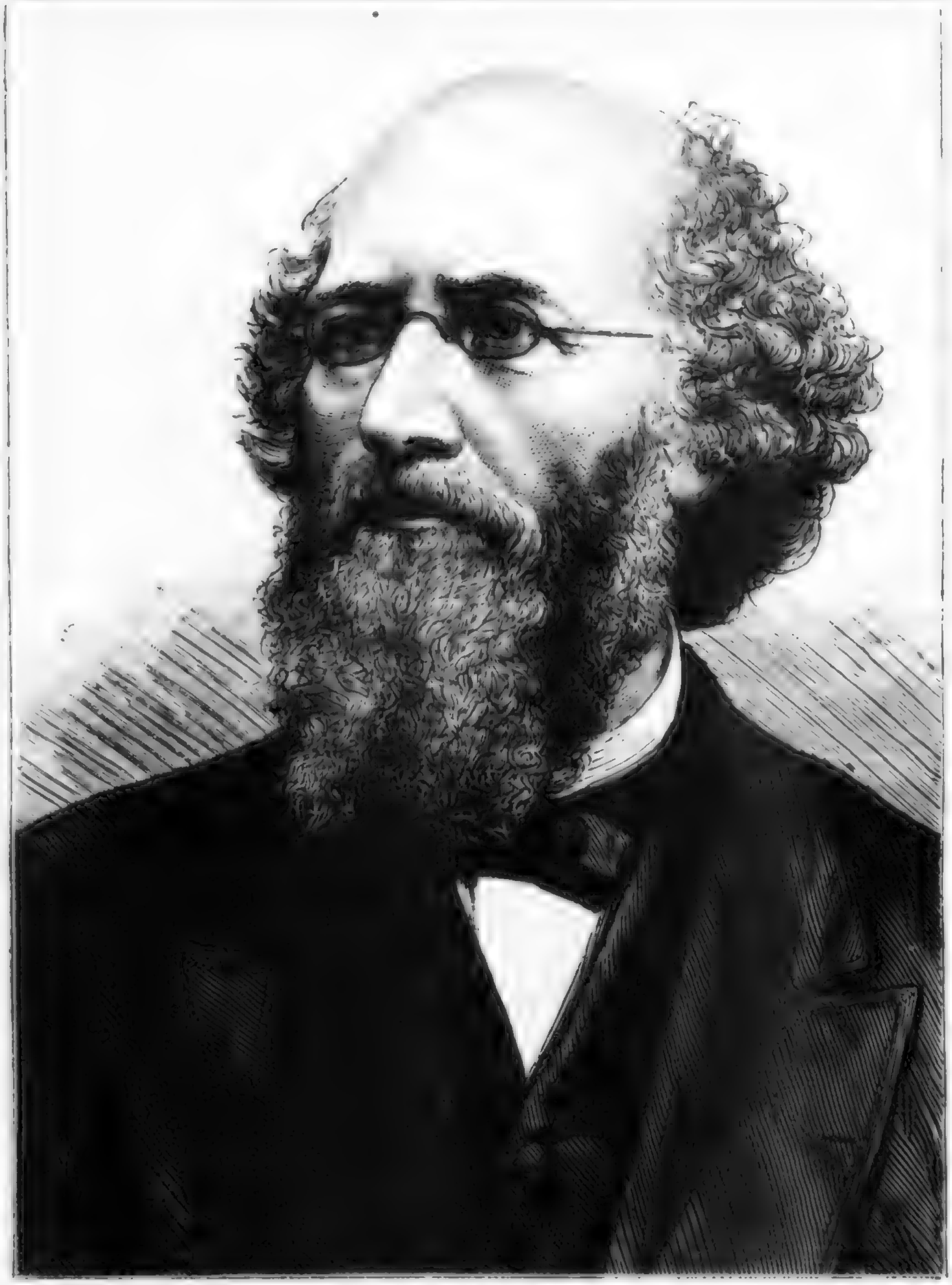


STEPHEN J. FIELD.

I started toward the station at a brisk pace, looking now and then over my shoulder to see that she was following me. I would rather have had her before me to be sure of having her at all, and as well to have regulated my pace by hers, although she kept well up with me, not seeming to walk, but rather to glide along, as though she were, indeed, one of the gray clouds in the East in the form and shape of a woman, being gently propelled forward by a soft breeze.

Such a likeness was more than strengthened by what followed.

I can solemnly aver that I looked so frequently over my shoulder that never ten seconds passed without my gaze being there, yet with such a brief interval I looked once and saw her, and when I looked again she was gone! As she came, so had she disappeared.

I ran back many steps in every direction, peering into the gloom, but the darkness by this time had grown very dense, and after lingering about the spot a few minutes, I pursued my way to the railroad station alone, in a sullen and morose mood. I must confess, too, that more than once, as I passed on, I cast my gaze over my shoulder into the darkness behind me, and it was not unaccompanied by just a little tremor, lest I should see something I didn't want to see.

Did I tell my story to Hermon's friends? No, not then.

discovered," she continued, "and presently ran to a great stump a few rods from the building, and beneath its friendly shadow sank down. I was in more than half a faint, and not fully recovered until I saw you coming with that precious casket under your arm, which, from the care with which you carried it, I well knew contained the ashes of him I loved. Give it to me that, at least in spirit, I may obey the injunctions that will, in time, give him back to me. Have I not suffered enough already?"

I believe that with the explanation of the source of that horrible cry came back to me all the hard, "horse-sense" that I possess, little as it may be.

"Suffered," I exclaimed. "Do you know what suffering you yourself have caused, or may yet be the occasion of? Your insane shriek there by the building has crazed Hermon's real wife, and you must come along with me to repeat your absurd story, that every one may know that the horrible cry did not issue from the lips of a dead man!"

I put out my hand to seize her by the wrist, but she eluded my grasp.

"I will go with you willingly," she said, "and without force."

I hope I am not such an inconsiderate creature as that regarding my own reputation. It was only recently that I dared relate an experience that was the puzzle of my life, and its sequel and confirmation.

I was all along perfectly conscious that I had really seen and talked with the little woman in the twilight of that memorable day, and that I was in the full possession of all my senses, yet the apparent absurdity of her story made me fearful to confide it to any one else.

I thought I knew that Hermon had never been anywhere in his life where he could have had such an experience as that which was told of him, until one day, when I was thinking over the matter, I remembered that he had spent a little more than a year in the Island of Hayti. Two days after that remembrance I was on board a steamer bound for the land of frequent revolutions and negro supremacy and superstition.

I had no difficulty in finding the Hotel of the Strangers, and almost the first woman to whom I spoke answered to the name of Madame Le Traine.

In my eagerness, I asked immediately concerning a certain young woman, named Judith Le Traine. The madame cast a sharp, quick glance at me and replied:

"My daughter, monsieur ?"

When I asked to see Judith, the mother's eyes moistened.

"Monsieur does not know, then," she said, presently, "that she is dead !"

I apologized, saying I had met her under very peculiar circumstances.

"In the States ?" asked the lady.

I nodded, and added that I had hoped to be able to meet her once more.

"Scarcely four months have gone by," said Madame Le Traine, "since she was with us. She passed away very suddenly. She was very frail. In the morning she was about, bright and cheerful as ever. In the evening she was dead."

I listened to a recital of her numerous good qualities, the narration of which seemed to comfort the mother greatly, and learned the exact date of her death.

It was to a day, and almost to an hour, precisely two years after she had stood under the moonlight and her shadow had mingled with that of Hermon Drake's !

THE FIELD FAMILY.

By W. A. Croffut.

There is certainly no other family in America, and probably not in any country, that can boast of four living brothers as distinguished as are the four brothers of the Field family—David Dudley, Timothy B., Cyrus W. and Henry M., all noted for unusual ability in different spheres of life.

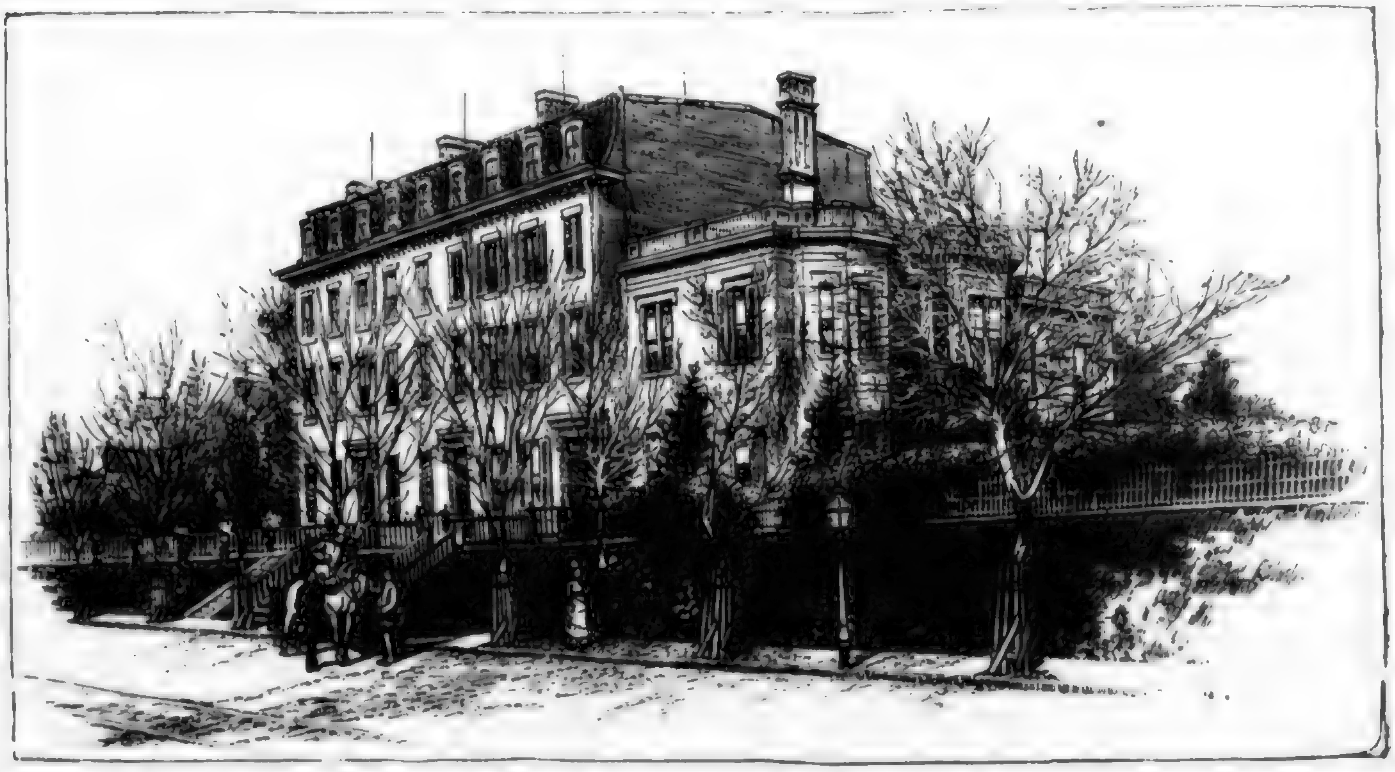
Zachariah Field came to Massachusetts about 1632, and his name indicates that he was a Puritan. He was a grandson of John Field, the astronomer, and, first coming to Boston, he changed his residence to Dorchester, to Hartford—where he was a member of the celebrated Thomas Hooker's "flock"—to Northampton, and finally to Hadley, where he died.

The family was exposed to the vicissitudes of the frontier settlements. One of his sons and a granddaughter were slaughtered by the savages in the massacre at Deerfield, and one of his granddaughters, a captive, refused to be ransomed, and married one of King Philip's chiefs,

The descendants of Zachariah early and rapidly married and were given in marriage, and raised very large families of children, as was the fashion of those days. David Field, of Madison, Conn., gave eleven citizens to the State, and his son, Captain Timothy of the Revolution, had eight children, of whom only two were of the sex qualifying them to become soldiers. The first of these boys became Rev. Timothy Field, and had ten children ; the second became Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field, and he married a lady who was one of eleven children, and became the mother of ten. Of these ten are the four celebrated brothers of whom this sketch will especially speak.

Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field was born during the last throes of the Revolutionary War. Being a bright and ambitious boy, of course he was predestined to the pulpit, as was the custom of those times. In Yale he was a classmate and a roommate of Jeremiah Evarts, the father of Senator William M. Evarts. His father was very poor, and to eke out his college expenses he was compelled to teach school during all the vacations, and work wherever he found a chance. While studying theology, at the age of twenty-two, he married a lady one year his junior, bearing the humble name of Submit Dickinson, and went to preach in Haddam, Conn. Here they spent fifteen serene years, and laid the foundation of a large family. Seventy-five years from the day of their marriage their four sons met in Haddam and formally presented to the town, in memory of their parents, a public park including the site of the old Meeting House.

A year after the close of his preaching in Haddam, Dr. Field settled in Stockbridge, Mass., one of the loveliest towns in the beautiful valley of the Housatonic, and there, in the church which Jonathan Edwards had made famous, he continued to minister for eighteen years. One child had died during its first year, but he brought six children to Stockbridge, and three more were born



RESIDENCE OF JUDGE FIELD, CAPITOL HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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there,* including Cyrus West and Henry Martyn. The life at Stockbridge was full of incidents which cannot be recounted here, but, at the end of eighteen years, with four of "the boys" in or through college, Dr. Field asked a dismissal, and returned to heal dissensions in the Church in Haddam. Afterward the aged couple went back to Stockbridge, and there they quietly passed away after some of their sons had attained both wealth and fame. A few years since, Cyrus W. Field, wishing to preserve the memory of the old church and the Indian battlefield, purchased six acres and presented them to the town for a park, which is now laid out in walks and planted with trees and shrubs.

Dr. Henry M. Field says of this time: "A great event in our family was the sending of four sons to college. It was not accomplished without difficulty. With a salary of $600 a year, and nine children, there was little to spare for education beyond that which could be obtained in the schools of the town. But the impossible was accomplished by no end of sacrifices. The sons of Stockbridge had a right of inheritance in Williams College, for the Captain Williams who founded it was a son of that Ephraim Williams who was one of the four original settlers of Stockbridge. When my eldest brother had gone through college, he made the way easier for those of us who were to come after; and so, with an interval of several years, followed Jonathan, and then Stephen and myself."

Of the family of ten children, all but four are dead. Emilia Ann, the second-born, was of the utmost helpfulness to her six younger brothers. She became the wife of the Rev. Josiah Brewer, who was for many years a missionary to Constantinople and Smyrna, where he established schools for the education of Greek girls. He returned home, published one or two books, entered into politics, and was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Fremont for President. Mrs. Brewer died in 1861.

The second son, Timothy B., became a midshipman in the navy at fifteen, and the same year went to the Mediterranean in the sloop-of-war *Warren* to make war on the the Athenian pirates. He was in more than one battle. In 1836 he sailed for South America and was never heard of again.

The third son, Matthew D. Field, was intended by his father for a farmer, but he broke away, and in a few years became one of the largest paper manufacturers in the country. Developing engineering and mechanical genius, he moved to St. Louis, where he became a popular and successful bridge-builder, constructing an immense suspension-bridge, before he had ever seen one, across the Cumberland, at Nashville, with an elevation of 110 feet above the water, and a single span of 656 feet between the towers. Its entire length was 1,956 feet. He built other suspension bridges at Clarksville and Frankford, the latter of which has been in use for thirty-five years for the passage of railway trains. In 1854 he suggested the possibility of an Atlantic telegraph to his brother Cyrus, who so successfully carried it out. He died in 1870.

The fourth son, Jonathan E. Field, though named for Jonathan Edwards, became a lawyer instead of a pulpiteer. He graduated at Williams, and moved at twenty to Michigan. In a few years he returned to Stockbridge, where he practiced law for thirty years, and was chosen a member of the State Senate, over which he presided for several terms. One of his sons, Stephen D. Field, is a distinguished electrical engineer. He has been the inventor and successful promoter of a system of district telegraphs, and he is the inventor of the quadruplex telegraph and an electric motor for railroads, claimed to antedate even that of Siemens, in Germany.

Of the four brothers still in the land of the living, David Dudley is the senior, as he is the oldest of all this remarkable group of children. He was born February 13th, 1805, at Haddam, in a house which is still standing. The most that tradition tells of his youth is that "he was obstinate," and many of his living opponents will accept the tradition as fact. He went to school at Haddam, then to the academy at Stockbridge, then to Williams College, where he was the classmate of Mark and Albert Hopkins and John Morgan, all of whom became famous as presidents or professors of colleges.

Young Field graduated high in his class, and went to study law, first to Albany, then to New York city, where he entered the office of the Sedgwicks, from Stockbridge, brothers of Catharine Sedgwick. He entered upon active practice here in 1828, fifty-eight years ago. His rise was rapid, and he was early engaged in many cases of great importance.

But already his mind had turned to the necessity of that great law-reform, the successful prosecution of which has been the chief distinction of his life. Before he was twenty-five he was impressed with the verbal confusion and technical absurdities of our law practice. He thought it about five times as complicated and embarrassing as it ought to be. In his simplicity he supposed that an announcement and explanation of the trouble, of the time it required to master the common law and the difficulty of enforcing it after it was mastered, would secure general concurrence and an immediate revision of the method of procedure in courts. He did not foresee that he would be met by opposition at every step, even from lawyers who conceded that he was right, that conservatism would constantly clog his feet, and that he would work on for thirty-five years in the face of every discouragement, giving year after year without compensation, to triumph at last, and be recognized as the chief legal benefactor of his century.

He spoke and wrote incessantly upon the subject. He appealed to lawyers and to judges; he issued pamphlets by the ten thousand; he enlisted newspapers; he addressed the Legislature from session to session; he drafted Bills and introduced them; but there was "no money in them," and they were lost. He obtained two amendments to the State Constitution authorizing the codification of the laws; he pelted the sluggish Legislature with petitions and memorials, with addresses and reproaches. At last, in 1847, a law was enacted and commissioners were appointed to reform the law practice, of whom Mr. Field was, of course, the active soul. After three years of almost incessant application the first part of the great work was done, and completed Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure were submitted to the Legislature.

For years Mr. Field fought for the adoption of the Code; for years the Legislature thwarted him, as if he were asking for a railroad charter for which he had not paid the members.

In 1857 Mr. Field went to Europe, and in London was dined by the most eminent masters of law. Lord Sherbrooke, one of the speakers, said : "He trusted that his honorable friend, Mr. Field, would go down to posterity with this glory—that he had not only essentially served one of the greatest countries, the States of America, but that he had also provided a cheap and satisfactory code of law for every colony bearing the English name. Mr. Field, indeed, had not squared the circle ; he had not found out any solid which answered to more than three denominations ; he had not discovered any power more subtle than electricity, nor one that would bow with more docility to the service of man than steam. But he had done greater things : he had laid the foundations of peace, happiness and tranquillity in the establishment of a system which would make law a blessing, instead of a scourge, to mankind. He believed that no acquisition of modern times—if he rightly understood what had been done in the State of New York—he believed that no achievement of the intellect was to be compared to that by which Mr. Field had removed the absurdities and the technicalities under which New York, in common with this country and the colonies, had so long groaned."

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* These were David Dudley, born February 13th, 1805; Emilia Ann, born February 22d, 1807; Timothy Beals, born May 21st, 1809; Matthew Dickinson, born June 26th, 1811; Jonathan Edwards, born July 11th, 1813; Stephen Johnson (first), born July 11th, 1815, died December 25th of the same year; and Stephen Johnson (second), born November 4th, 1816. Three others were born in Stockbridge, viz: Cyrus West, born November 30th, 1819; Henry Martyn, born April 3d, 1822; and Mary Elizabeth, born September 7th, 1823.

Mr. Field returned to New York to encounter from old fogies increased hostility to the Code ; but he abated neither effort nor hope. He returned to pamphlets and newspaper articles, to speeches and personal appeals. He organized the friends of the great reform. But five more weary years passed before he finally succeeded in getting a law passed resuscitating the commission, and he was placed at its head "to reduce into a written and systematic Code the whole body of the law of the State. They went at work, again without compensation. Year followed year. Not till 1865 did the Commission lay its ninth final report before the Legislature—the Code was complete. It had been written and rewritten, parts of the Civil Code, eighteen times. They occupied five volumes. Mr. Field had done the bulk of the work ; had given much of his time constantly for eighteen years without compensation, and had paid out of his own pocket $6,000 for extra expenses. His habit was to rise early, take a ride on horseback before breakfast, and then, retiring to his library, give hours to the work before he went to the office, and resume it in the evening, often continuing past midnight. In this way he worked from 1847 to 1865, so that he is universally acknowledged as the chief author of the Codes.

In a letter to his brother Stephen, reviewing these long labors, he thus speaks of the difficulties he had to encounter :

> "Now that my work is finished, as I look back upon it, I am amazed at the difficulties I had to overcome, and the little encouragement and assistance I received. It seemed as if every step I took was to be impeded by something laid across my path. I was opposed in everything. My life was a continual warfare. Not only was every obstacle thrown in the way of my work, but I was attacked personally as an agitator and a visionary, in seeking to disturb long-settled usage, and thinking to reform the law in which was embodied the wisdom of ages. This was, perhaps, to be expected when I undertook such radical changes in the face of the most conservative of professions. But he has little reason to complain of the number or violence of his adversaries who finds himself victorious in the end. As to any real service which I may have rendered to American law, and so to the cause of universal justice, of human progress and civilization ; in short, as to any claim I may have to the title of lawgiver and reformer, I am willing to be judged by the wise and good after I have passed away."

"Victorious in the end" indeed he was. Other States followed New York in the reform. Most of the Codes were adopted by Missouri, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, California, Oregon, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Arkansas, Connecticut, Washington, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota ; the Code of Criminal Procedure by Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, California, Oregon, Kentucky, Arkansas, Washington, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Dakota ; while in the year 1872 California adopted the whole five Codes, in which she was followed by Dakota.

Mr. Field's name became famous throughout the world. In passing through England he was invited to meet the Crown Commission for Codification appointed by Parliament, and consisting of the most eminent legal minds of the realm, and explain the method. Shortly Mr. Field's Code of Procedure was adopted, not only by the States, but in substance by Great Britain and her Colonies. While going around the world he found his System of Practice in use in the Courts of India, and at Singapore and Hong Kong. The rules he had framed for an American State—in the very words he had written in his library—were in force on the other side of the globe.

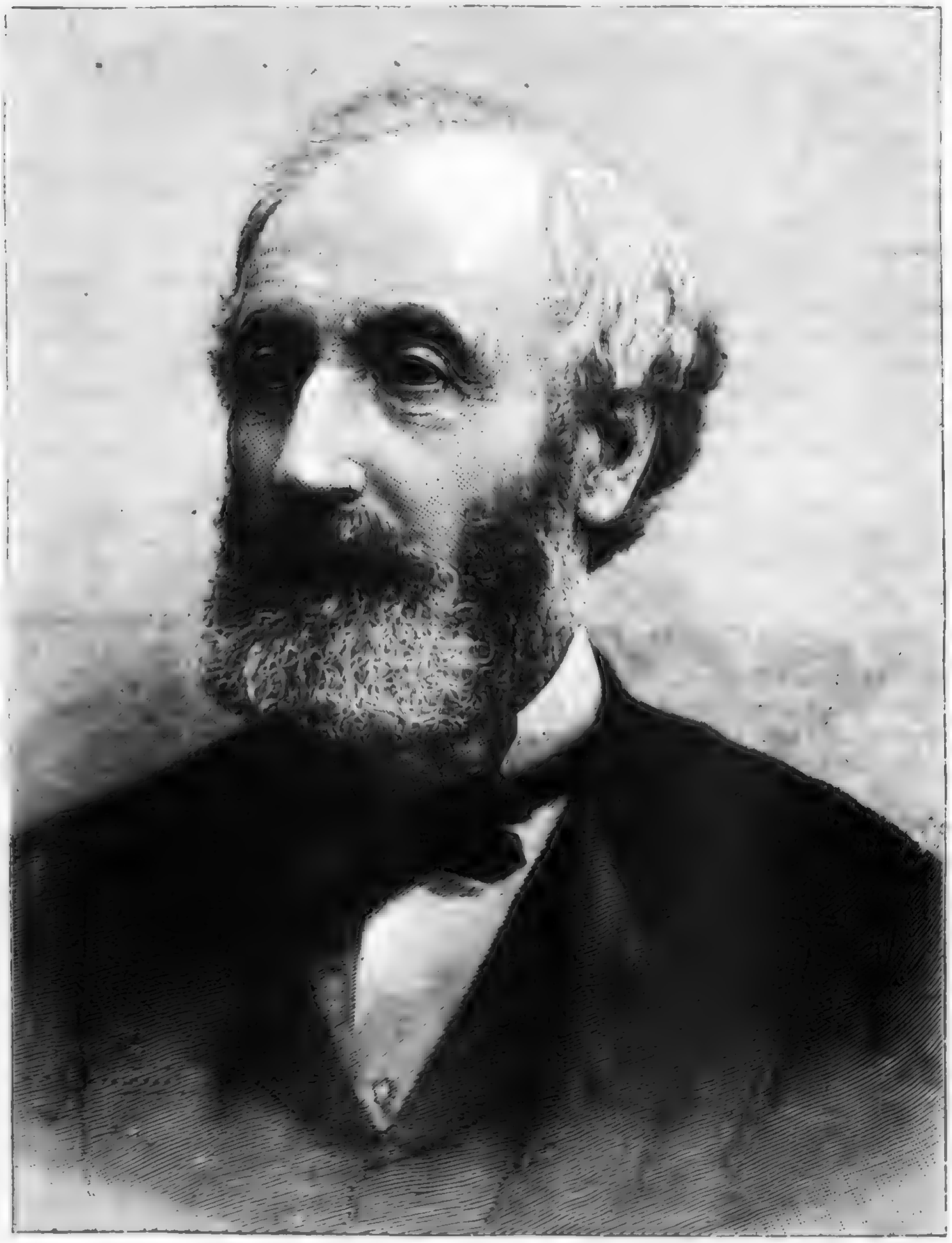
Subsequently, unwearied, he turned his attention to a Code of International Law, and put into compact form the law of nations. So the vast project of his youth was finished when he was sixty-five years old. It was not a popular moral reform, nor a picturesque discovery or invention, fixing upon him the admiring gaze of his contemporaries ; but it was a work ranking him as the greatest legal benefactor of the generation in which his lot was cast.

During all these years Mr. Field was active, able and prominent at the Bar and in politics. He declined office, excepting as a Member of Congress for a brief period, but he was foremost in all political affairs. Working with the Democratic Party, he revolted against it as early as 1844, on the Slavery Question, and four years later, led in the nomination of Van Buren. He spoke against slavery, and when Fremont was nominated in 1856, he took the platform for him in several States. In 1860, at the Chicago Convention, he joined Horace Greeley in defeating Seward and bringing Lincoln to the front. During the War he was most efficient, and his counsel was needed in the subsequent reconstruction. He voted for Hayes, but thought Tilden was elected, and submitted regretfully to the decision of the Electoral Commission which, as a Member of Congress, he had helped to create.

As a lawyer, Mr. Field has been retained in many great cases, but his title to the gratitude of posterity rests upon his labors for codification, in which he has made law for millions, and lightened the labors and smoothed the way for generations of lawyers.

Mr. Field has been three times married, and has had three children. He is now a widower. His only surviving child, Jeannie, was married in 1870 to Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of British Columbia, who had been previously Governor of Newfoundland, and has been since Governor of Natal in Africa, and of South Australia ; and is now Governor of the Island of Jamaica. They have had four children—a daughter, Joyce, who died in Australia ; and three sons—Dudley Field, Arthur David, and Herbert, who are the joy and pride of their grandfather's heart. Mr. Field has just passed his eighty-first birthday.

The sixth son was Stephen J. Field, destined for the Supreme Bench of the United States. As a babe he was very fragile, and it was thought he would not survive infancy. But the pluck offset the croup, and he weathered the afflictions of the cradle and crib. When three



CYRUS W. FIELD.

years old the father took him to Stockbridge, where he went to school. At thirteen he accompanied his sister and her husband, the Rev. Joseph Brewer, to Smyrna, Asia Minor, and remained there with them three years. He learned Latin, Greek and Turkish, and he learned religious tolerance. The family remained through the fearful plague of 1831, when there were 300 deaths a day, and 30,000 people fled from the city and camped in the fields. Brewer and young Stephen ministered to the sick and dying, and escaped the contagion. The next year Stephen sailed home, and entered Williams College, from which he graduated four years later as valedictorian—the highest honor of his Class.

He went to New York and entered the office of his brother Dudley, first as a student, and then remaining as a partner for several years. In '48 he visited Europe with his brother Cyrus, and they watched the revolution and changes of dynasty. They returned in the Fall, and the young lawyer caught the "California fever" in 1849 and hurried off to the land of gold. He had just one dollar in his pocket when he got there, but he sold thirty-two New York newspapers for thirty-two dollars that morning, and felt rich again.

Straightway he stuck out his shingle, settled his first case and pocketed his first fee. In a fortnight he took in his shingle and left the city with an enthusiastic crowd, who rushed up the Sacramento and pitched their tents on a promising slope at the confluence of the Yuba. He pitched his tent among them, and they named the place Marysville, after the only woman present. Stephen Field could talk with the French and the Germans, the Greeks and the Turks—if there were any—and so the settlers got together in their biggest tent and chose him Alcalde—their chief officer of almost unlimited jurisdiction. He was the centre of authority. There were no jails and no sheriff, so when a man was caught stealing Alcalde Field ordered him to be given a hundred stripes on the bare back, and he was then turned loose. In this way order was preserved till the State Government went into operation.

The next year Mr. Field was elected to the first Legislature, and there he had an influence second to that of no man in formulating the laws of California. He was an indefatigable legislator, and he was instrumental in defeating many bad Bills and shaping many good ones into law.

He soon had an assured future. His practice became large, and he was soon recognized as one of the leaders of the Bar. In the flood-tide of success his legal career was interrupted by his election to the Supreme Court of California by a majority of 36,000, and two years thereafter he became Chief-justice. The laws were in a very chaotic condition, adulterated by Mexican provincialisms and by frontier usages, and they had to be adapted to mining, ditching, irrigating, camping, making claims, etc., where there were no precedents to follow. Such a jumble of legal and judicial difficulties was, perhaps, never before presented. One of his associates on the Bench, Judge Baldwin, said of him: "Judge Field has raised the character of the jurisprudence of the State. He has, more than any other man, given tone, consistency and system to our judicature, and laid broad and deep the foundation of our civil and criminal law. The land titles of the State—the most important and permanent of the interests of a great commonwealth—have received from his hand their permanent protection, and this alone should entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the Bar and the people."

He was now generally recognized as the highest legal authority on the Pacific coast, and when a new district was created there for a tenth Judge on the Supreme Bench of the United States, the whole delegation from beyond the Rockies, Republicans and Democrats alike, went to President Lincoln in a body and urged the appointment of Judge Field. There was scarcely any other man thought of, and he was appointed and unanimously confirmed. "By this event," said Judge Baldwin, "the State has been deprived of the ablest jurist who ever presided over her courts."

Judge Field had some sentiment, and he postponed taking the oath till May 20th, 1863, the day when his father became eighty-two years of age.

In the twenty-three years which have since elapsed, Judge Field has taken a very active part in formulating the judgments of our supreme tribunal. He early took ground against arbitrary arrests and military trials, against test oaths, against the act making the promise of the Government a legal tender for debts, against the persecution of blacks in the South and of Chinese in the West.

In the Cincinnati Convention of 1872 he received sixty votes for President on the first ballot, but his honorable record on the Chinese and labor questions defeated him.

In 1881 he spent the Summer in Europe, and revisited the scenes of his boyhood in Athens and Smyrna just half a century before.

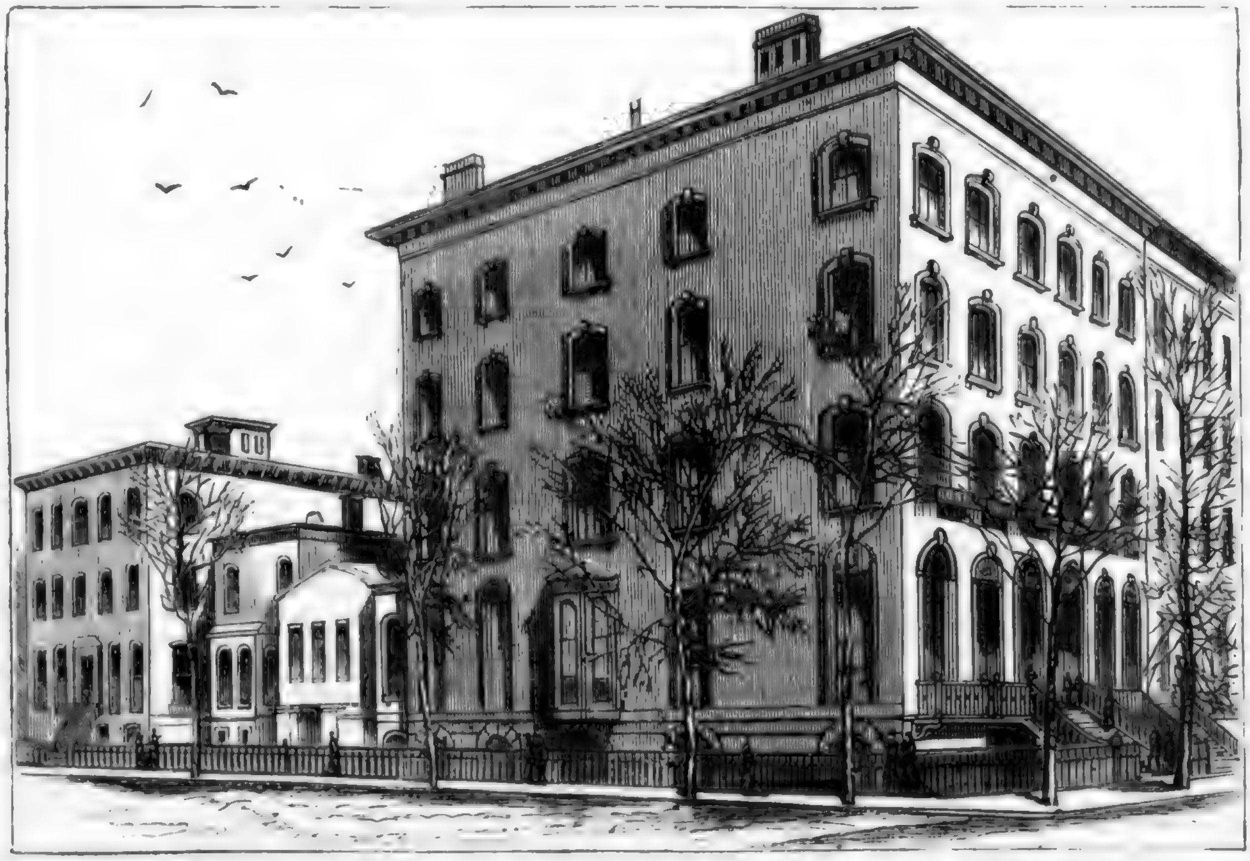
One of the latest born of this illustrious family, Cyrus West Field is far the most widely known. There is scarcely an intelligent person in the world who does not know of him, and of the splendid enterprise with which his fame is associated.

He was born a few months after the removal to Stockbridge, at the parsonage on the hill above the winding Housatonic. He was named after the president of the local bank—a man of consideration in the Church. He had a name, but he seemed too weak to live. "You never'll raise that child, never," is what the neighbors said to the mother of the Gracchi, when they strolled in to cheer her up. "He ain't got any constitootion!" And, indeed, it seemed so. Anybody who with an unprejudiced eye glanced into the cradle prophesied for him extinction rather than distinction. When lifted out of the cradle, his little body had to be supported by a frame, in which he could toddle and roll himself around the room. He proved to possess vigor. He did not die. He weathered the afflictions of infancy. He became active and wideawake. He was fond of outdoor sports. He gained strength till his slight frame became tough and wiry, capable of endurance.

When he was fifteen, Dudley, who seemed to feel a personal responsibility for his younger brothers, secured for him a humble place in the store of A. T. Stewart, New York. He began on two dollars a week, and saved something out of it. Clerking was never congenial to him, and when he was twenty-one he gave up his place, took his small fund of savings and started out alone in the manufacture of paper. Without capital, credit or knowledge of the business, he soon possessed them all. He had quick perception, a knack at a bargain, and unconquerable persistence, and with these he made a fortune before he was thirty.

Three years later he tried to "retire," and sold out with that purpose. He took a six months' tour in South America with Frederic E. Church. With that experienced observer he scaled Cotopaxi, ascended the picturesque Magdalena, crossed the Andes to Quito, and drank in those superb impressions which the distinguished tropical artist has transferred to canvas.

The *rôle* of a "retired merchant" was a difficult one for Cyrus W. Field. "The hardest work I ever did was trying to keep still," he says. He did not try long. The chief work of his life was ready for him. In the Fall of 1853, at the golden wedding of his parents, he met his brother Matthew, who had been for years building bridges in the Southwest. The engineer had just met one of the projectors of the bankrupt scheme to build a telegraph line to and through Newfoundland to connect



RESIDENCE OF CYRUS W. FIELD, GRAMERCY PARK AND LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

there with swift steamers, and Cyrus became interested in the project. "Why not carry a telegraph across the ocean?" he said to himself.

His brother, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, has said: "If Cyrus had at that moment had any conception of the labor which the carrying out of his idea would involve, he would have shrunk from the attempt. More than twelve years were to pass before he saw the end, and these not years in which he was buoyed up by the feeling that he was advancing step by step to an assured success, but years of almost constant disappointments, the foresight of which would have made him abandon the project in despair."

He called on Peter Cooper, his next door neighbor, just off Gramercy Park, and talked the matter over. Cooper had an inventive and mechanical turn, and his mind was always young and progressive. He listened; grasped the scheme; agreed to go into it if others could be got. Next, Mr. Field convinced Moses Taylor and Marshall O. Roberts of its feasibility, and they and Wilson G. Hunt joined the two other projectors. To start with they put in $20,000 each, and on the succeeding March they took a trip to Newfoundland on "a fishing excursion," as they called it. They got a grant of fifty square miles of land, and went to work to build the line 400 miles through the forest of the great island. That alone was a terrible undertaking. It took three years, and each $20,000 subscription had increased to $200,000, and Mr. Field had put in twice as much.

At last the preliminary work was done, and Mr. Field faced 2,000 miles of stormy ocean. What now? Could the giant bridge be laid across the submarine plateau of broken hills? Before starting out he had taken counsel of Professor Morse and Professor Maury—of the former, asking if electricity would go that distance; of the latter, if the bed of the sea would admit the laying of the cable. Both answered affirmatively; but Maury added: "I do not pretend to consider the question as to the possibility of finding *a time calm enough, a sea smooth enough, a wire long enough, and a ship big enough.*"

All the capital was spent. It was necessary to have more. In 1856 Mr. Field went to England to raise the money. He was almost a stranger. He met with incredulity at the start. His judgment was distrusted. But he went to work. He called on capitalists; he appealed to the Government; he addressed clubs and the Chambers of Commerce of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow. He awakened interest, and at last the Government guaranteed the sum of $70,000 a year for messages sent, which would be four per cent. on the estimated capital. Of the latter he took one-fourth himself for his American friends, and induced wealthy Englishmen to take the rest. When he returned to America he found so much lethargy that he was compelled to take the stock himself, and paid into the treasury $440,000 in gold.

A large amount of money had to be spent before the paying out of the cable began. The United States Government detailed the ships *Niagara* and *Susquehanna*, and the English Government assigned the *Agamemnon* and *Leopard*, to take part in the fateful expedition. At Valentia, on the west coast of Ireland, where they assembled, many distinguished men came to bid them good speed. The Earl of Carlisle spoke for the Government, reminding the promoters of the enterprise that it was just 365 years since Columbus sailed from Palos, "what in Hebrew writ would have been called a year of days." On the morning of August 6th, 1857, the ships got under way, smooth sea and fair sky. All went well for four days. On Monday nigth, 350 miles from shore, the strain was too great as the *Niagara* rose upon the wave, and the cable broke. Great was the consternation. A thrill of agony went through the ship, and spread across the little fleet. The vital spark was lost. Flags were hung at half-mast, and sadly the expedition returned to England.

Money was gone. Hope was gone in every breast but Cyrus Field's. He raised another subscription by the very force of his energy and enthusiasm. Again the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* came to his relief. They took on board a new cable, barely escaped foundering, and finally reached midocean, where they spliced the ends and then separated—one heading for Ireland, the other for Newfoundland. No sooner had they started but the cable broke. They spliced it and started again, and again it broke; spliced it again and again, and it broke and left them hopeless.

They returned to England. Even the directors lost faith. Newspapers derided the mad scheme. The vice-president left the council in disgust, refusing to be fooled any longer with a project so chimerical. But Field rallied his associates, and they said, "Try again." The next trial succeeded. The cable held together and was laid from shore to shore. It spoke! The Queen and the President exchanged salutations. News went and came across the magic bridge. The world went wild with enthusiasm. Rapture took possession of the public mind. Cyrus W. Field was the hero of the century, "a second Columbus," the peerless benefactor of his age and land.

Three weeks later the wounded cable began to stammer, and shortly it ceased to speak. Then came the reaction. The very men who had lauded him ridiculed him, and thousands declared that there had never been a message sent across at all. Public confidence in it was extinguished, and Field was relegated to the limbo of conspicuous failures.

Men sneered, but Mr. Field went steadily at work again with the enthusiasm of a neophyte, as if he had never met a rebuff in his life. He crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, addressing public meetings and Chambers of Commerce. Then came our Civil War, and his purpose seemed balked for ever. Many friends of the enterprise withdrew. But in 1864 the necessary capital was again raised, and the next year a new cable was coiled on board the *Great Eastern*, and she left for the West, paying out 150 miles a day. Great was the joy. Friends rallied again. Cyrus W. Field was again eulogized as the marvel of his age. All went well till 1,200 miles had been laid, when a sudden lurch snapped the precious cable, and it plunged to the bottom of the sea. Despair ruled again. Observations were taken, and the exact place was marked with a row of buoys.

Field was persistent; other hopeful and enterprising men had now identified their fortunes with the scheme; and the next year a new trial resulted in complete success. Praise broke forth again. Field was the hero of the age. Bells rang, cannon boomed, and his praises were sung from land to land.

The *Great Eastern* immediately returned to midocean to fish for the lost cable, two miles deep. Mr. Field has told how they found the buoys and threw the grapnel and dragged the bottom of the sea for days and weeks; how it took two hours for the great hook to reach the bed of the ocean; and they cast it thirty times; how once "the slimy monster" came up, but got away and plunged down again, and how, on the last day of Summer, they caught it and held it. They tested it, and it was still alive. Great was the emotion. Some cheered; others turned away their heads and wept. In another week they brought this second cable safely to shore, and the colossal work was finished.

Telling afterward of the contest, Mr. Field said: "It has been a long, hard struggle—nearly thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil. Often my heart has been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in pelting rain, or on the decks of ships, on dark nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly, to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life, for what might prove, after all, but a dream. I have seen companions, one after another, fall at my side and feared that I, too, might not live to see the end. And yet one hope has led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste of death till this work was accomplished."

The writer of this article once asked Peter Cooper who he thought the greatest living American. He went along the wall and laid his finger on a portrait of Cyrus W. Field. "If any other of the foremost men of our time had died, their places would have been filled," he said; "but Field did what no other man could do; he saved the scheme and brought victory out of despair."

Since that great success, Mr. Field has been deeply engrossed in commercial enterprises, mostly those of communication and transportation. He has made a voyage to Iceland, and in 1880 accomplished the tour of the globe. His great Washington Building is one of the finest structures on the continent. He is a very wealthy man, and is estimated to be worth $10,000,000.

I have now come to the last of these distinguished brothers, born in 1822; the only one who followed his father's calling in life. He was a healthy boy, and his parents, seeking a name for him among the spiritual heroes of the day, as was their wont, fixed on that of Henry Martyn, a missionary to Asia. Henry took quickly to his books, and was early sent to school. At twelve years of age he was ready to go to college, and entered Williams, following the footsteps of three of his brothers. Among his classmates he went by the Latin name of "Parvus Ager" (Little Field.) When he went home during his sophomore year, at the age of thirteen, he delivered a lecture on temperance in the village church, and at eighteen he had graduated from college, and soon afterward left the theological seminary and began to preach.

At twenty he went to St. Louis and took charge of a church, being known as "The Boy Preacher." One of the first things he did was to deliver a series of lectures to young men, which attracted much attention from the fact that he was a little under-sized and too young to have learned very much from experience. In May, 1847, when he was twenty-five years old, he went on a voyage to Europe, and remained abroad sixteen months, increasing his knowledge of the world and man. It was an exciting time. He stood in front of the Tuileries when the mob sacked it, in February, 1848, and went to Italy in time to be a witness of the revolution there and the feats of Mazzini and Garibaldi in their struggles with Austria and France. Returning north, *viâ* Switzerland, he arrived in Paris again just after the four days' battle in the streets.

Once more at home, he wrote a pamphlet which excited lively controversy in his own Church on "The Good and Bad in the Roman Catholic Church." He was settled in West Springfield, Mass., four years, and at the end of that time, when thirty or thirty-one years old, he came to New York, bought the *Evangelist*, and became its editor. Of all the religious editors in the country he is longest in continual service—thirty-two years in command of one paper—a patriarch of the theological pen, at the moderate age of sixty-four.

While the *Evangelist* has been the centre of his influence, it has by no means comprehended his work. Dr. Field has been always a great traveler, and a facile and picturesque writer of books. His principal books are as follows: "History of the Atlantic Telegraph," "The Irish Confederates," "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," "From Egypt to Japan," "On the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War."

All of these, I believe, have been financial successes, and some of them have gone through fifteen or twenty editions. Dr. Field has rare qualities as a writer. He is not a bigot. Travel has made his heart very human and his sympathies sweet. A flow of sentiment suffuses all he writes, and he has a fine enthusiasm which is contagious. He cherishes a sort of reverence for all historic places, and tells his stories like a poet. He writes simply and directly, without effort, in a half-colloquial style, as if talking to confidential friends.

At the beginning of one of his letters and a new journey, he says:

> "'Won't you write to Dr. Field, and ask him to please go off somewhere?' said a youthful reader of the *Evangelist* to his father, who duly forwarded the request. Similar suggestions have come from other quarters, which might be interpreted as 'left-handed compliments,' but that we have had too many reasons to know the kindly feeling which they are intended to express—to wit, that however useful we may be at home, our special vocation is to go wandering up and down in the earth, seeing sights and sketching pictures for the entertainment of our readers."

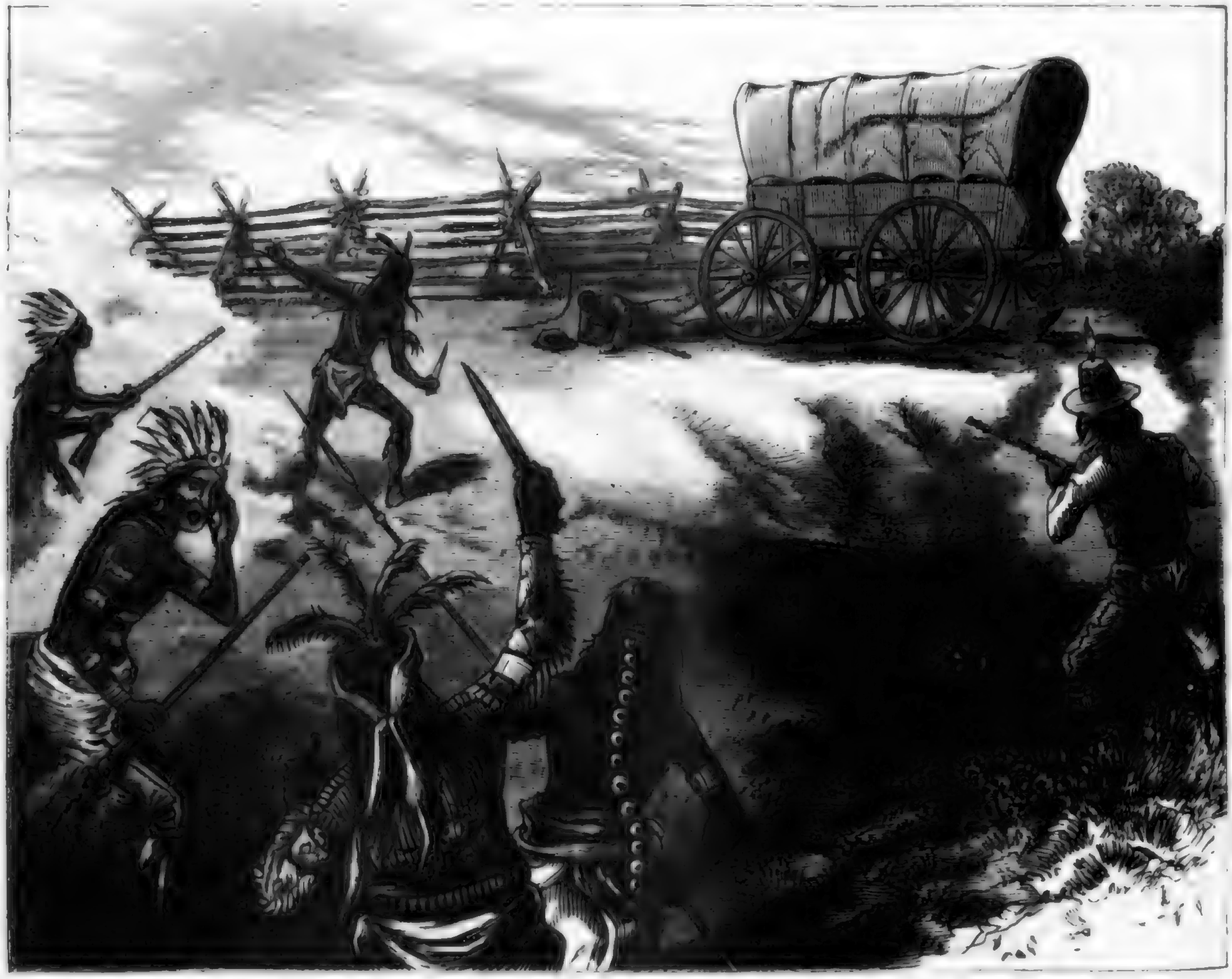
The decision is correct. As a traveler over hackneyed routes, he is certainly unsurpassed. The *Critic* says: "Our American editor-author is sunny, meditative, accurate, sympathetic, and knows at a glance what is interesting. He is never tedious. While the vessel of his thought brims with quotable felicities of expression, and is beaded with wit and fancy, it is rich with the vintage of philosophic culture." His descriptions have a graceful touch and his narration, a buoyancy and vivacity of movement that in no way suggest the "thirteenthly" of an average sermon."

Four remarkable men, indeed! Successes heaped one upon another. A successful lawyer, standing at the head of the bar; a successful manufacturer, earning a million dollars before he was thirty, without the help of a hand; a successful preacher; a successful editor; a successful traveler; a successful jurist, with a seat in the nation's highest court; a successful promoter, throwing an electric belt across the sea, in face of the incredulity and derision of the world. Has the planet ever produced another quartette to match them?

As an instance of Liszt's wonderful facility, it is told of him that, at one of Zimmermann's musical evenings, Liszt happened to be present when a composer came to grief in playing one of his own compositions. The work was fresh from his pen, it had never been printed, and the music paper was so filled with erasures and transpositions that the author could not read it, and to his great chagrin was obliged to stop playing. Liszt, pitying the composer's embarrassment, proposed to play the piece for him. "But I cannot make it out myself," said the unfortunate man. "Give me the paper," answered the abbé, and, seating himself at the piano, he played the concerto with extraordinary brilliancy, without stopping once.

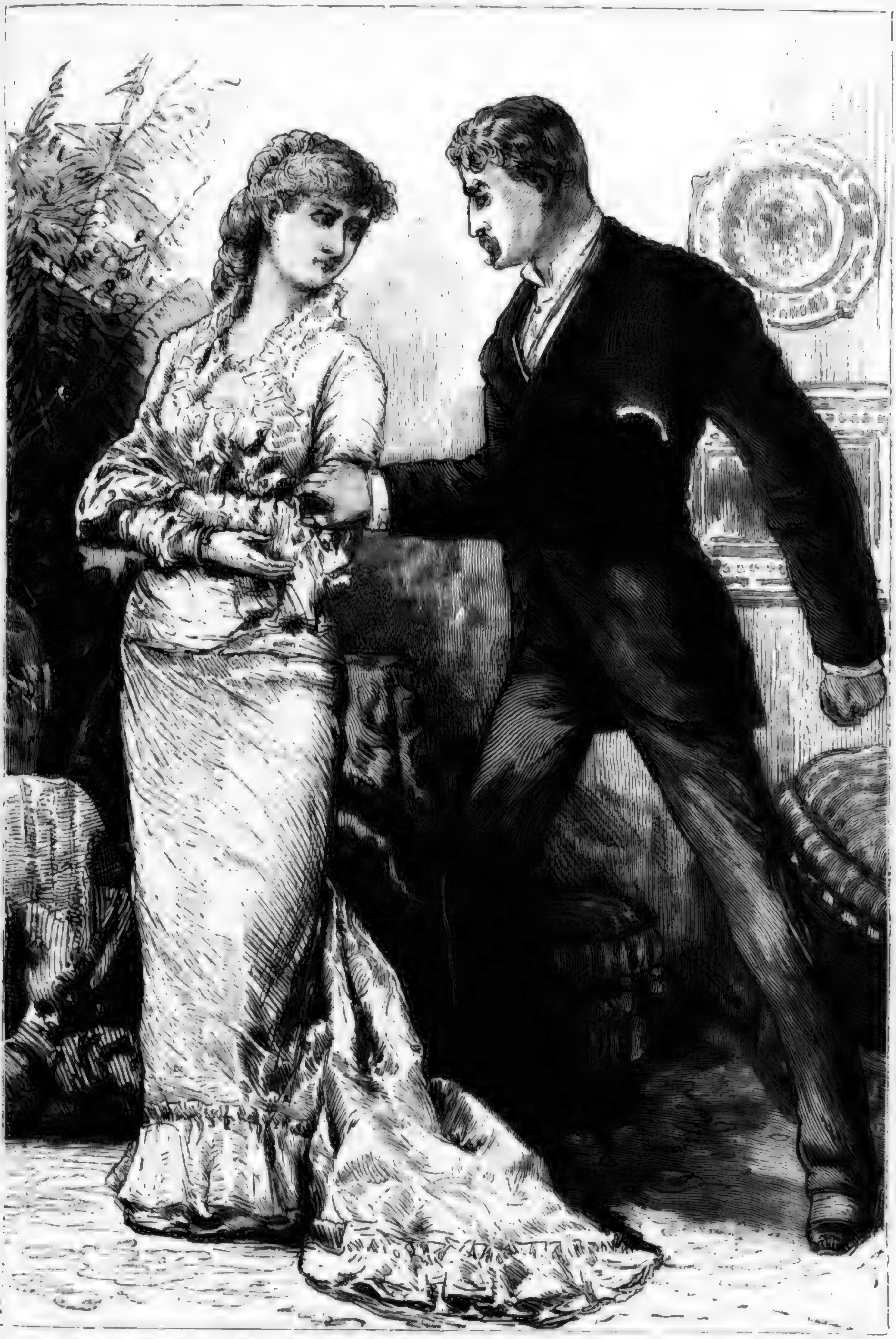
A BRAVE BOY.

A BRAVE boy, who kept twenty Indians at bay, died of his wounds, in 1881, at Denver, Colorado. Three days after the battle of White River, in which the gallant Thornburgh lost his life, Freeman Z. Wray, who was in charge of cattle forty-five miles north of White River Agency, was attacked by a band of savages. He contrived to get his rifle and to make so good a defense that they betook themselves to a ravine and besieged him at their leisure. After a while he got out of ammunition, and was forced to climb into a wagon to get a new supply. While he was executing this movement, a bullet struck him in the calf of the leg, passing directly through. In an instant more, another ball caught him at the hip and knocked him down. With a whoop and a yell, the savages ran toward the spot, expecting to take their plucky foe prisoner. But they were again foiled, for Wray was only down temporarily, and, getting to his feet again, scrambled into the wagon, where lay his ammunition. He pulled a sack of flour in front of him and piled a bag of beans on top of that, and took hold of such other articles within reach as made for him a barricade against the promised shower of balls. Rapidly cutting a hole in the canvas wagon-cover, he saw the Indians approaching. Leveling his rifle, he fired at the foremost of his pursuers without the ball taking effect. This threw the Indians into confusion, and they retreated to the walls of the ravine. They threw a hailstorm of bullets into the side of the wagon where the plucky boy lay intrenched. One of these leaden messengers caught young Wray in the right eye, and lodged there. The Indians finally retreated. After protracted delay the boy's wounds were dressed and the balls extracted, and after five months' nursing he seemed to be entirely well, although he had lost the use of one eye. One of his wounds broke out afresh eighteen months after the fight, and caused his death.



A BRAVE BOY.—"WITH A YELL THE SAVAGES RAN TOWARD THE SPOT, EXPECTING TO TAKE THEIR PLUCKY FOE PRISONER."

MADAME RUDERSDORF, the famous singer, who died recently, was once visiting the Crown Princess of Prussia, when the following incident occurred: They breakfasted together informally, and afterward madame sang several songs of Handel, who is the Princess's favorite composer, the royal hostess playing her accompaniments. The Princess then proposed a visit to the nursery. As madame was sitting on the floor, with one child playing with the charms on her watch-chain, another hanging over her shoulder, and the baby in her arms, the door opened and the Crown Prince walked into the midst of the frolic. The Princess arose and introduced her visitor. Madame looked up, but remained seated, and, with ready tact and wit, said: "Your Royal Highness, pray excuse my seeming discourtesy, I must either disregard court etiquette or drop the court baby." The Prince bowed courteously, and said, with a smile, "Do what you like with etiquette, but regard the baby."



WHO WAS TO BLAME?—"SHE TURNED TO LEAVE THE ROOM. HER HUSBAND WAS ON HIS FEET IN AN INSTANT, AND WITH A MUTTERED OATH PUT HIMSELF IN HER WAY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

PARTED.

By J. I. L.

THE silver brooks will miss thee,
The breeze that used to kiss thee,
And ruffle with a soft caress thy curls of sunny hair;
When the early dewdrops glisten
On the roses, they will listen
For thy step upon the garden walk, thy laughter in the air.

The meadows gay with flowers,
The Summer's leafy bowers,
Will know thy joyous smile no more; the woodlands stand forlorn;
I hear the soft complaining,
Of birds, from mirth refraining,
That greeted with their carols sweet thy waking every morn.

Poor mother! hush thy weeping
Above thy darling sleeping,
Nor fret with aught of earthly grief the stillness where he lies,
Flowers in his little fingers.
Where the rosy flush still lingers,
For the angels are his playmates on the plains of Paradise.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

By Eleanor Kirk.

Chapter I.

It was long past a late dinner hour when Court Cunningham let himself into his elegant up-town house. He was an attractive young gentleman of six-and-twenty, dark, lithe and very graceful. His face was clear-cut, and his heavy mustache encircled a finely shaped mouth; but just now the lips were firmly closed, and a scowl on the broad, handsome brow gave an ugly and almost repulsive expression to the whole face.

The click of his night-key brought his favorite servant to his side at once.

"Come right along to the dining-room, Massa Court," said the old colored man, who had been for a half-century in the Cunningham family. "Missus tell the cook to keep all the things nice for you, and I'll wait upon you myself."

"I've had my dinner, thank you," the gentleman replied, kindly; "and I'll go to the library a while and read the evening papers. Where is Mrs. Cunningham, William?"

"Lor' sakes, Massa Court, the missus has had a day of it with callers—just as many, seems to me, as comes reception days; and now that little Miss—Miss, Gloster is here."

"Go up, please, and tell my wife I am home."

And now the gentleman rolled his armchair in front of the fireplace, with its old-fashioned brass andirons and blazing logs, and sat down.

"Shall I bring your slippers, Massa Court?"

The old servant lingered by the door.

"No, William; I am going out again."

"Hadn't you better have 'em while you stay, Massa Court?"

The old man's voice was husky, and there was an unusual tremor in the sweet tones. It struck his weary, troubled companion like a wave of homesickness.

He hadn't heard that pathetic quality in his old friend's voice since his mother died. It seemed, someway, to bring his childhood and youth most vividly before him, and, in his present mood, it annoyed and exasperated him.

"You are worse than an old woman, William," he remarked, with some sharpness; but William did not hear it. He had left the room, and closed the door without a sound.

"If a man's servant didn't have to know all his business, there would be a little more comfort in fighting it out," he said to himself, bitterly. "William knows it's all wrong as well as I do," and now Mr. Court Cunningham kicked his chair back, and fell to examining the books on the library-table.

There were magazines and newspapers — French, German and English. There was a volume of Taine, a pamphlet on the Vibrations of Light, a charming little edition of Tacitus, a Latin grammar and lexicon, and, last of all, Whately's Logic. This book was held open at an abstruse place by a gentleman's kid glove.

It was a very harmless-looking little thing, stretched to slim shapelessness in order to fulfill its destiny as a book-mark.

A strangely subtle and penetrating odor met the gentleman's fastidious nostrils, as he opened the book.

Mr. Cunningham had looked for some proof of something, some hint of the probability of treachery, some "trifle light as air"—and here it was, quite as volatile as air, in the form of a recognized perfume.

But for this he might have mistaken it for one of his own odd gloves—he was always dropping them here and there—he said to himself. But this particular odor was as tangible as a love-letter.

Mr. Cunningham took the glove between his thumb and finger and tossed it into the fire.

At that moment the door opened, and a lady entered. She was of medium height, slenderly built, and of an unusual dignity of manner and carriage for so young a woman. She was certainly not over twenty, and was probably a year younger. The fluffy golden hair, worn in a loose curling coil at the back of her neck, made her look like a child; but her large, expressive gray eyes, full of intense purpose and power, the pose of her head indicating directness and independence, her mouth, firm as Jeanne d'Arc's when commanded to deny her convictions, spoke of a strong, resolute nature.

Certainly flirtation would be impossible to such a woman. This had been the conviction of her husband, till all of a sudden——

But here was the glove, withering and writhing in the cruel flames, looking like a snake in its convulsive movements to the man who watched it so narrowly.

"Good-evening, Court," Mrs. Cunningham remarked, pausing a second to touch her lips to her husband's forehead. "I should have come before, but I was so tired that I had to take my last caller to my sitting-room, and you know folks never go there."

Mrs. Cunningham looked an angel as she seated herself in her small rocker and turned her speaking eyes to her husband.

"You have an unusually literary table this evening, Amy."

Mr. Cunningham certainly acted like the guilty party now, for he looked everywhere but at the sweet, upturned face.

"Literary!" the lady replied. "Why, I don't know. You see, I started this morning with excellent intentions. I was going to study hard all the forenoon."

"Well?"

"It wasn't well. It was very ill. Somebody came in, and then folks kept coming, and the day went by."

"Do you receive your callers in the library, usually?"

The gray eyes struck fire.

"In my own house, Court, I receive my callers wherever it best suits my wish and convenience."

"Was Lawrence Gage your first visitor?" he asked.

"Marriage is a singular institution," Mrs. Cunningham replied. "It gives a man such infinite privileges of insult and torture."

"Then you refuse to answer my question?" he said.

"How would the law regard that question, Court? I think I shall have to add law to my list of studies."

"Logic is an excellent preparation for law," he replied.

Mrs. Cunningham searched her husband's face for a moment, rose and walked to the table, took up her Whately, opened and closed it, and then, with an indescribable expression of pain and disgust on her lovely face, turned to leave the room.

Her husband was on his feet in an instant, and put himself in her way with a muttered oath.

"It is my right," he began, "and if you don't tell me what I want to know, I swear to you that I will find out in a way that will make you wish you had never been born."

"Oh, Court, it is not necessary to do anything more, for I wish that already."

There was no anger in this reply, and nothing in the woman's manner save a sad indorsement of the words she had spoken.

For a brief moment it seemed to dawn upon the miserable husband that his wife was unhappy, too.

She saw the change in his face, and was quick to take advantage of it.

"I did so hope," she pleaded, "that this foolish business was settled for ever. Oh, Court, can you not trust your wife?"

"Trust my wife! Settled for ever! Those things sound very well."

The man's tone was as scornful as before.

"Settled for ever!" he went on. "And the first thing, when I come into the house, I find that man's glove in your book. Has he been here to-day, or has he not?"

"He has been here to-day."

"In this library?"

"In this library."

"And all this after I had forbidden you to see him?"

"I am not a child nor a slave, Court Cunningham, and I will neither be forbidden nor compelled. When you feel disposed to treat me with the respect due my womanhood and my honor as your wife, I shall be pleased to consider your apologies."

"Amy!"

Mr. Cunningham took a hasty step toward his wife, and compelled her eyes to meet his—eyes on fire with rage and jealousy.

"I believe," he continued, with singular deliberation, "that you are a—a—liar, and I also believe——"

"Not another word!" the defiant woman commanded, holding herself at full height, and returning his intense gaze. "If you finish that sentence, so help me Heaven! it will be the last word you will ever speak to me!"

Mad as the man was, he yet had sense enough left to know that this was no idle threat, and for such an issue he was not prepared. So, with another curse on his lips, he turned and left the room and the house.

William met him in the hall, and, with trembling hands, held his overcoat and opened his umbrella.

"Hadn't you better have the coupé, Massa Court?" he inquired. "It's just a-coming right down, cats and dogs, and elephants too, I reckon, by the sound. Come back, Massa Court, please, and let me have the coupé sent round."

"Blow the coupé!" said his master.

And this was the first time in all the years of William's service that he had ever been so spoken to by his young master.

The poor, faithful old servant closed the door reluctantly, and then walked into the library.

Mrs. Cunningham was leaning against her husband's armchair as the servant entered, and as she lifted her white, haggard face, William threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Oh, missus," he exclaimed, "you look fit to sink, and Massa Court, too! Don't you think mebbe you's too peart and sort o' independent with the boy! Don't you know, missus, he ain't nebber been used to them kind o' ways? Oh, missus, don't be angry with me, I beseech you! I'm just as sorry for you, missus, as I am for Massa Court!"

"I am not angry, William," Mrs. Cunningham replied, placing a trembling little hand on the old man's arm as she spoke. "I know how much you love my husband, and because I know how faithful you have been, I shall not resent anything you may feel like saying to me."

"Poor little missus!" said the tender-hearted negro; "I'se awful sorry for you. But, you see, my chile, there's going to be trouble come out o' this night's work—terrible trouble, missus. I knows when I see Massa Court a-going out with the demon of all the Cunninghams in his face, that there was bad business ahead, missus—bad business ahead. That wa'n't Massa Court that went down them stone steps to-night; 'twas one of them ole dead-and-gone Cunninghams that used to shoot somebody every other day, and take it out on the poor niggers 'tween times."

"William, do you mean what you say, or are you doing this to frighten me?"

Mrs. Cunningham's face was like the face of the dead in its pallor and rigidity.

"I mean what I say, missus, and I don't make no mistake."

"Get ready to go out, then, this instant; and, William, remember this: I depend upon you to see that nothing goes amiss to-night. I am of no account, for I am only a woman; but you can protect my friend and save your master."

Then Mrs. Cunningham sat down to the library-table and dashed off a note. It was directed to "Mr. Lawrence Gage, —— Hotel."

CHAPTER II.

COURT CUNNINGHAM had been married a year. For ten months everything had gone happily and merrily. Then trouble came into the elysium. At first a vague impression only on the part of the husband, then more definite and tormenting as the weeks wore on.

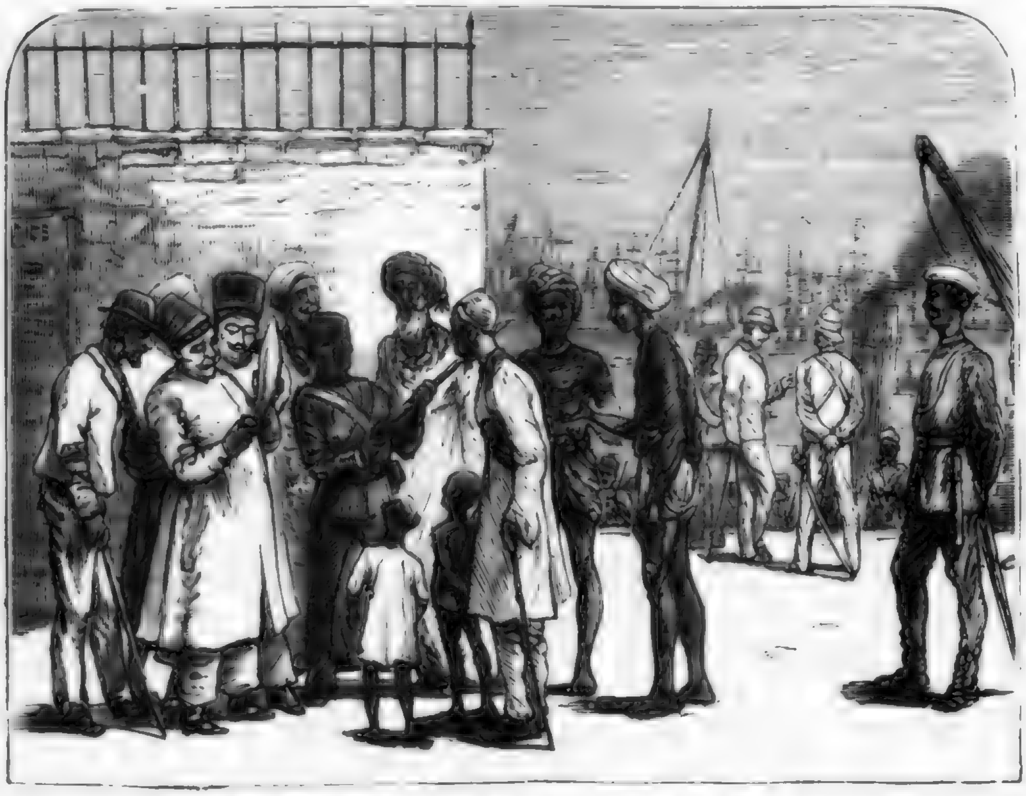
The name of this haunting shadow was Lawrence Gage.

At first Mrs. Cunningham seemed to regard her husband's jealousy as a good joke. She coquetted with his mood and laughed at all he said.

Then, as it grew more serious, her pride asserted itself, and she not only refused to give him the satisfaction of an explanation of any fresh grievance, but would not listen to his reproaches nor heed his commands.

That morning Mr. Cunningham had found Lawrence Gage's card on his wife's dressing-table, and a stormy scene had ensued.

Mrs. Cunningham had taken from the first the high ground of her own personal responsibility for her actions and her own freedom as a sane, sensible and conscientious woman, and would not brook the slightest restraint or dictation.



NATIVES AND SHIPPING AT BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.

She was a very beautiful woman, and a great social favorite. She was admired and sought after by both men and women, and up to Lawrence Gage's time had always conducted herself to her husband's satisfaction.

Lawrence Gage was a popular member of Mr. Cunningham's club—a man always deferred to in all business meetings, and the life of social gatherings.

He was fine-looking, somewhat reserved with all his close personal friends, generous, courageous, and a man with a secret. This especially endeared him to the opposite sex, and did not hurt him with his brethren.

To send a note to the object of a husband's suspicions by the hands of his own tried and trusted body-servant was a strange thing for a guilty woman to do. But it was in perfect harmony with all the rest of this woman's behavior, and the faithful fellow put the note in his pocket, and started off on his singular errand as if it were the most natural thing in the world for him to do.

"Take the first coach you can find," Mrs. Cunningham had told him; "and remember that all my dependence is on you."

Mr. Gage was not at his hotel, and William drove to the club-house.

He had been there often enough to perfectly understand the place, and after a little *finessing* managed, without being seen himself, to obtain a view of the gentlemen who were engaged in dining.

At one table, only a very few feet from where the anxious servant stood, talking and laughing gayly with another gentleman, was the object of his search. At another table, only a short distance away, William recognized his young master. He was drinking wine with several others, and was the only silent man in the dining-room.

"Who is going to the billiard-match to-night?" Mr. Gage inquired, in a full, clear voice. "Are your horses here, Cunningham?" he added.

"Did you ever know me to have my horses out a night like this?" Cunningham replied, with more venom in his voice than in his words.

There was something else in his voice William quickly detected. Anger had been intensified rather than inflamed by wine. He was not in such haste to have it out with his enemy of his domestic peace. He could wait, and enjoy the process.

Mr. Cunningham was not in the habit of taking too much wine, and his loving old friend could scarcely keep the tears back as he noted the sudden deterioration in the looks and manners of his handsome young master.

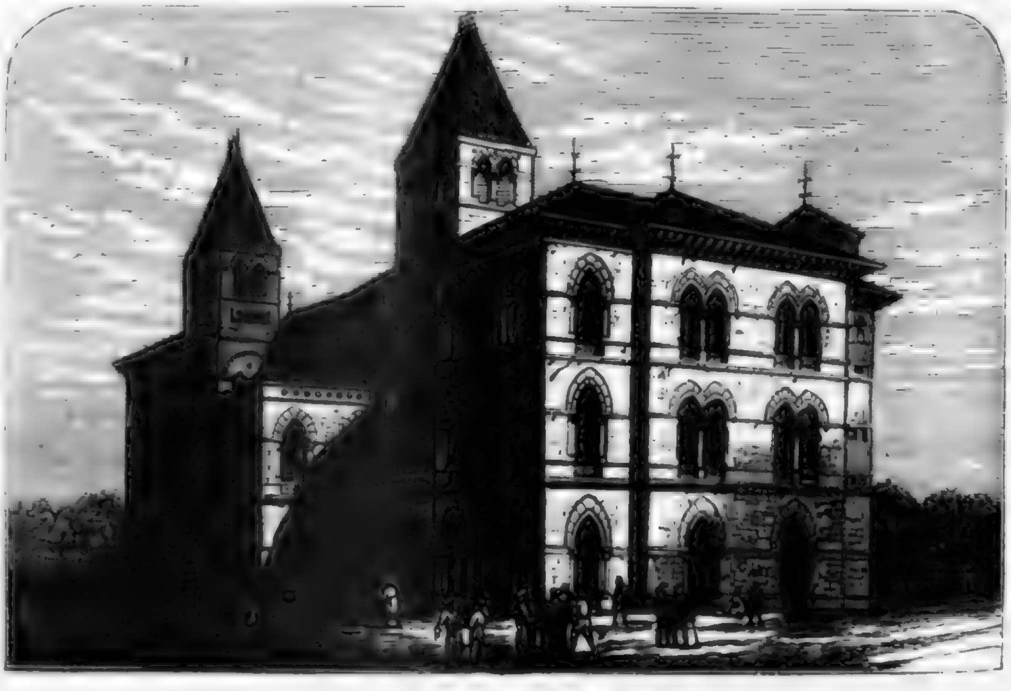
"Some fellows think a good deal more of their horses than they do of their wives," the gentleman dining with Gage banteringly remarked.

"Am I expected to make a personal application of the gentleman's words?" Mr. Cunningham inquired.

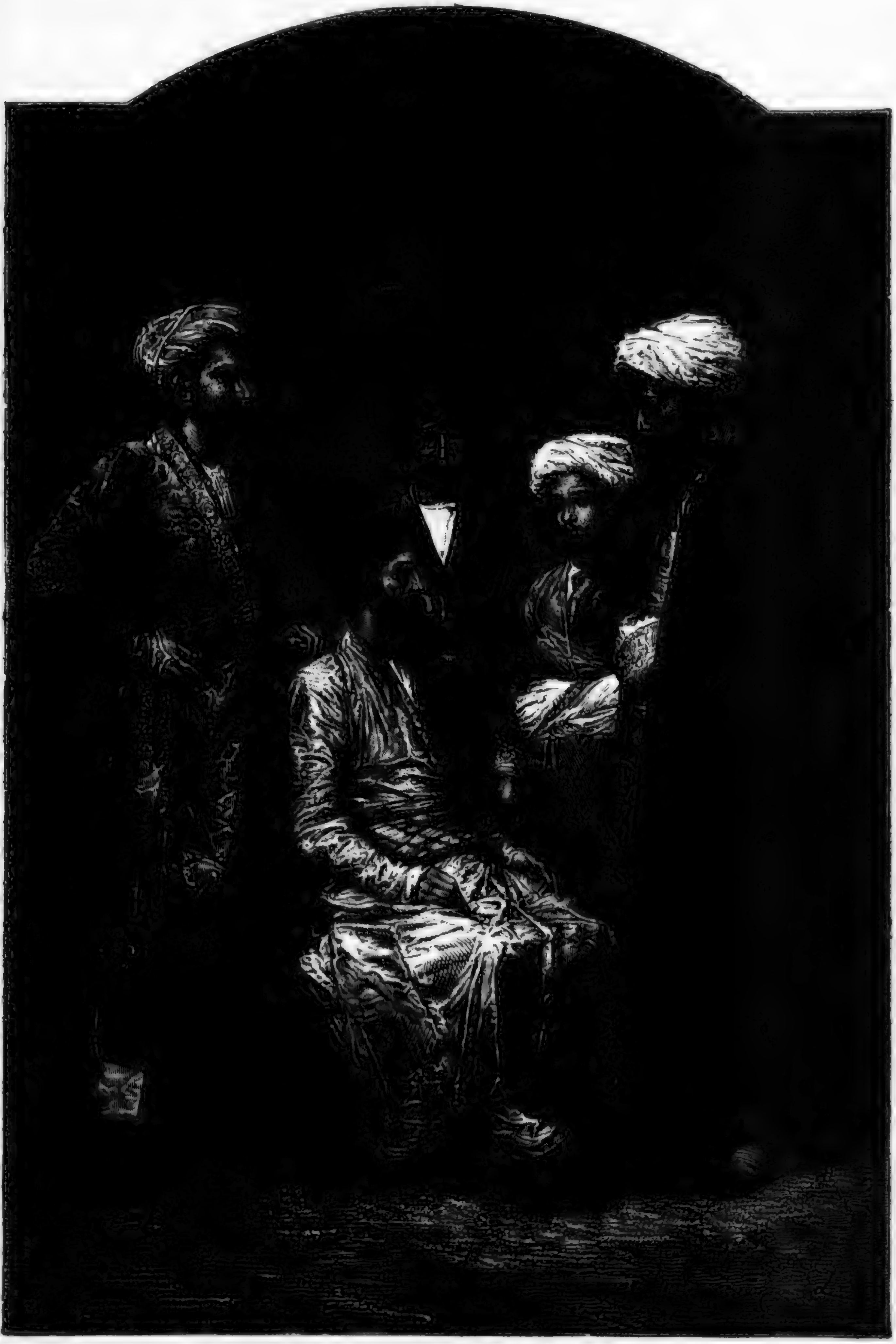
Though William could not see his master's face, he knew that the baneful light of all "the old dead-and-gone Cunninghams" was in his eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Cunningham," the man who had offended remarked. "It was a very poor joke. Treat it with the contempt it deserves, and have mercy on the perpetrator."

Everybody laughed but Cunningham. He sipped his



THE POST-OFFICE, BOMBAY.



A GROUP OF PARSEES AT BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.

XUM

wine in sullen silence. The situation was growing every moment more desperate, and William, with the keen intuition of his race, was sure that when Lawrence Gage made a move to leave the house, his master would follow and assault him. This was possible at any moment.

If anything was to be done, it must be done quickly.

After a moment's reflection, William advanced to the inner hall and beckoned to Lawrence Gage's waiter, a young colored man with whom he happened to have some acquaintance.

"Mum's the word now, Jim," said William; "but if you'll let me have your coat and white tie long 'nuff to say ten words to Mr. Gage in dar, I'll give you five dollars."

"All right, boss," his companion responded. "Two minutes, you say—no longer."

"That's the length of time I want it for," said William. "And now peel."

This was business, and Jim took the old servant into a small, unoccupied apartment, and the change was quickly effected.

William was sure he could reach the table occupied by Mr. Gage, remove the dishes and deliver the note without being recognized by his master.

He need not see his face, and it was not likely the other gentlemen would observe him. He was too loyal and too cautious to send the note in.

There might be some hitch, some mistake; and so, napkin and salver in hand, the faithful serving-man entered the dining-room.

Mr. Gage's companion had, fortunately, left the table, and was talking with a group of gentlemen standing near his master.

As the amateur waiter stooped a little to pick up the dishes, he said, in a clear undertone:

"Mr. Gage, I'se William. Don't 'pear surprised. Read this note quick's you can, and do what it says: and, for the love of the Lord, don't let Massa Court see you!"

The ruse was perfectly successful, and before any one had a chance even to speculate about the new figure in the dining-room, the original waiter was at his post again, and William, disguised in a long waterproof coat, his face concealed by a huge oilskin cap, stood waiting for further developments.

Lawrence Gage read the few hastily written words, then tore the paper into infinitesimal fragments.

"Keep out of my husband's way to-night," was the drift of the communication.

Whatever Lawrence Gage's faults may have been, there was nothing of the coward about him.

To keep out of Court Cunningham's way was to run away; and how could a gentleman so degrade himself? Then, again, how could he refuse to be governed by the warning he had received under such strange circumstances.

His first duty was certainly to Mrs. Cunningham, so he rose from the table and lounged into the reading-room; then he dispatched a waiter for his coat and hat. Up to this time it was plain that his enemy had not missed him.

In his long waterproof coat and disguising hat, Lawrence Gage might have been a coal-heaver or a millionaire, and as he stepped into the vestibule he smiled to see his exact counterpart in the servant of his bitterest enemy.

"Much obliged, William, till you are better paid," he said, kindly. "That note put me in a deuce of a hole, but tell your mistress it is all right."

At that moment William's quick ear heard a hurried, impetuous step approaching, and giving his companion a desperate and dexterous push into a dark angle of the broad, winding stairway, hurried down to the carriage which he had told to wait for him.

This second ruse was also successful. His master, perfectly familiar with Gage's rainy-weather costume, had mistaken his old servant for his bitterest foe.

William had just time to give the street and number to the driver, when his master, pistol in hand, reached the carriage, leaned into it, taking as deliberate aim as his unsteady nerves would permit.

The old servant, with his hat well over his eyes, snatched the revolver and threw it under the seat, then seized his murderous master under the arms and dragged him into the carriage by main strength. It was no use to squirm or kick. The great muscular hands held him with the strength of a vise to the bottom of the carriage.

The rain was still pouring in torrents, and it was pitch-dark in the carriage. It was no use to swear, either, though Court Cunningham used the tabooed words of his mother-tongue with a professional precision which somewhat astonished his old friend.

When they reached the house, William opened the carriage-door, and helped his master to the sidewalk with the same skill he had used in forcing him into the carriage. Then he closed the door again, and gave orders to the driver to move on. He felt confident that the young gentleman had had enough for one night, and would go into the house and go to bed.

Fifteen minutes after this, William, who had let himself in by the kitchen-door, stood in his master's room in his long flannel wrapper, yawning heavily, as if just awakened from a sound sleep.

Mr. Cunningham sat in front of the grate, apparently dazed mentally, and used up physically.

"Anything wrong, Massa Court?"

No answer.

"You better tuck right into bed, Massa Court. Sha'n't I bring you something hot, chile?"

There was no reply to this, but Mr. Cunningham lifted his right foot for his servant to remove his shoe, then his left, and after a while roused sufficiently to submit to the disrobing process.

William waited till his master was sound asleep, and then crossed to his mistress's sitting-room, and knocked softly at the door.

"Well?"

There was a little color in the lady's face now, but she was still under great excitement, and her companion hastened to relate the occurrences of the evening.

"But, chile, just tend to this. Everything's all right till to-morrow morning, and then if you don't come to the front there'll be a murder in New York before the sun goes down. I've done my part, missus, and the case is out of my hands. I tell you now, chile, folks has to knuckle sometimes, and 'tain't no disgrace, missus."

"You have done your part nobly, William, and I will do mine."

Mrs. Cunningham tucked her fair little hand in the great black one, and then William silently left the room.

Mr. Cunningham had his breakfast at ten o'clock the following morning. His wife presided at the coffee-urn. At the conclusion of the silent meal, the little lady took her husband's arm, and led him to the library.

"It is too late now," the miserable husband remarked, drawing her arm away more in sorrow than anger. "Lawrence Gage will kill me to-day, or I shall kill him. It will be the one who shoots first, Amy. Remember that."

"Oblige me with one moment, Court," Mrs. Cunningham insisted. "Then, if you want to go, you can."

A lady rose from the low rocker as the husband and wife entered the room.

"Court, allow me to introduce you to my friend. You have always known her as Miss Gloster. She has passed through a world of trouble, and is the divorced wife of Lawrence Gage."

With this William threw the library-door open, and the gentleman in question walked in.

"And allow me to finish the sentence, Mr. Cunningham. We are to be remarried to-morrow. Your wife has brought us together again—managed every detail of the unfortunate business—and made me the happiest man in New York. I have been all to blame, just as you would have been had you brought your unjust quarrel to an issue."

"Great Heaven!" said Court Cunningham. "Amy," turning to his wife who was smiling through her tears—"Amy, is this true?"

"Yes; and because you accused me so unjustly, I could not explain. Forgive me, Court, I beg of you!"

For answer he took the little woman in his arms and covered her with kisses.

Then the two men shook hands, and Mr. Cunningham said, with a dubious smile:

"I suppose, Gage, you did the square thing last night, but I swear to you it will always be the humiliation of my life."

"What do you mean?" the gentleman inquired.

"Why, the way you dragged me into that infernal carriage, and held me down on the floor, and kicked me out at my own door when you had finished with me."

"Look here, Cunningham," his companion responded with a laugh, "I pledge you my honor I never saw you after I left the club-house. You remember you drank more than was good for you last night."

"Hang it all, so I did!" said the gentleman, musingly; "and upon my word I really believe I must have been drunk."

BOMBAY:

THE SECOND CITY OF INDIA.

By Victor M. Hollinsworth.

The events of recent years, more especially in connection with the Central Asian question, have directed attention toward what is, after Calcutta and London, the most populous city of the British Empire. The present century it is which has witnessed a total and presumedly permanent reversal of the position and fortunes of the City of Bombay, a change which now threatens to render anomalous its oft-applied title of the "Second City of India," for, since the completion of the Great Indian Peninsular line of rail through from Bombay to Calcutta, it may almost with truth be said that Bombay unconsciously has escaped the position once ceded to the "City of Palaces."

Passing over the earlier history of the Island of Bombay, we find that it first came into British possession in 1662, having been donated as a portion of the dower of the Infanta Catherine of Portugal upon her marriage with Charles II., King of England. In 1688, the Honorable East India Company became the possessors of the island, and removed their head seat of government from Surat to the City of Bombay, from which time its position has been assured; not, however, without some fluctuations of prosperity, for as Calcutta temporally rose in prominence, so, correspondingly, did Bombay decline. The completion of the Bombay and Baroda and Central India, Great Indian Peninsular and other lines of railway, connected Bombay with India at large, and placed it as a nucleus for the vast increasing import and export trade from and to Europe and the West, and induced the inauguration of a weekly mail service between England and Bombay, which has resulted in the virtual extinction of Calcutta as a terminal port for the overland Indian mails.

The completion of the Suez Canal, in 1869, placed Bombay in a more firm position as the commercial centre of Western India, the possession of a magnificent harbor lending an inducement which, in Calcutta, is wanting; while the subsequent laying of the Red Sea cable insured means of instant communication with all European emporiums and assured to Bombay the position it now boasts as "second to none." Geographically, Bombay may be briefly described as an island, but more correctly now as a peninsula, for, during the year 1805, a causeway was carried across the channel which connects it, near Mahim, with the neighboring Island of Salsette, lying to the northward, and of more recent years another causeway has been constructed on the east end which unites with it Colabah, or, as sometimes it was called, "Old Woman's Island."

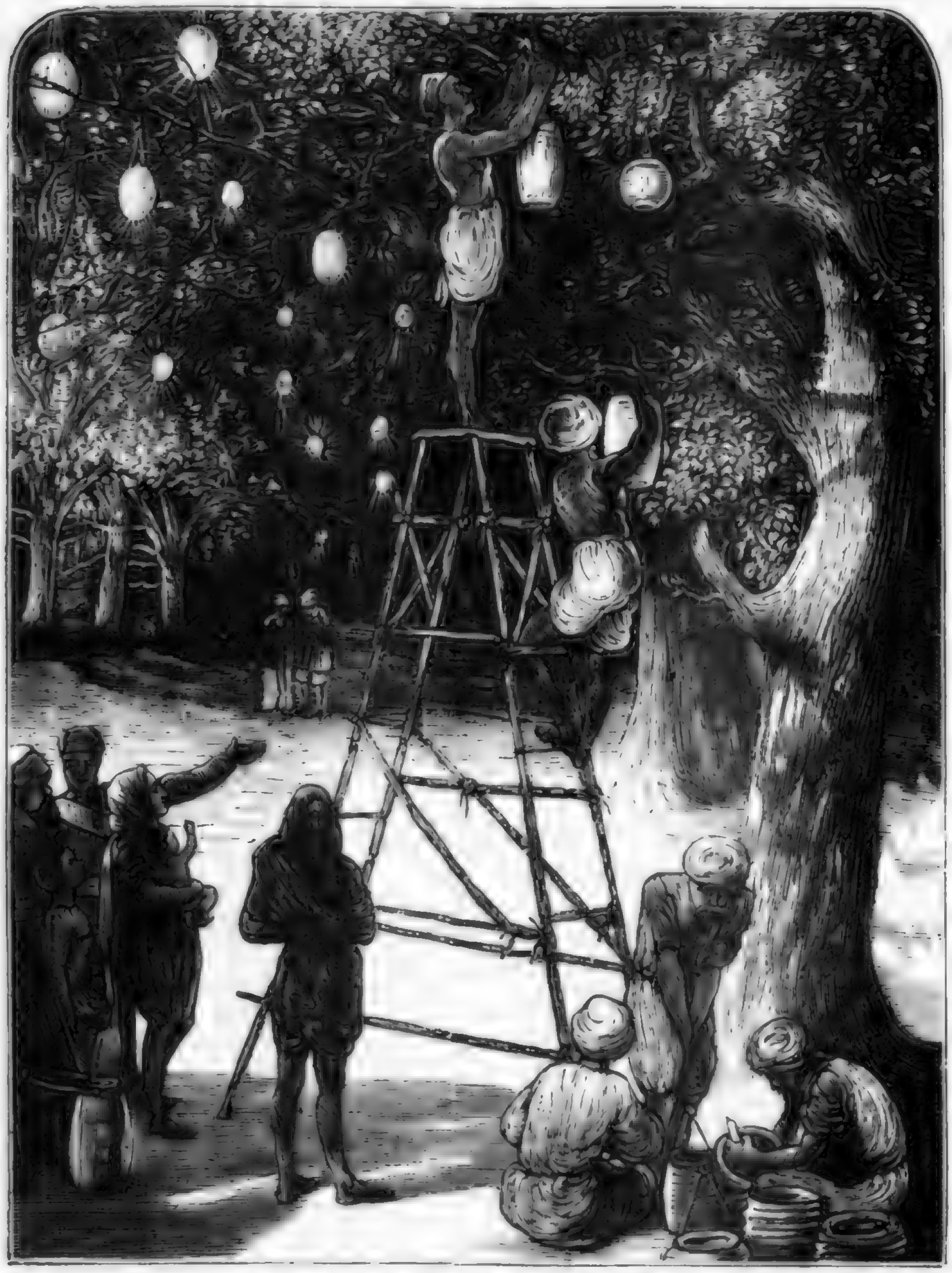
It is when approached from the seaward that Bombay presents its most inviting aspect, as, after passing the "Hennery Kennery's," the "Prongs" Lighthouse is sighted and the vessel headed for the harbor, having for a steering-mark ashore the prominent figure of Funnel Hill, which rears its peculiar turret-like form far ahead in the distant Ghauts. On reaching the entrance to the harbor, we pass upon the "port," or left hand, Colabah Island, with its prominent lighthouse and church-spire and green "topes" of palm and other trees, which lend a relief to the ranges of low-lying buildings, consisting of bungalows, barracks, batteries and cotton-mills, etc., forming the foreground. Far away in the distance, beyond Back Bay, is distinctly visible Malabar Hill, on which is Government House, and a little in advance, on Cumballa Hill, are seen the huge, white forms of the "Towers of Silence," burying-places of the Parsees or Zoroastrians. The solemn-looking structures recall to mind Bishop Heber's pretty lines, supposed to be his farewell, and which run:

> "Thy towers, Bombay, gleam soft and white across the deep blue sea."

which convey an idea in aid of these descriptive lines, otherwise wanting.

Passing the Dolphin shoal, we arrive off the "Apollo Bunder," where Her Britannic Majesty's mails are landed, after which the vessel steams up the harbor to her anchorage at Mazagon, passing Fort George and the "Fort," as the town is termed, upon the left, and having the richly verdured mainland as a right support, with the Islands of Elephanta and Salsette rising boldly as a foreground, supported in the rear by the massive forms of the Ghauts or mountains, which extend along the Malabar coast. Unlike the passage up the Hooghly to Calcutta, the approach to Bombay is one soon over, and upon arrival at Mazagon passengers are at once permitted to land, and for this purpose it is only necessary to charter any one of the dozens of "jolly-boats" which surround the steamer.

Arrived at the "Mazagon Bunder," conveyances of all kinds are procurable, from the filthy "buggy" with its odorsome driver, who perches alongside one



BOMBAY PREPARATIONS FOR A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

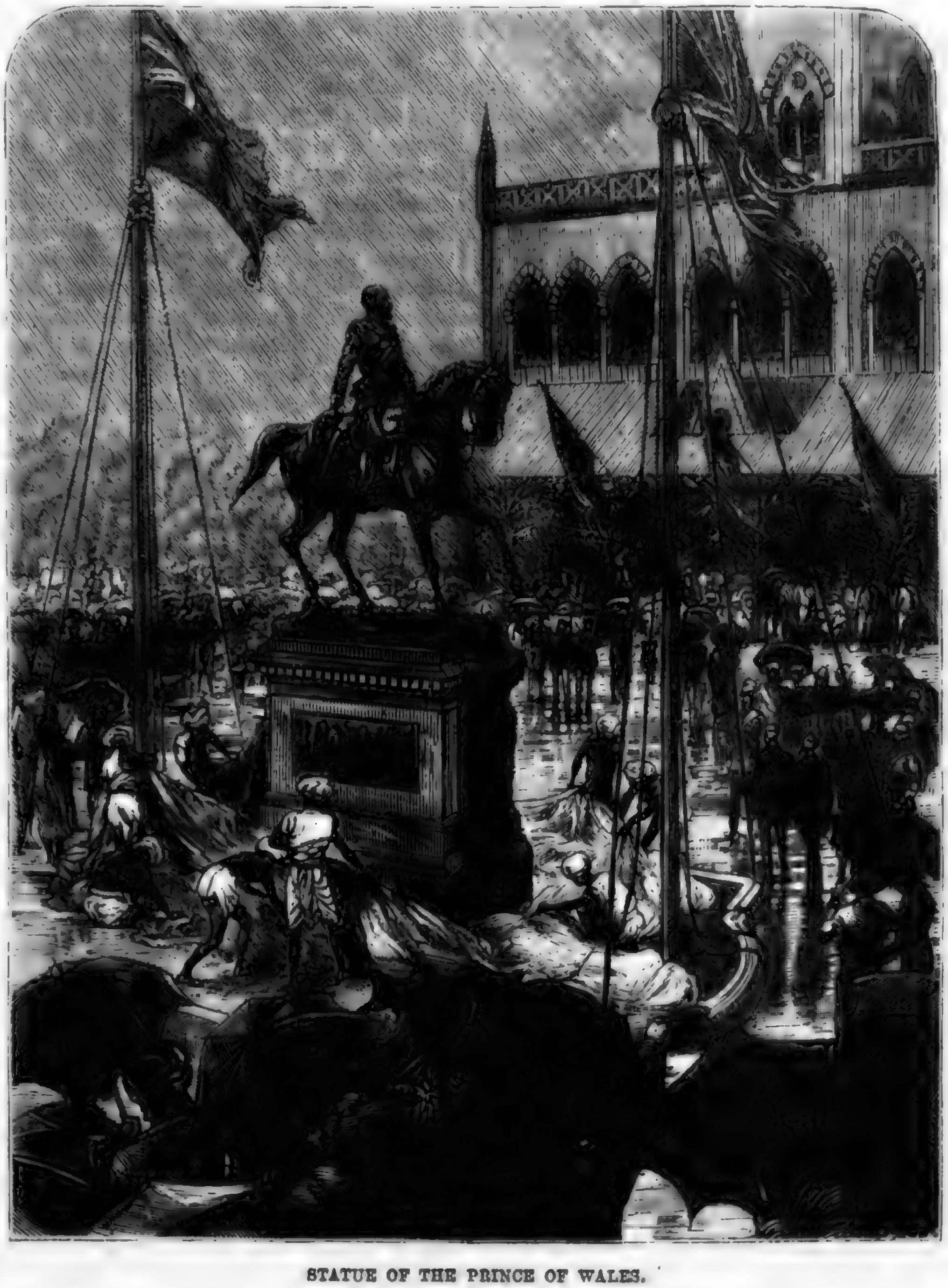
in unpleasant proximity, to the more respectable and dignified "shigram" or "gharry."

The cursory view of Bombay is certainly disappointing compared with the feeling expected upon seeing an Oriental city for the first time, but more intimate acquaintance with the surroundings develops features at once striking and unique. Everything in Bombay is different, in a way, to what one experiences in Calcutta, and yet, as a whole, there is a similarity afforded by the combined circumstances. The panorama which Bombay presents as the visitor sees it from the seaward is said only to be seconded by that of the Bay of Naples, while the myriads of lateen-rigged boats seen flitting on every side lend a picturesqueness to a scene almost without a parallel, and the "Musquito Fleet" is a familiar sight to those who have visited Bombay, but one which is not seen in other Eastern ports. The town of Bombay consists of what may be said to be two parts, the "Fort" and the suburbs; for the "Fort" is a collective term for all that portion of the place lying within the old line of walls which, in former years, used to surround the Portuguese fort, but these now are no longer standing. The town extends hence as far as Mazagon on the one side, and Colabah on the other, and upon the Esplanade are situated the various Government offices, some of which being very fine buildings—notably, the General Post Office, which stands, together with the Executive Engineer's Offices, a prominent feature at this point. Here likewise is situated Convocation Hall, the property of the Bombay University, and in which examinations are held and degrees conferred, and on the same side also are seen the Secretariats, Telegraph Office, Oriental Bank, Watson's Hotel, etc., all fine buildings of themselves. Facing this point is the "Sailor's Home," a block of splendid buildings worthy of any city in the world, and it is here that many of the banks and mercantile houses are also located on what is called Rampart Row.

Elphinstone Circle lies further back, and is, as its name implies, a circular block of magnificent buildings, containing the places of business of the principal European merchants and various banks. A very complete idea of the native portion of the city is gathered from the appearance presented by Bhendy Bazaar Road, which, with Kalbadarie Road, conveys a fair specimen of the superior portions of the native mercantile quarters; a noticeable feature in these streets being beautiful carvings which adorn the fronts of many of the better class of houses. Passing in this direction we reach Byculla, with its church and schoolbuildings, which, with the jail, lie upon the left-hand, as does also, further back, the range of buildings which composes the Byculla Hotel, near which is a fine work of art known as "Cursetjee Manockjee's Statue." The Victoria Gardens, consisting of an inclosure lying upon the right-hand of Parell Road, therein being contained what was once intended as a museum, a fine building in itself. This almost immediately is faced on the opposite side by the Elphinstone College, the principal of which at present is Mr. Wordsworth, a grandson of the poet of the same name. The "Victoria Gardens" used to contain a zoölogical collection of some value. The animals, however, appear to have had hard times and to have been neglected, but the Town Council of Bombay have recently approved of a proposal to convert the cultivated space into Botanical Gardens, and steps have accordingly been taken for that purpose. Hence a short distance brings us to Parell, where is situated "Government House," a fine building, used as the residence of the Governor of Bombay, above which flies his flag while he is actually within limits of the island. The suburbs are exceedingly pretty, and are sought by all who can afford it as places for residence, and Malabar Hill, Breach Candy, Serree, Bandora and such spots contain many splendid residences of the wealthy natives and European merchants who reside there during the cold season, and migrate to the Ghauts or Mahableshwur, Matheran, etc., during the hot months. The industries of Bombay are many and varied, consisting of cotton-weaving, silk-working, gold and silver embroidery-work, mosaic or inlaid work, paper, pottery, brass and copperwork, carvings in ivory or wood, gold and silver jewelry works, mattings, rugs, and "coir" work, and such. The American War of 1863 was the direct cause of the rise, and nearly also the fall, of Bombay's prosperity, by causing a sudden demand for Bombay cotton, which enriched some few but eventually produced a financial crisis paralleled only by the Tulipomania, or the South Sea Bubble Schemes, finally culminating in a crash in 1866-67, which truly brought ruin upon thousands of wild speculators. This, coming almost simultaneously with the collapse of the "Back Bay" reclamation scheme, produced a crisis which resulted in leaving commerce in a shattered state for years afterward.

In former years Bombay possessed a large dockyard, in which some of the finest ships that ever floated were built entirely under the superintendence of a Parsee shipwright. The proximity to the teakwood forests was an inducement to this industry, and in 1810 the *Minden* line-of-battle ship, of seventy-four guns, was entirely built here under a Parsee's guidance. To Americans it may be of interest to know that it was on the 'tween decks of this very *Minden* that Francis Key wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," as she lay at anchor off Fort McHenry. The mill industries of Bombay are of great proportion, but over-production appears to be the prospective rock againsts profits, for we are told that there "are already forty mills in the city which have 30,000 bales of cloth in hand every year without being able to find a market for them." The population of Bombay is quoted at 773,196 souls, this total embracing all races and castes, amongst whom are Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Jains, Eurasian and other Christians and Parsees, etc.

The Parsees largely represent the wealthy native class, and are an intelligent, interesting people, said to lean greatly toward the side of morality. They were formerly represented by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, whose splendid house, Mazagon Castle, is well worthy of a visit, it being now in possession of younger branches of the family. These Parsees are supposed to have originally come from Bachu or Baku, a city of "Shirran," in Persia, where the country abounds in petroleum which in places constantly emits flame, and it is said that this fact gave rise to the sect of Parsees (Guebres, or Fire-worshipers) who used to resort thither for purposes of devotion. Voltaire, in his tragedy of "Les Guèbres," is assumed to refer to this sect, and Moore, in his "Lalla Rookh," makes frequent mention of the Parsees, or Guebres, in the poem of the "Fire-worshipers." The Parsees are clannish, and support their own poor similar to Jews, and it is a rare sight, therefore, to see a Parsee beggar, however poor they may be. Bombay possesses some fine hotels, notably, Watson's Esplanade, Pallonjee's, the Byculla, Hope Hall, etc. As a rule, tariffs are moderate, servants attentive, and the *cuisine* good. The market is well supplied with fish in season, and oysters are procurable from Mahim at times, but there is one fish especially which is found in the waters round Bombay, and which, in fact, acts as a



STATUE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

XUM

scavenger, for its voracity is great, and as such, it is alone of value. The "Bombay Duck," as it is called, is known under the native name as "Bumlow Muchee," and there are few who visit Bombay who will not be introduced to it at almost every meal, hence a description is needless; but suffice it to say that, as Calcutta "Wallahs," as residents of Calcutta are sometimes facetiously termed "Ditchers," or "Qui His," so also are Bombay-ites termed "Ducks." Fruit of all kinds is abundant in season, but there is one in particular for which the island is famous. The Mazagon mango is said to be the finest fruit in the world, and its taste, like that of the Dorian of the Straits, when once acquired, is never lost.

The poet Moore, in his "Vailed Prophet of Khorassan" eulogizes the Mazagon Mango, and mentions the fact that the Emperor Shah Jehan used to keep couriers running between Delhi and the Maharatta coast to keep his table supplied with the delicious fruit. Bombay, like Calcutta, owes a debt of gratitude to the Old American Tudor Ice Company, whose rotunda-shaped store on the "Fort" was a familiar object in bygone years. To those who have never been in the East Indies it is difficult to convey what tepid water is to one's palate on a hot day, and "burruf" (ice) is as needful to every Anglo-Indian's table as are the edibles and drinkables. "Tudor" had his day, and was compelled to withdraw with honor from an unequal fight against machine-made ice, for the manufacture of which several firms now exist. Bombay has some splendid clubs, of which the "Byculla" is chief, and no finer club exists in India. Its members are eligible as honorary members of the "Bengal" and "Madras" clubs, like courtesies being, of course, reciprocated.

A good race meeting takes place yearly in the Byculla Flats, and Western India is well represented at each gathering. Bombay also possesses a yacht club, which of recent years, since the Prince of Wales's visit, has been permitted to assume the title of "Royal."

The visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales to Bombay in 1875, did more to popularize that section than any could have foreseen, and the presence of H. M. S. *Serapis* and the royal yacht *Osborne* will long be a cherished reminiscence to the Bombayites as the squadron which conveyed their future sovereign to and from their shore. Bombay possesses some fine docks, of which Prince's Dock is the principal, while the Government and P. and O. have fine drydocks of their own, as also a floating dock or slip, which generally is moored under the lee of Elephanta. The defenses of Bombay are strong, and so far as an attack from seaward goes, comparatively perfect; these consisting of two powerful floating batteries, the *Magdala* and *Abyssinia*, which lie at the harbor entrance during the fine season, but are withdrawn down the harbor during the prevalence of the southwest monsoon. These are supported by strong, heavily armed batteries at the Lighthouse Point, and also upon the Oyster Rock, and at Gibbet Island, and a line of torpedoes from Colabah to the mainland would render any attack from seaward an impossibility. At Panwell, on Salsette side, there are salt pans, from which large quantities of salt are obtained for local and export use. Of recent years great improvements have taken place along the foreshore of Bombay, much land having been reclaimed and improved, and where once mud and offensive smells ruled supreme, now stand some fine buildings and wharves, etc. The Government of Bombay is administered by a "Governor in Council." This consists of a President, who is the Governor, two civil members, and the Commander-in-chief of the Bombay Army; and subordinate to these are minor executive councils.

The Governor's salary is 10,000 rupees per month (or about $50,000). Bombay is the see of a bishop, and has a very fine cathedral-church, as also many other Protestant churches, of which Colabah Memorial Church and Byculla Church are notably the finest.

The Roman Catholics are presided over by the Bishop of Ascalon, who is Vicar Apostolic of Bombay, ancient privileges ceded to the See of Goa interfering now with the erection of new and needed bishoprics. The Catholics have some good schools, such as St. Xavier's College, and others of lesser import.

The Grant Medical College is a fine institution, open to natives of all classes for purposes of study. Close to it stands the Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital, founded by the munificent Parsee whose name it bears, and here Jew, Gentile, Christian or Infidel alike are tended, regardless of faith or cost.

There are many places of interest close to Bombay, of which Poona, Kirkee, Surat, Baroda, etc., are all worthy of a visit to such as would see either a military cantonment, as Poona and Kirkee, or native cities, like Baroda, etc., and from hence visits are also practicable to the caves of Elephanta, Ellora, Adjunta, and like objects of ancient art. Poona is especially interesting as being the ancient capital of the Maharatta Peishwa, or former rulers of the Deccan. Poona is now the headquarters of the Bombay Army, as Kirkee is or was, till recently, the head station of the artillery forces.

Living in Bombay is much the same as it is in Calcutta, but, as a rule, not so luxurious, and servants are here what they are all over India, unreliable at best, and taking many to do little; so that even a small family requires a multitude in comparison to other lands, and they are necessary, too, if comfort is looked for. Thus a family living upon an economical scale will perforce want a "khansamah," or butler; a "kitmugar," or head table servant; a "bobajee," or cook; a "mehter," or sweeper; a "mussaljee," or scullion, and knife and fork cleaner, etc.; a "durzee," or tailor; and an "ayah," or lady's maid.

A quiet stroll through Bombay recalls many curious and unique sights, and one may come across a temple or mosque and take a look in undisturbed, and see a "Moulajee" or two chanting and reading the Koran or Shastras—the Scriptures of their faith. Next we may meet a "Bickharree" or Fakir, counting his "roodrack" or rosary; or, mayhap, see one of the degraded "Udasses" or devotees, whose uplifted and withered arm tells that thus for years he has performed what to him was an act of atonement and faith. Now we may meet a "Rajah" or "Nawab," splendidly dressed and gorgeously bedizened with jewels, but often attended by a ragamuffin escort, whose presence lessens admiration considerably. Goldsmiths ("sannar") gold and silver lace embroiderers ("kusseedar"), mosaic and inlaid work makers, all can be see working as one strolls down a street like "Kalladarie"; and the little poky shop of the "banya," or retail grocer, would strike many as a curious contrast to the handsome stores one is used to see in more civilized countries. Let it not, however, be supposed that these are the representative shops of Bombay, for there are some very large well-appointed European establishments, replete with Europe goods of all kinds, fresh by every inward mail from England and other countries. The Strand in Calcutta is paralleled by the Esplanade at Bombay, for here the band plays on certain evenings, and the youth, beauty and fashion disport themselves in their fullest form. Here also "gymkhand" or gatherings for sports, are held at times, when races and games take place, and at such exhibitions the "great Asiatic unwashed" turn out in full force.

Bombay has of late years undoubtedly become a splendid city, and its progress and advance are no longer matters for surmise. And the spirit which has of recent years animated the Bombayites is one which, if followed as systematically as it has been inaugurated, must earn for Bombay its well founded boast, "*Nulli Secunda.*"

CASALE ROTONDO.*

By B. H. H.

If life indeed were ours,
Well might the heavenly powers
Smile as they watched Man's fruitless struggle here;
We build, and build in vain
Poor ants; the autumnal rain
Drowns all the work, but yet we persevere.

Man's proud achievements fall;
Reft arch or moldering wall,
Where solemn temple stood or palace high,
Tell the old tale anew
Which royal David knew,
The works of Man, as Man himself, must die.

When Scipio beheld
Despairing Carthage, held
By his stern leaguer, girdled round by fire,
Rise into flame at last,
And o'er the dark sea cast
Her dying light like Dido's funeral pyre;

Deeply he sighed, and said,
"Great Babylon is dead,
And Tyre is gone, and Carthage now, and then
Rome, Rome must fall, and we,
The conquerors, conquered be
And taste the doom which tracks the pride of men."

Bare the Campagna round
Circles this lonely mound,
Half tomb, half tower—a dust-heap—type of all
The once triumphant Rome,
Now beneath Peter's dome
Crouched yonder, shrunk within her mighty wall.

Mistress of many lands,
Imperial England stands,
Through East and West by force and law prevailing·
Say! shall we see the fate
Of Rome dissolve her state,
And Albion's star of fame and victory paling?

And we, her sons, who give
Our life that she may live
Beneath Canadian frosts and Indian skies,
"Is this," we cry, "the end
Whither our labors tend,
Is this the balance of our sacrifice?"

If life indeed were ours—
But oh, ye heavenly powers!
Pitying ye look, and know it is not so;
Life is the mystic scroll
God wrote—He reads the whole;
How should the letters His wide meaning know?

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*A ruin in the Campagna, about six miles outside Rome, on the Appian Way, is called Casale Rotondo.

THE LOST LADY.

By Clarence M. Boutelle.

Chapter I.

Lawrence settled himself further back among the pillows in a vain effort to find an easier position, while Lillie opened the letters.

The letters were not pleasant reading. They were, for the most part, very brief, very pointed, and as pitiless as demands for money always seem to those who, knowing the justice of them, have still no money to pay.

There was, first, the grocer's bill; second, there was the butcher's bill; and again, and again, and again, there were bills—bills—bills—unpaid bills. Little wonder is it that Lillie had hard work to keep the tears back, and that Lawrence nervously twisted himself into a position which made the pain harder to bear than it had been before. "As hard as the mental pain is," he said, with a dreary and despairing pathos in his voice, as his sister laid down some of the unopened letters, and, coming to his side, tenderly lifted him back to comparative bodily ease again.

Then the brave little woman went back to her letters, and his, again.

"From Kate," she said, with a smile, holding up one which had happened to be below the bills in the bundle the postman had left for them.

"From Kate," echoed the suffering man, a faint reflection of his sister's smile flitting across his pale cheek; "if she only knew—if she could only spare a very little money—but, but," with a strangely caressing sort of tenderness settling about his eyes and lips and making him a very handsome man for the time-being, despite the pallor and agony which had set their seal of possession upon his countenance, "but I am glad she don't know."

"And so am I," said Lillie.

And she opened the letter.

She read it through slowly. It needed not the love-sharpened senses of Lawrence Grimshaw to determine that Kate's news was not good news, that her letter was as unsatisfactory in its way as the others had been.

"Read it," he muttered; "I—I think I can bear anything now."

Lillie's eyes overflowed with tears. But she made no moan. She even smiled—for his sake—behind the bitter shower of grief she could not wholly control.

Then she read it:

> "The schoolhouse burned last night, and the Board of Education has decided to close some of the schools, mine among the rest, for an indefinite period. So I shall come to you at once. You may expect me almost as soon as the letter. I have made my calculations with the greatest care, and I find I shall have just a dollar left after paying my railroad fare. So prepare to give me a welcome and a home for a long, long time. Your loving sister,
>
> "Kate Grimshaw."

Lawrence turned his face toward the wall; that is, he came as near doing so as his broken leg would permit, and groaned aloud.

"Poor little Kate," he said, brokenly; "poor little Kate! After all our plans for keeping this misfortune from her, she must know it all. And besides, she is

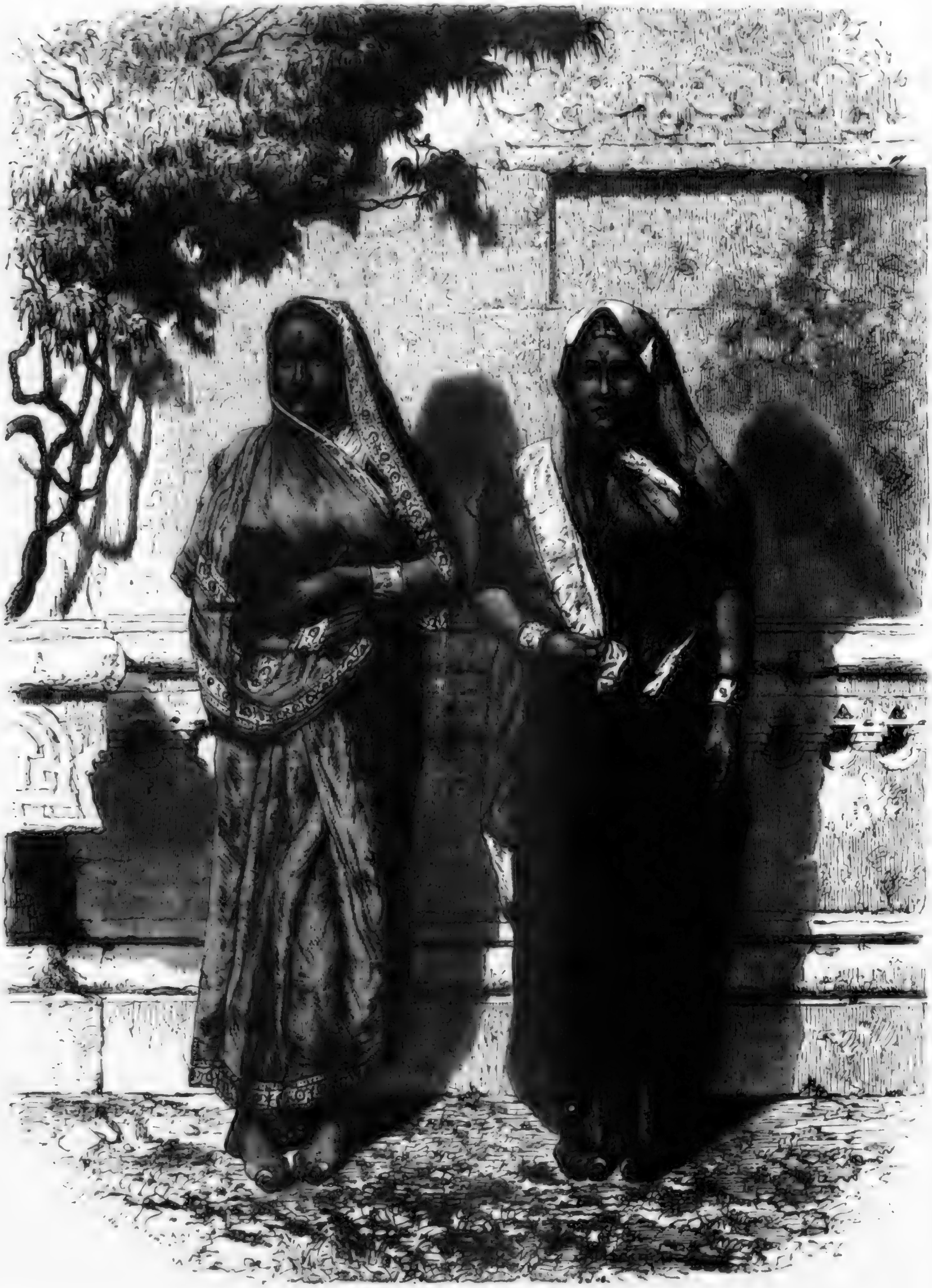
XUM

coming for a home and a welcome when we scarcely have bread enough——"

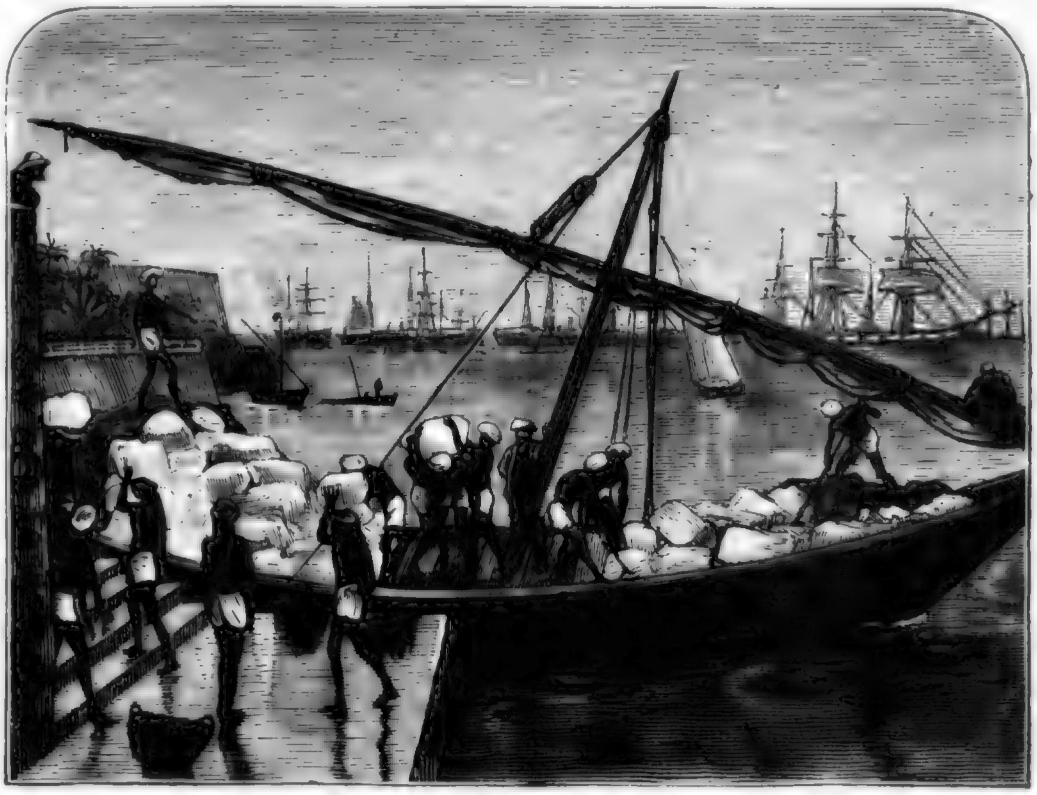
"Don't—don't!" pleaded Lillie, going to his side and kissing his forehead; "there will be some way found out for us out of all this trouble. And dear little Kate will be just as welcome as though we had all that one could wish."

"Of course. I wasn't thinking of ourselves. I was thinking of her."

And at that Lillie kissed her brother again.



HINDOO WOMEN OF BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.



LANDING ICE AT BOMBAY.—SEE PAGE 167.

"Isn't there one more?" asked Lawrence.

"I—I think——" began Lillie.

"There is one more," asserted Lawrence, vainly trying to raise himself in bed. "Who sent it?"

"Craft & Quick."

"Ah! And what have they to say?"

"I don't know. I have not opened their letter yet."

"Well, hurry! Let us know what chance I might have had if it hadn't been for this unfortunate accident of mine."

Lillie didn't seem in a hurry, despite his anxiety. Perhaps she knew too well how bitter a thing a proffer of employment would be to the man who could not accept it. And besides that, she had been so glad when her brother had found a position in a bank, only a short year before, in place of the difficult and dangerous employment he had had under Craft & Quick, who were the managers of a famous detective agency and "private inquiry office."

"Hurry," repeated Lawrence.

And then, with an air of desperation, Lillie opened the letter, and read it aloud:

"OFFICE OF CRAFT & QUICK,
"PRIVATE DETECTIVES,
"NEW YORK, *August 10th*, 1885.

"L. E. GRIMSHAW—The inclosed letter will explain itself. We haven't a single man on our force who can be spared just at present, and unless you can go we shall have to decline the work offered us, a thing we greatly dislike having to do. We heard, indirectly, a couple of months ago, that you were out of employment, and, while we should greatly regret learning that such is the fact, it has led us to hope that you may be able and willing to undertake the case. If you can accommodate us, telegraph us, and send message also to B. Vallaire. Very truly yours,

"CRAFT & QUICK."

There were two inclosures in the letter. Lillie picked up one and read it:

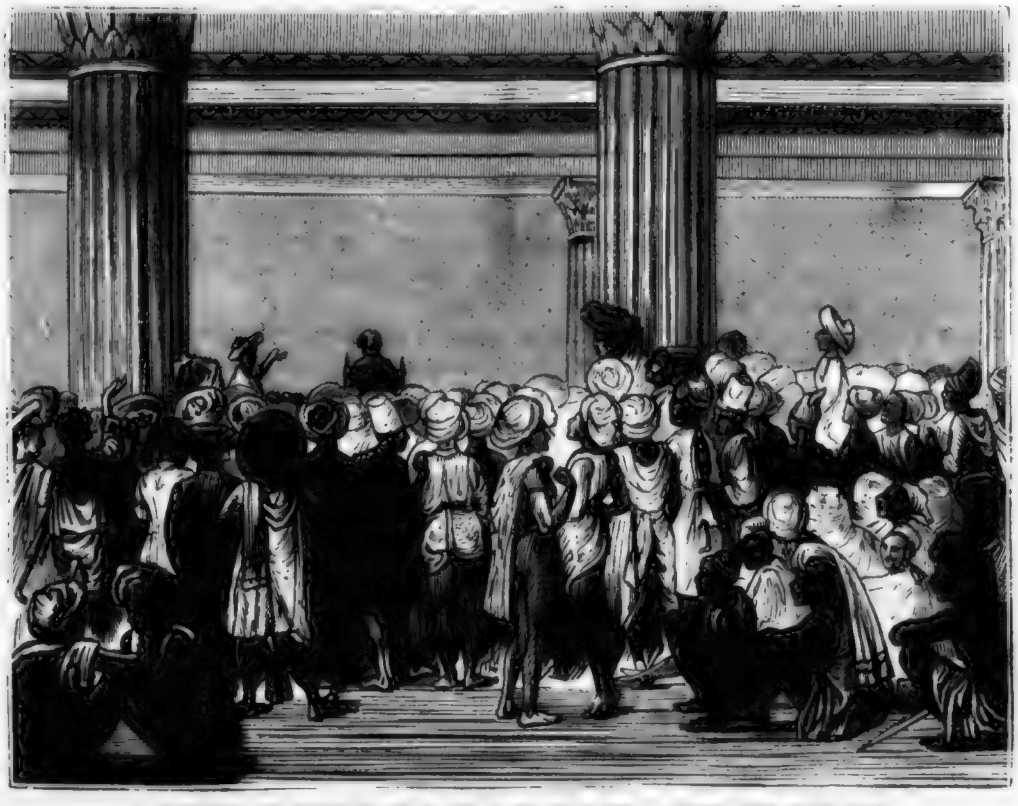
"COPY,
"VALLAIREVILLE, N. Y., *August 7th*, 1885.

"CRAFT & QUICK, NEW YORK CITY, GENTLEMEN—A young lady of my household has mysteriously disappeared. Such search as it has been possible for us to make without professional aid has been utterly unavailing. The girl, for she is scarcely more than a girl in years, went out from the rear door of my house one week ago to-night. The hour was early, scarcely seven o'clock. Since then she has not been seen; beyond the door she has not been traced; and——

"But I will not enlarge upon that.

"I have a *theory*; it may be wrong. I *think* I have something in the way of proofs. But I want the best man on your force; I want him at once; I want him to remain until he has thoroughly sifted this whole unfortunate affair to the bottom, or until he is ready to say that it is beyond his powers—in which latter event I want you to recall him and send another. You may make your own terms; I offer one hundred dollars a month, and all expenses, for the attempt; if that isn't enough, don't hesitate to say so; money is a secondary object. To the one who succeeds I will pay a thousand dollars; I feel so sure that my theory is right that I want expert help, and——

"But this is enough. I don't want to prejudice you or the man you send. I will explain to him, fully, when I meet him face



A MEETING OF NATIVES OF BOMBAY TO PROTEST AGAINST THE SALT TAX.

to face. The one sent is to be allowed to draw on me for necessary expenses, and for a month's salary in advance. Let me hear from you at once, and favorably.

Respectfully yours, B. Vallaire."

Having finished the Vallaire letter, the girl read the other inclosure, which proved to be a letter of introduction.

"Office of Craft & Quick,
"Private Detectives,
"New York, *August 10th*, 1885.

"B. Vallaire—This will introduce L. E. Grimshaw, a person of rare ability in cases requiring secrecy and discretion, who was formerly in our employ, and who left us, greatly to our regret, only to accept a more congenial situation and at a better salary. It is your good fortune—and ours—to be able to secure the services of this remarkably keen and far-seeing worker because of a temporary period of enforced leisure. We have not a man on our force we can spare. Very truly, Craft & Quick."

"Well," said Lawrence, bitterly, when his sister had finished, "this is worst of all. For three long months I have been out of work, and have searched vainly for employment, while our money has grown less and less and less, and our obligations ever greater and greater. And now, when there is a chance to not only earn a good sum of money but to distinguish myself as well, I am tied down here with this wretched broken leg. I wish that——"

But whatever desperate wish he had in his heart remained unsaid, for Lillie laid her warm, white hand across his lips.

Something in her action, possibly the quicker thrill and beat of the blood in her sensitive fingers, startled Lawrence. He looked quickly into her face—a pale face, but a very pretty one—a face well worth looking into; the face of a very heroine at that moment.

"Well?" he queried, for something in her look puzzled him.

"Lawrence Edward Grimshaw," she said, with a sorry attempt at playfulness, "our parents did better than they guessed when they named you that and called me Lilian Ella, because——"

He shut his eyes and put up his hands imploringly. Perhaps he guessed what was coming.

"*Because I am going out to Vallaireville to trace the lost lady.*"

Lawrence started up in bed.

"Never!" he cried.

Then he sank back among the pillows again, almost faint with pain.

"Yes, I shall," she said; "I have planned it all as I read the letters."

"And—and leave me here alone?"

"Kate is coming, you know."

"Yes, so she is. I had forgotten that. But——"

"And I am L. E. Grimshaw, am I not?"

Lawrence smiled faintly.

"L. E. Grimshaw or a Doña Quixote, but——'

"And Craft & Quick cannot spare a *man*."

"What—what——"

"But can highly recommend a *person*."

"But, my dear, the danger; have you thought of that?"

"Certainly. Didn't you teach me how to shoot your pistol long ago. Besides, I seem to see Mr. B. Vallaire before me at this moment. Let me picture him to you. A middle-aged man, with a good and strong face, stout and well-to-do, the owner (I doubt not) of half of Vallaireville; a kind, fatherly, sympathetic, protecting sort of man. Am I not safe in going?"

"Possibly," said Lawrence, slowly and doubtingly; "but think of the falsity of your position, of the fraud——"

"Nonsense! Who helped you plan the *denouement* of your long investigation in the Brown murder case? Who gave you just the needed hint in the great Jones burglary? Remember, also, that Mr. Vallaire has a theory, and——"

She paused. Some words of a gay song, sung in a clear, sweet voice, came floating up the many flights of stairs which led from the busy street below to the suite of rooms—small ones and only two or three in number—which Lawrence and Lillie called home.

"Poor little Kate," said Lillie; "she wrote that she would be here almost as soon as her letter."

"Yes."

"And she will have to know of your trouble soon enough?"

"Yes."

"Well, remember she mustn't know of this new matter. I go away—on business. Remember our little sister must know no more than that. And remember, too, that words are useless. *I am going to Vallaireville.*"

And Lawrence sank down deeper and deeper into the pile of pillows, proud of the sister who could so bravely take his place in the world's battle, while happy and unknowing little Kate came singing up the stairs.

Chapter II.

Miss Lillie E. Grimshaw was a very tired young lady when she left the cars at Vallaireville station—a very tired and somewhat discouraged and disheartened one. It was, as Lawrence had said, a very quixotic expedition upon which she had come, and she also began to feel how weak she would most likely be in the presence of crime and deceit and treachery, and to reproach herself for being the humbug she so certainly was.

She was the only passenger for Vallaireville. The day was hot. The whole surroundings were dirty and repulsive. She choked back a sob. She almost wished she hadn't come.

Then she gave herself a severe mental scolding. Was she not working for those she loved? Were not her wits as keen as those of her brother? Would she not be as able to do good service as he would have been? Was it not likely that in a month Craft & Quick would be willing to give *Miss Lillie E. Grimshaw* as flattering a letter of recommendation as they had given *L. E. Grimshaw* while in utter ignorance of *her* existence? True, pure, modest, womanly in her every thought and instinct, Miss Lillie still thoroughly believed in herself. She meant to win. She deserved to win. Was it remarkable that she believed she should?

The station-agent was busy with some freight. There were two or three ragged and rude-looking boys lounging on the platform. There were no hacks nor omnibuses in waiting. The one long, dusty, unshaded street stretched away from the station in hot and uncompromising emptiness. So this was Vallaireville, was it? And to whom should she apply for the directions necessary to enable her to find Mr. B. Vallaire? That was the question—a serious one to this tired young lady.

The question answered itself. Fate is sometimes kind, or sarcastic! It is hard to say just why the handsomest man in Vallaireville, handsome among so many who were so far away from him in appearance as to be plain-looking, at least, had wandered down to the hot and dirty station on this superlatively torrid and dusty day, unless it was because the largest and coolest and best-shaded house in the vicinity of the little town was as far from the village on one side as the station was on the other. Choice—disgusted choice—was pulling and urging the handsomest man in Vallaireville to be away. He was as anxious, doubtless, for certain reasons—or uncertain ones—to be out of Vallaireville, if only he might choose the direction of his going, as love-led and duty-driven Lillie Grimshaw was to be within the place.

So he came out to meet her—sent by the mischief-loving Fates, no doubt—well-dressed, amid the ragged boys; cool, when all the rest were hot; clean, aomng the all-pervading dirt—a very oasis of refreshing humanity in the desert of Vallaireville.

He came to meet her, though neither had ever heard of the existence of the other; he, the best-formed and best-featured of all who lived in Vallaireville; he who had been called by his friends "the best man who ever lived." But we shall see about *that*, later.

Mr. Dudley Froisart was polite. Politeness was a part of his nature. Politeness seemed to have been born in him.

He took it upon himself to question the young woman who had alighted from the train instead of waiting for her to question him.

"Pardon me," he said, raising his hat; "but you seem to be a stranger here. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Thank you," said Lillie; "I desire to find the residence of B. Vallaire."

A curious change flashed over the face of Mr. Froisart. His politeness seemed to vanish, and something harsh and hard to take its place. It was hard to tell whether it was hate or fear, or both of them, which gave expression to his features for a few fleeting seconds. Then his other look came back, and he was himself again. But Lillie would have been glad to know, certainly, what it was that he had said, under his breath, of B. Vallaire.

"I will show you the way," he said, courteously. Then, as she was about to object to his taking so much trouble for her, he added, hastily: "I assure you it will be no trouble, for I was about going that way," which was an easily said bit of fiction, praiseworthy or otherwise, according to the point of view from you which regard it.

Mr. Dudley Froisart mentioned his name to our heroine, but she did not respond by giving her own. He asked no questions. He simply took her heavy satchel from her hands, much as a brother might have done—much as Lawrence would have done, so she said to herself—and walked by her side with as much of ease and naturalness as would have been possible had he known her for years.

And she——

She had suddenly discovered that she was glad she came. Vallaireville had grown homelike and inviting. She no longer saw the dusty street, she looked upon the flowers and occasional grassplots instead. A breeze tempered the heat. A filmy cloud shut out something of the glare of the sun. Whatever might be true of her errand here, her half-forgotten errand as she walked by Dudley Froisart's side, she had found a new emotion to stir her heart and change her life. Whatever the lost lady might have to hope from her presence, or wanton wickedness to fear, there can be no denying that her walk through Vallaireville was a dangerous one for her and for her peace of mind.

Up the long street together, he ever kind and considerate, and unmindful of the curious glances which fell upon them from loungers in stores and shops. Away between ripe fields of grain and stretches of grass-land, with confidence deepening and new-born friendship growing strong between them. Out from the village until there was only country around them, and until they had forgotten that they had only known one another for an hour.

Froisart paused at a gate set deeply into a thick and high stone wall. Beyond this barrier one could see a well-kept and well-shaded lawn, with an old-fashioned and comfortable-looking stone house in the distance.

"I can go no further," he said, abruptly and constrainedly, putting her satchel in her hand, "and I may never meet you again. Yonder is the residence for which you inquired. Are you—you—are you a relative?"

"No."

"Ah! Only a friend?"

"Not even that."

"Indeed! I was not aware that mere acquaintances——"

Lillie interrupted him.

"I thank you for your kindness," she said, quietly; "good-day."

And she passed through the gate which he held open for her, and left him to go back as soon or as slowly as he pleased.

The Vallaire residence had appeared to be a long distance from the road. It was a long distance beyond the gate, in very fact. But your experience has not been great, dear reader, if you have not been placed where long distances were too short and long times too fleeting. Lillie was at the steps, at the door, in the parlor, all too soon. She had handed her card, with a brief message of explanation upon it, to the evidently somewhat astonished servant, and was waiting for her strange interview, almost before she could realize that Mr. Dudley Froisart, her friend and companion for an hour, had been left behind—possibly, as he had himself said, for ever.

This was what she had sent to her employer:

L. E. GRIMSHAW.

To see B. Vallaire on business.

From CRAFT & QUICK.

She had not long to wait. The door opened. She rose to her feet. She raised her eyes to look at the one who had entered—the "kind, fatherly, sympathetic, protecting sort of man" her fancy had pictured; and this is what she saw: A tall, blonde lady, with a wealth of flaxen hair, a doll-like face, and cruel, blue eyes; a lady whose age was uncertain—the possibilities ranging between twenty and forty; a lady with a magnetic presence, reserve strength, and a will of iron, if our friend Lilian was to be allowed to judge.

With stately dignity she moved into the room.

"I expected to meet L. E. Grimshaw," she said, with chilly politeness.

"I am L. E. Grimshaw—Lilian E.—at your service. May I see Mr. Vallaire?"

"There is no *Mr.* Vallaire. I am *B.* Vallaire, the name my parents gave me (a name which I hate, by-the-way), being Bertha. But I sent for a *man* to assist me."

"Pardon me," said Lillie, her courage and native audacity alike strengthened by the strange turn affairs had taken, "you will see from my letter of recommendation that my friends, Craft & Quick, could not spare a man. You will see that they do me the honor of speaking very highly of me. Let us proceed to business at once."

"One of the cardinal virtues in a detective is patience," she replied.

"Because I have much to say to you."

THE PICK OF THE LITTER.

CHAPTER III.

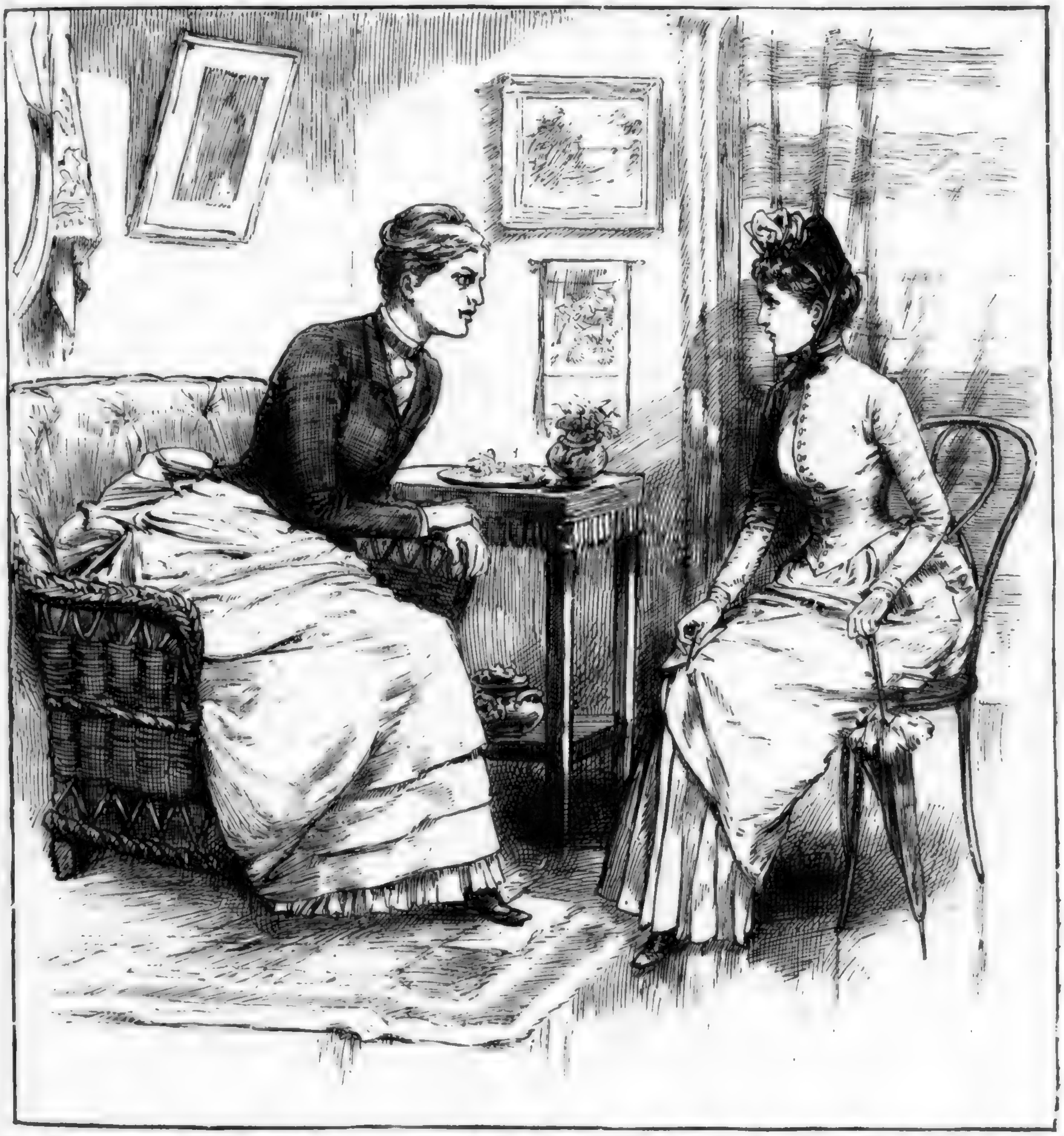
BERTHA VALLAIRE seated herself, and asked her visitor to resume the seat she had occupied.

"You are a patient woman, I trust?" she said.

Lillie smiled.

"Exactly. I am here to listen—to listen and to act."

"To act! Good!" cried the cruel-eyed blonde, her lips drawn back in a tigerish fashion from her white teeth; "I want you to act—act—act. I have a theory, and——"



THE LOST LADY.—"'AND YOUR THEORY IS——' LILLIE PAUSED. MRS. VALLAIRE LEANED TOWARD HER, HER BLUE EYES MORE CRUEL IN THEIR SEEMING THAN EVER, AND HER WHOLE FACE AFLAME. 'MURDER!' SHE ALMOST SCREAMED."

"Pardon me," interrupted Lillie; "I shall desire to make some notes of the matter as we discuss it together. May I trouble you to wait while I make an entry or two in my little book?"

Then she wrote the following, while the keen and cruel eyes watched her all the time—wrote for the sake of the courage it gave her and the time to think that she gained by it:

> "Bertha Vallaire is the embodiment of treachery. If the missing girl was in her way, in any sense, *she probably removed her.*"

"I wonder what Lawrence would say to that?" she whispered to herself.

Bertha Vallaire grew impatient. Lillie could not but notice it.

"I am ready now," she said; "will you kindly answer my questions?"

"Questions! questions! I cannot bear questions! Let me tell the story——"

"Excuse me," insisted Lillie, "but I must serve you in my own way if at all."

"Have your way," sullenly assented her employer, "but for Heaven's sake waste no time."

"I will waste no time. Your name you said is——"

"Bertha Vallaire—Mrs. Bertha Vallaire."

"*Mrs.* Vallaire?"

"I said so."

"A widow?"

"You are impertinent. I did not send for you to put me on the witness-stand in this manner."

Lillie rose to her feet and closed her book.

"Very well. I wish you a good-afternoon. I——"

"Don't!" cried Mrs. Vallaire; "don't go. I am not a widow. I am divorced."

"Indeed? What is your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"How long had the missing woman been in your employ?"

"You would have scarcely said she was in my employ at all. She was my companion, my friend, the one for whom I cared most in all the world."

"Indeed? How long had she lived with you?"

"A little over five years. I was abroad at the time. My home was in London. You understand that fully, do you? My home was in London."

"I understand. How came this woman to be your companion?"

"I advertised for a companion. This is my advertisement, cut from the *London Times* of June 6th, 1880."

And Mrs. Vallaire rose, crossed the room, opened a desk, took out a bundle of papers, selected one, and came and laid it on the table close at Lillie's hand.

"I do not think I need this," said Lillie.

"I think you do. Please read it. I insist."

This was what Lillie read:

"COMPANION WANTED—A wealthy American lady, living temporarily in London, while her husband attends to business on the Continent, desires to secure the services of a young lady of culture and refinement. A good reader and musician is desired, and one who will be a *friend* in every sense of the word. Only those who can furnish the very best of references need apply. The most liberal salary will be paid to the right person. Address for one week (until June 13th, 1880), B. V., office of *The Times*."

"I may keep this?" asked Lillie, thoughtfully.

"You may, of course," replied Mrs. Vallaire, herself grown thoughtful, too, and perhaps a little troubled.

"You had many answers, I presume?"

"I did."

"And preserved them?"

"For a time; yes. But I have now only the reply of the person I employed. This is it."

She handed a letter to our friend, who read as follows:

"LONDON, *June 7th*, 1880.

"MRS. B. V.—Your advertisement in yesterday's issue of *The Times* has attracted my notice. I desire to meet you, and, if we mutually suit one another, to secure service with you. I have all the qualifications you desire. No one can furnish better testimonials than I can. Will you kindly make an appointment with me. Respectfully yours, BELLA BARCLAY."

"P. S.—I should not neglect to add that any arrangement between us will be permanent, so far as I am concerned, and can last as long as we both live if you desire. I have had my little love affair; my lover is dead; there is no future lover or love for me. And, so far as I know, I have not a relative in the world.

"B. B."

"A very desirable sort of person, judging from her letter," said Mrs. Vallaire, as Lillie finished the letter and looked up.

"Very. And you secured her?"

"I did."

"And you have no reason for thinking her statements untrue in any sense?"

"No reasons whatever."

"She had no relatives?"

"I never learned of any."

"Nor any lover?"

"No lover."

"You do not think her disappearance a voluntary one, then?"

"Voluntary? No. I think——"

"Wait a moment or two. You have a theory. I have none as yet. To know your ideas, prematurely, might blind my eyes to some item of evidence which should strike and convince me otherwise. You think she had no reason for a voluntary disappearance. I know, of course, of no reason; I cannot say that I suspect there was any reason. Let me question and search, however, as though a reason were possible."

"I consent," said Mrs. Vallaire, with resignation, "for I cannot do otherwise."

"Her testimonials? Who gave them? Do they contain anything which might serve as a clew?"

"I have asked myself that very question," said Mrs. Vallaire; "but I can find no satisfactory answer. Her testimonials were returned to her."

"Did you not retain copies of them?"

"I regret to say that I did not."

"Letters might help. Miss Barclay has probably been away from you for short periods of time. Have you any of her letters? Do they contain no hint of wishes or affections or troubles which may explain?"

"Nothing, I think; but you shall judge for yourself. Here are all the letters she has ever sent me. Read them, please."

They were not many. Despite the five years and more which had elapsed since the date of the advertisement, there were less than a dozen of them. It would seem as though companionship had been friendship indeed in that case.

Lillie read them carefully, read them all, and found absolutely nothing in the way of a clew. She handed them back to Mrs. Vallaire.

"Keep them if you wish," said that lady.

"Thank you, I will," said Lillie.

"To come down to the recent——" began Lillie.

"That's it, to the recent," echoed Mrs. Vallaire."

"And to your theory——"

"And to my theory," she said, savagely.

"You think Miss Barclay did not run away?"

"Pardon me, I *know* she didn't."

"You do not entertain the idea of suicide?"

"Not for a moment. It is too absurd to think of in connection with Bella Barclay."

"You feel that it is not a case of accident, using the word in its ordinary sense?"

"If I had supposed that *possible*, I should never have written to Craft & Quick."

"And your theory—the foundation thought of it is is——"

Lillie paused. Mrs. Vallaire leaned toward her, her blue eyes more cruel in their seeming than ever, and her whole face aflame with a horrible passion. But she said no word in answer.

"Abduction, perhaps," suggested Lillie.

"No."

"What then?"

"*Murder!*" almost screamed Mrs. Vallaire.

CHAPTER IV.

LILLIE sank back almost breathless. Was it for this she had left her home? Was it for this she had taken a man's place in the world? For a little time she wondered if she should ever find voice to speak with again; wondered whether she should ever see clearly, or whether the sudden darkness which clouded her eyes and pressed upon her brain would haunt and hurt her for evermore.

She came to herself slowly. She was the brave woman she always meant to be, at last.

"And we—we must hunt this murderer out and bring him to justice, must we?" she asked, her voice so steady and sharp and clear that it almost frightened her.

"No," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"You—you mean that *we* are not to do it, but that *I* must?" gasped Lillie, in very truth a sorry sort of detective for a little time.

"No."

"What do you mean, then?"

"That you—or *we*, if that suits you better—are to bring him to justice," she said, a shade of scorn in her voice; "but more than that, nothing. There is no need to hunt out this murderer, *for I know who he is as well as I know my own existence.*"

"You do?"

"I do."

"Who is he?"

"A cousin of mine."

"And—and—you—propose——"

"I propose to see him hanged for it."

"To see him hanged? And he your kinsman?"

"I said so."

"In God's name, what manner of woman are you?" cried Lillie.

Mrs. Vallaire rose slowly to her feet, and looked down upon Lillie.

"Soft-hearted, you are! Very soft-hearted for a woman whose business it is to hunt criminals. Look at me, Miss Grimshaw, look at me, and guess what manner of woman I am. Weak women do one or the other of two things; the weakest do both. Do I look like one to do either?"

"Either?—what?"

"*Forget—or—or forgive?*"

"No, Mrs. Vallaire, you don't."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Vallaire; "and now let me tell my story."

"Yes; tell it."

"My grandfather willed me this estate, together with a large fortune in stocks and securities. My cousin pretended to love me, but I found out the falsity of his protestations, and that he only loved my fortune. He proposed to me. I repulsed him. I married Mr. Vallaire. My cousin followed us to Europe when we went there on our bridal trip. My husband's jealousy was awakened by my cousin's actions, and he obtained a divorce. I advertised for a companion. I found one. I loved her. I made a will making her my heir. And still my cousin followed and tormented me with his distasteful attentions and his lying words of love. The years went by. I came to America. My cousin found out the nature of my will. Anxious to secure the wealth he coveted—heretofore I have been stating facts; I now come to my theory of the disappearance of Bella Barclay—and, willing to drive me through grief to the grave he was too cowardly to send me to by the hand of an assassin, he plotted to remove from my home, and from the path of his dastardly ambition, the woman to whom my wrecked and wasted life had gone out for comfort. He was safer in that than he would have been in an attack upon me, for she was little known by our neighbors. Besides, killing me would have put the fortune for ever beyond his reach, while with her dead first, he would be the next heir if I died intestate, and would be in a position to break any new will I might make leaving my fortune to a stranger. He was crafty, cruel, but bold. He warned me fully; so fully that I should have understood him—had I not doubted the power of any man to be so thorough a scoundrel as he has proved himself. One week before I wrote to Craft & Quick, he called upon me. 'Be warned in time,' he said, 'for I will not be responsible for my own actions if you refuse me again.' I did refuse him. That night my companion left my house, as I have said. She caught up a light shawl, which she threw over her head. She wore no hat. She took a single glove, leaving its mate lying on my table; I don't think she had it on; I suppose she held it absent-mindedly in her hand. I saw her from my window. She was not a yard from my door. It lacked some minutes of sunset. It was still light in the tangled forest behind the house toward which she was going. But—I turned away my head and—*I never saw her again!*"

"And what has been found?"

"Scarcely anything. A fragment of her shawl, caught on a thorn; that is all."

"And where—how——"

"Who knows? A mile away in the forest there is a deep gorge in which a tumultuous stream rolls and tosses. If they had sent me a man——"

"It is as well as it is," said Lillie. "I shall search as thoroughly as any man could. If Bella Barclay is there——"

"You'll not find her there. She has been swept away to the lake long ago if she was thrown in there," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"But I may find something," said Lillie.

"Yes, you may find something," agreed Mrs. Vallaire. "And now, who besides myself has been taken into your confidence?"

"No one but Becky."

"Who is Becky?"

"My old servant. The woman who was my nurse when I was an infant. The only servant I have left since Bella is gone."

"The one who met me at the door?"

"The same."

"And no one else knows your suspicions?"

"I did not say that. I did say that I have not told any one else. I think, however, that my cousin knows that I suspect him.

"And your cousin's name is?"

"*Dudley Froisart,*" said Mrs. Bertha Vallaire.

Chapter V.

It was surely the strangest case there had ever been under the sun—as strange as any case we may expect to read about when "social equality" has had its way and made women as common as men in the ranks of those whose business it is to follow shrewd crime with an equal shrewdness, if not with an equal unscrupulousness, as strange a case as ever fell under the eyes of those who love to read of those who trifle with fate and play with fire.

Lillie was domiciled at Mrs. Vallaire's. It was "generally understood," (a phrase which usually has no better foundation, in fact, than it had in this case) that she was a friend of Mrs. Vallaire's, and that she had come to stay with her until her grief at Bella Barclay's loss had lost something of its poignancy under the healing hand of time. Aside from Mrs. Vallaire and Becky, no one knew the truth regarding Lillie Grimshaw's errand to Vallaireville. If Mr. Dudley Froisart, remembering the close of his first interview with her, had a suspicion of the truth, he made no sign. If, thinking her no more than a passing friend of Mrs. Vallaire's, he first gave himself up to the quiet determination that he would make her believe in him rather than in her hostess, he was soon beyond that stage in the strange affair.

You may call it strange that Lillie Grimshaw cultivated the acquaintance of Dudley Froisart at first; and stranger that she allowed him to cultivate hers later. You may wonder at the frequent meetings between them, in the woods, by the streams, in the village, and at the number of times, within a month, when it became necessary for him to see her in safety to the gate at which he had parted from her at the end of the first walk they had taken together. She told herself that it was entirely a matter of business with her; that she sought Mr. Froisart's society—or allowed him to seek hers—merely that she might study him; that she had no more interest in him—no favorable and friendly one, I mean—than she had in any other criminal; that she enjoyed her acquaintance with Lawyer Gray quite as well as she did the companionship of Dudley Froisart; and, in fact, several other lies which cheated her brain, but could not deceive her heart.

She told herself, over and over again, that the man who had hunted Bertha Vallaire as he had done—the man who had *dared* to be so friendly and kind to *her* at their first meeting—was only deserving of her hate, and that he had it. It was not the first instance of self-deception, where the brain and the heart were at war; nor will it be the last.

PERFECTLY HAPPY.

No matter what Froisart said to himself—at first. No matter what he hoped or intended doing in the days of the future which should lie beyond success. No matter.

It was not long until he had sworn softly to himself that he would win the love of Lillie Grimshaw, or die. God help and pity him.

It was not long until he said, and he was no vain boaster of his conquests, even to himself, that he had won. God help her.

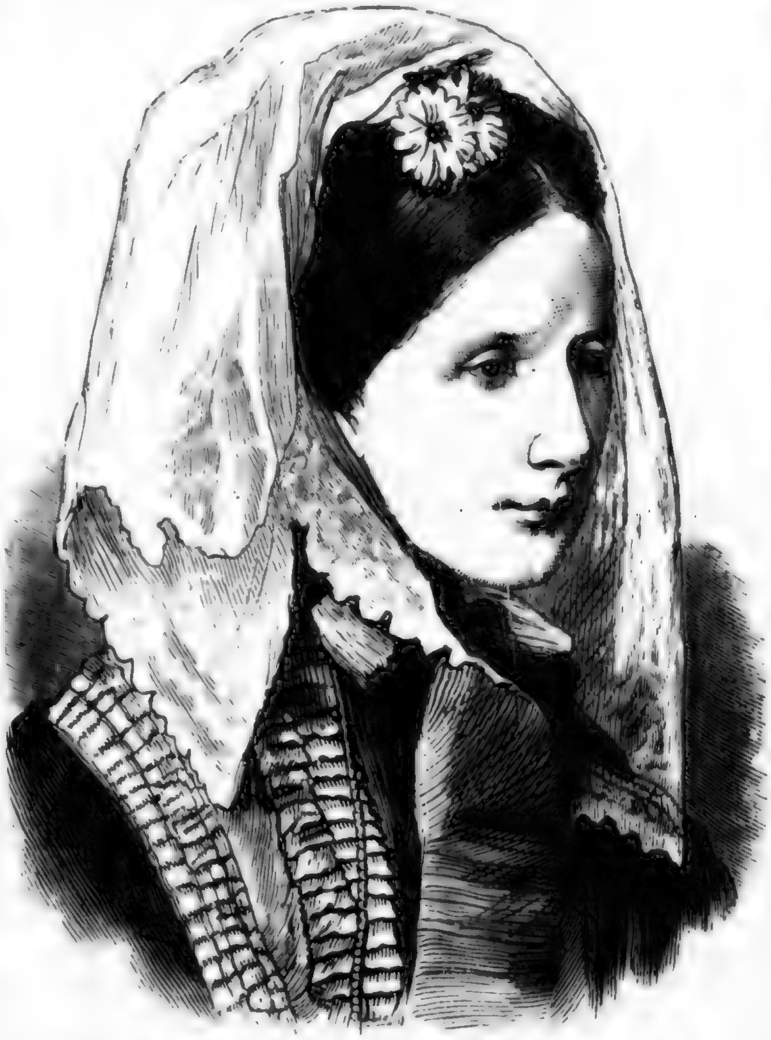
And, all this time, she was drawing closer and closer about him a web of evidence which seemed almost beyond the power of man to break.

For there was one place to which they never went together—one place to which Lillie went alone every day—and that was the forest, and stream-cut gorge beyond it, which lay behind Mrs. Vallaire's residence.

A wooing, was it? It was as strange and pathetic and pitiful a one as ever the angels wept over.

One day Lillie found the shawl which matched the shred Mrs. Vallaire had rescued from a thorn and saved for her—or for whoever should come to help her. The shawl had been trampled under foot; it had been torn; it had blood upon it. It was that night that Dudley Froisart lay on his back, far away in the woods from human companionship, and looked up toward the stars and God's heaven beyond them, and took the oath of which I told you—the oath that he would win the love of Lillie Grimshaw—win it or die.

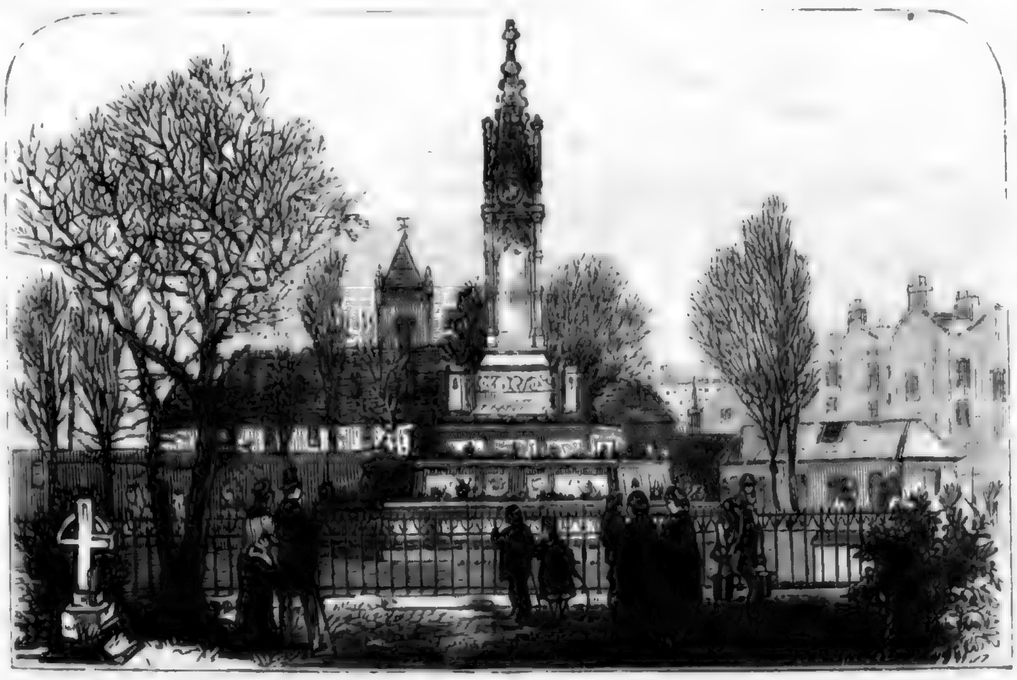
Another day she found the mate of the glove Mrs. Vallaire had shown her. It was cut and bloody. It was wedged down between two rocks, not a dozen paces from the edge of the rocky gorge. She found it in the morning. She walked all the long and pleasant Summer afternoon with Dudley Froisart. What could he have been thinking of — or what could she have been doing—that he should go home that night saying to himself that he had won her?



LADY BURDETT COUTTS AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE. SEE PAGE 183.

Her life was a hard one. With Dudley, she had no doubts of him. She told herself that there was nothing but truth in his every look and word and action. She said that there was an inherent nobility of soul about him, a wondrous manhood, which she could but feel and know. Apart from him, she doubted him, and almost doubted heaven and God.

Her search ended one day: She knew that she would never need go near the horrible stream beyond the wood again. She had climbed down the steep bank, almost to the water's edge, and there, in a crevice among the rocks, she found it—a knife, long and keen—a knife with bloody stains upon it which neither the dashing stream nor the dewy night had yet had power to wash away—*a knife with Dudley Froisart's name on the handle.* And that night, that night of all others, when she had proved herself a heroine by seeing him at all, he tried to tell her he loved her, and she broke away from him and ran all the way home—if she could call Mrs. Vallaire's house home for the time being—because she dared not trust herself to answer this man.



THE COUTTS MEMORIAL.

She went directly to her room. She threw herself on her bed. She gave herself up to her sorrow. She loved Dudley Froisart—loved him in spite of herself, and in spite of his guilt. And yet, her truth and honor rose above all else in her being. She would give him over to justice, so she said to herself, and then——

She knew she should never smile again.

It was late at night when she was roused from her grief by the sound of voices beneath her window. She crept from her bed. She listened breathlessly. It must have been that there was something to comfort her in what she heard, for she smiled.

She drew down her curtain. She lighted her lamp. She sat down to think. When her fate had seemed to have reached its climax, she had been a woman—with tears and despair — now she was a heroine, a woman with quick wits and ready resolution.

She drew one of Bella Barclay's letters toward her. She raised it for a closer scrutiny. She started. She let it fall. She raised it again. She held it near the light. She did the same strange thing with all the rest. And then—— She bowed her head upon the table and cried again.

"Lawrence will be so proud of me," she said, in a faint little voice which seemed to have much happiness in it, "and—and——"

She blushed without finishing the sentence.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS LILLIE E. GRIMSHAW was at the telegraph office very

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early the next morning. It was a curious message she sent. Possibly the station-agent thought she was crazy, though crazy-looking messages are not very rare, and this one was none of the station-agent's business.

Toward noon she got her answer,

"NEW YORK, *September 30th*, 1885.
"L. E. GRIMSHAW, VALLAIREVILLE, N. Y.—No; no ; no ; no; no; no ; no.
L. E. GRIMSHAW,"

which was, perhaps, as crazy a message as hers had been.

Lillie walked up to Mrs. Vallaire's house a couple of hours later.

She went at once to Mrs. Vallaire's room.

"I found this yesterday," she said, quietly, showing Dudley Froisart's knife; "and Mr. Froisart was arrested an hour ago. There will be a sort of preliminary examination, not public nor legal, at the office of Lawyer Gray. This is at my request. The results will make further proceedings easier. Please come at once. And bring your will. And ask Becky to come."

"Becky is gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"I do not know. I had a little trouble with her and she went away this morning."

Mrs. Vallaire stepped into an adjoining room as she finished, perhaps for hat or gloves or parasol, possibly to avoid more questioning. Lillie Grimshaw let her gaze wander over the room in a truly professional way. She was learning to be a detective—learning very fast. A strip of paper on the mantelpiece attracted her attention. She took it, glanced at it, almost shouted with surprise and joy, and put it in her pocket.

Mrs. Vallaire came into the room just then, and announced that she was ready.

It was not a very large gathering which they found in Lawyer Gray's office. There was Lawyer Gray; there was the magistrate who had issued the warrant; there was Mr. Dudley Froisart, and the officer.

Miss Lillie Grimshaw showed Mrs. Vallaire to a seat. She went over near the prisoner herself, but remained standing.

"Of course this investigation is not legal, but delightfully informal and irregular," she said, pleasantly. "I have asked for this meeting because I wish to spare the guilty as much as possible."

"They should not be spared at all," snarled Mrs. Vallaire.

"Do you think so? Never mind. Let me state the case. You all know Mrs. Vallaire. She came here a year ago. Being separated from her husband, she has lived in great seclusion. Had you ever seen her, Mr. Gray, until after the disappearance of Bella Barclay?"

"No."

"Had you?" addressing the magistrate.

"No?"

"Had you?" she asked the officer.

"No," was also his reply.

"It is sad that one should be so completely isolated from friends and neighbors. Had any of you ever had the pleasure of seeing Bella Barclay?"

They all shook their heads.

"Would it be strange if a young creature should seek refuge from such a life in suicide?"

"I will swear she did not kill herself," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"Will you? Thank you. And Becky? Becky was an old woman. She is gone too. Did you, any of you, know this unfortunate and lonely creature?"

The men addressed shook their heads in solemn silence again, and Mrs. Vallaire spoke again.

"I sent Becky away," she said.

"Did you? Thank you. Suspicion has fallen upon Mr. Dudley Froisart. Mrs. Vallaire is your cousin, is she not, Mr. Froisart?"

"She is," he replied, but did not look up.

"I came here as a detective. I found the fragments of a shawl which Bella Barclay was said to have worn. I found a glove she was said to have had in her hand. I found this knife. It is yours, is it not, Mr. Froisart?"

"It is."

"There has been a sort of one-sided love affair between these cousins. Mr. Froisart, will you please tell us about it?"

Froisart looked up with a hot, flushed face.

"I shrink from it," he said, hurriedly; "but I will tell the truth. She fell in love with me. She followed me with requests for my love in return. She has offered me fortune for a return of her passion. She has threatened me in all sorts of ways when I refused. She married her husband in the hope that she could spite me by so doing. She was never true to him in thought or wish, and——"

"Liar!" hissed Bertha Vallaire.

"Let me say what I heard under my window last night," said Lillie; "the very words are burned in on my brain. It was this:

"'You sent for me,' said Mr. Froisart.

"'I did,' replied Mrs. Vallaire.

"'Why?'

"'To offer you freedom from the gallows if you will marry me.'

"'I don't love you.'

"'So you have said a thousand times.'

"'And, at last, I do love another.'

"'Ah! Perhaps it is Miss Grimshaw?'

"'It is.'

"'Fool! She is a detective. She has your case almost ready for the hangman.'

"'I suppose so. I love her all the same.'"

Lillie paused.

"That is utterly and entirely false," said Mrs. Vallaire.

"It—it——" began Dudley Froisart.

"Don't say it," said Lillie; "for it is true. *And I am happy and proud to say that I love you in return.*"

She laid her arm along his shoulders. He looked up then. She stooped and kissed him before them all. He will never find anything to look down for again, as long as life shall last.

"I congratulate you on your conquest," said Mrs. Vallaire; "you will, perhaps, marry this female detective a half hour before death, standing on the gallows!"

But Lillie looked her in the eyes, and she relapsed into silence.

"There is but little left to say. The evidence I have will go into court—if those interested desire. I can make it plain enough, here and now, I think. First, I have here the receipt of Becky Brown to Mrs. Vallaire for ten thousand dollars; it is dated to-day; it could have been no ordinary service which she had done for Mrs. Vallaire—no ordinary knowledge which she shared with her—to make such compensation necessary. Second, I have several letters signed with Bella Barclay's name; some are dated in England; some are dated years ago; but all are written on the same sort of paper as that which holds Becky Brown's receipt; all are written in the same hand as that; and, strangely enough, the water-mark shows that the paper was all made in this village, *and in* 1885. Lastly, I have here the advertisement in answer to which it is said Bella Barclay made her application. I have had a file of the London *Times* for 1880 examined. I asked by telegraph regarding the insertion of this advertisement, and I let my inquiries cover an entire week; the advertisement was never in the London *Times;* and—Stop that woman!" she cried, suddenly, as Mrs. Vallaire was almost at the door; "you can go on three conditions; failing them, you will be arrested for conspiracy against the life of the man I love."

"And the conditions are——"

"First, that you sign this. It is a deed of gift of the Vallaire estate—so-called since your marriage, but really the Froisart estate—to Dudley Froisart. It retains a life interest for you, and no more."

Mrs. Vallaire took the paper; she took the pen; she put her name where she was asked to put it.

"And the next?"

"That when you go, you never return. Draw your money through lawyer shere, but spend it in Europe."

"You needn't worry about that. I have played out my game—and I've lost. I think I understand that. What else do you wish?"

"The full truth regarding Bella Barclay."

"You shall have it, though *you* have penetrated the secret. *There never was such a person as Bella Barclay!*"

LADY BURDETT COUTTS.

HER RECENT BIRTHDAY—IN GOOD HEALTH AT SEVENTY-TWO—HERSELF AND HER YOUNG HUSBAND.

By Laura C. Holloway.

The Baroness Augusta Georgiana Burdett Coutts was seventy-two years of age on the 25th of April last, having been born on that day in 1814. The event is likely to recall her marriage, in the Autumn of 1880, to William Ashmead Bartlett, she being then sixty-six, and he only in his thirtieth year. The marriage has proved a remarkably happy one. Mr. Bartlett became a British subject before his marriage, and soon after it obtained the license of the Crown to take the name of Burdett Coutts. The citizens of London have not forgotten her inexhaustible charities and benefactions to the London poor, and to her influence must be attributed her husband's success in being elected over his Liberal opponent as Member of Parliament for Westminster.

It was in acknowledgment of her benefactions that the Queen, in June, 1871, offered, through the Prime Minister, to make Miss Coutts a peeress of the realm. The offer was accepted, and she became a "right honorable" and a baroness. Her family history, both on the maternal and paternal side, has been remarkable. She was the third daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, who was imprisoned in the Tower of London for his political opinions, which in those days were construed as treason, though they are common enough in the British Parliament of to-day. Through one of the windows of her ladyship's magnificent town mansion in Stratton Street her father was dragged when arrested. Her grandmother, Susan Starkie, was a domestic servant in the family of Thomas Coutts, the banker millionaire of London, who fell in love with her and married her. Her daughters became respectively Countess of Guildford, the Marchioness of Bute and Lady Burdett.

After his first wife's death, Thomas Coutts, at the age of eighty-six, married Miss Mellon, an actress, and at his death bequeathed to her his very large fortune. Her wealth rendered her attractive to the Duke of St. Albans, who married her in his twenty-fifth year, Mrs. Coutts, the bride, being forty-nine.

This lady is believed to be the original of *Mrs. Million* in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey." Through her Lady Coutts inherited her grandfather's wealth, besides a partnership share in the great banking house. About two millions of pounds she received in ready money on the death of the Duchess of St. Albans, who grew flighty in her latter days, and used to see old Mr. Coutts in the form of a bird hovering near her, ready, as she said, to show her the way to the snug nest he had prepared for her in heaven. Lady Coutts also inherited a large fortune from her father, Sir Francis Burdett. It was believed at the time that a large portion of the Coutts estate would be forfeited by her marriage with Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, but this has not been the case. A clause in the will of the Duchess of St. Albans, who died in 1837, prohibited Miss Burdett, as the baroness then was, from marrying an alien, under pain of forfeiting her interest in her maternal grandfather's property and bank. This was done, it is said, to prevent her marrying an *attaché* of the Austrian Legation in London. In that event her share was to pass to a near relative. But the Austrian died long ago, and the relative made no objection to the Bartlett marriage. Indeed, it was stated that in case of her disinheritance the courts would be appealed to, and that undue influence and mental hallucination in the testamentary duchess would upset the obnoxious codicil.

As regards "the claims of long descent," which Tennyson's "grand old gardener and his wife" smiled at so superciliously, the marriage of Lady Burdett Coutts was not so very unequal. On their father's side, the brothers Bartlett—Ellis and William Ashmead Bartlett were both M.P.'s—are of pure English descent; and the Bartletts of Massachusetts were as well known in the United States as any of the old families are in England. The first American ancestor, Captain Bartlett, whose name is variably spelt in public documents as Bartlelot and Bartlelet, as well as in the modern way, was one of the heroic band who landed on Plymouth Rock in 1643, and founded the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. For two and a half centuries his descendants have been in the first rank of lawyers, soldiers and politicians. Among them was that of a Governor of the State of New Hampshire, whose name is affixed to the Declaration of Independence. Two, if not three, General Bartletts distinguished themselves as soldiers of the Union cause during the war. Mr. Bartlett's father was well known for his public spirit and benevolence, as well as his attainments as a linguist and mathematician. On their mother's side they come of a well-known family in Pennsylvania, and she resided in Philadelphia with her boys until she removed with them to England, where they were both educated at the best schools and at the University of Oxford. The Ashmeads of Pennsylvania are only a generation younger than the Bartletts of New England. They, too, were of pure English origin, and migrated with William Penn.

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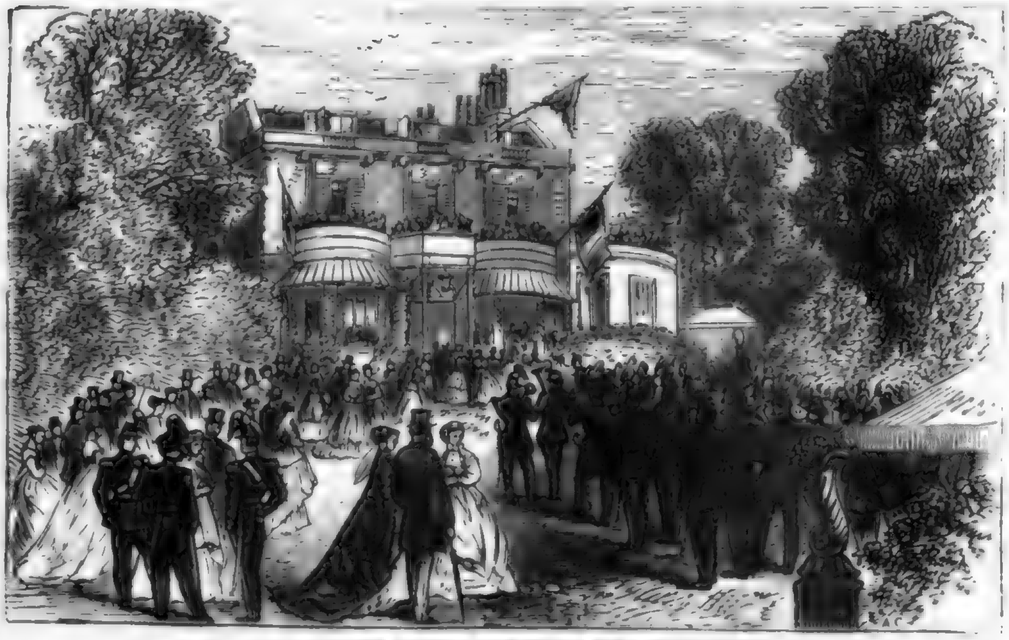
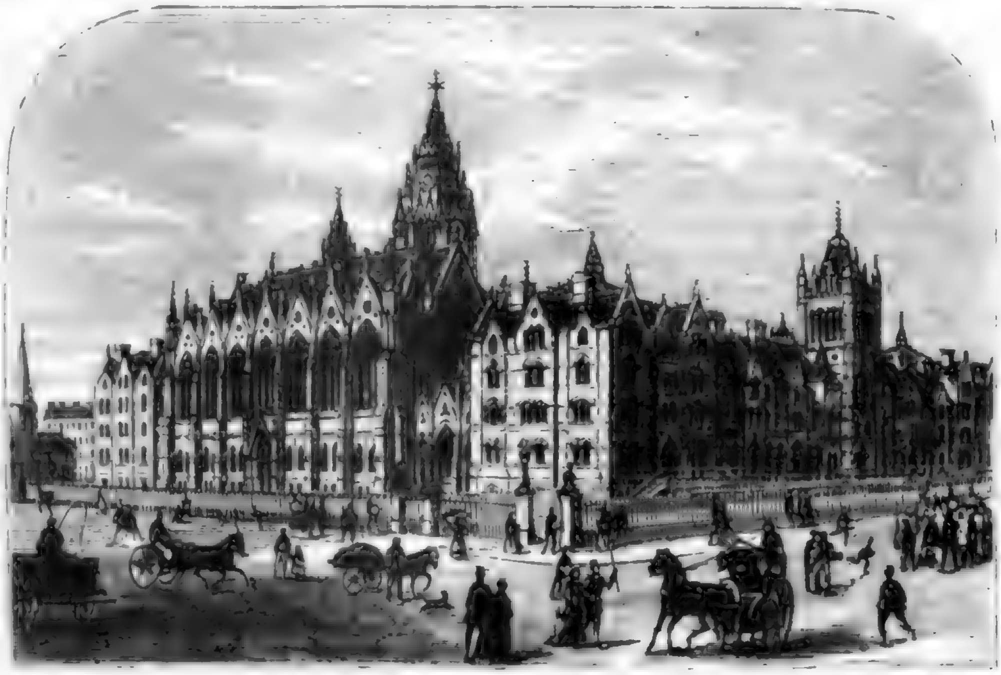


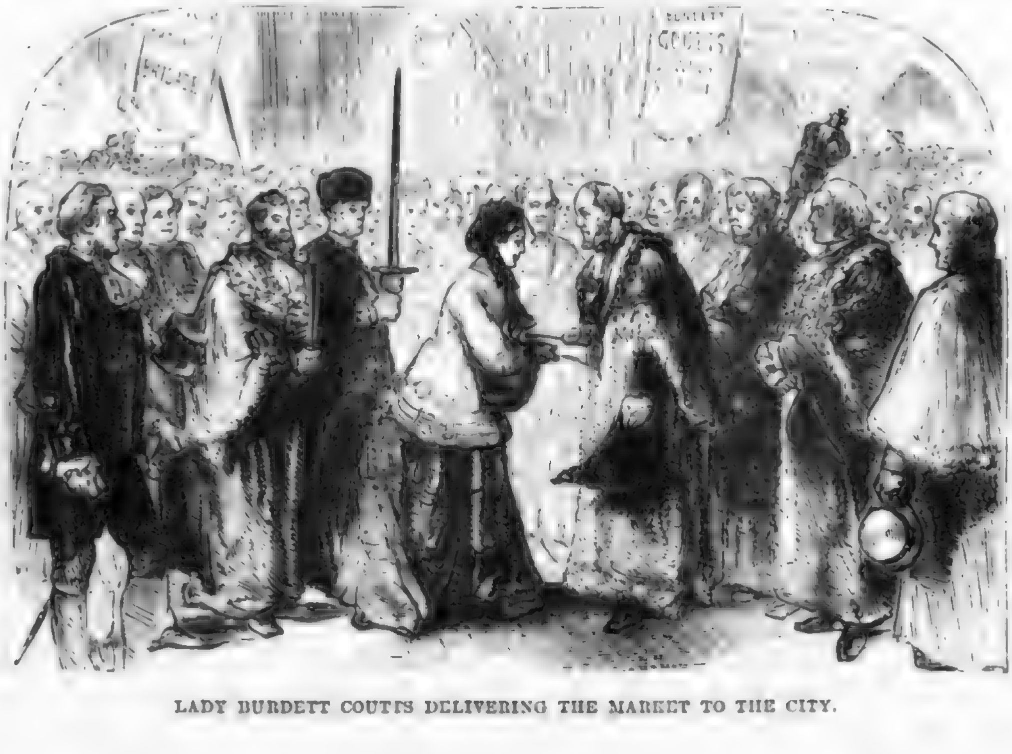
LADY BURDETT COUTTS RECEIVING THE VOLUNTEERS.



COLUMBIA MARKET.

In the old maps of the colony Penn founded, which were traced by himself, a large square of land, which is now part of Philadelphia, is marked as the settlement of the Ashmeads. Mr. John Ashmead, the grandfather of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett Coutts, was eminent for his legal knowledge and his ever-ready philanthropy.

Losing their father while they were children, the Bartlett boys were left motherless also, after their removal to England, before they had attained to manhood. It is said that the attention of Lady Burdett Coutts was first attracted to William Ashmead Bartlett when, as a boy, he recited part of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," in the prize exercises of Highgate School. Holly Lodge, Highgate, is now their delightful suburban villa, and those who have partaken of the baroness's boundless hospitality are not likely to forget her, or her manly, muscular, generous, accomplished and truly gentlemanly husband. Long before she was a baroness, however, or had a husband, Miss Burdett Coutts was famous for her dinner parties; not only in the possession of rare viands and vintages, but in the skill and apparently unconscious *savoir faire* with which she adjusted her numerous guests to each other, mixing the acids and the alkalies with chemical precision. The good listener was placed beside the good talker, for well she knows how two "too utterly too too" talkative persons would, even on prandial and festive contact, produce an explosion. Two lions, side by side at dinner, would lead to a rivalry in teeth and jaws, but when the lion sits down with the lamb, the king of beasts knows how to be polite and replenish the wineglass of his meek conversational victim. In July, 1867, the baroness, then plain Miss Burdett Coutts, gave at Holly Lodge one of the largest dinner parties on record. Upward of 2,000 Belgian volunteers



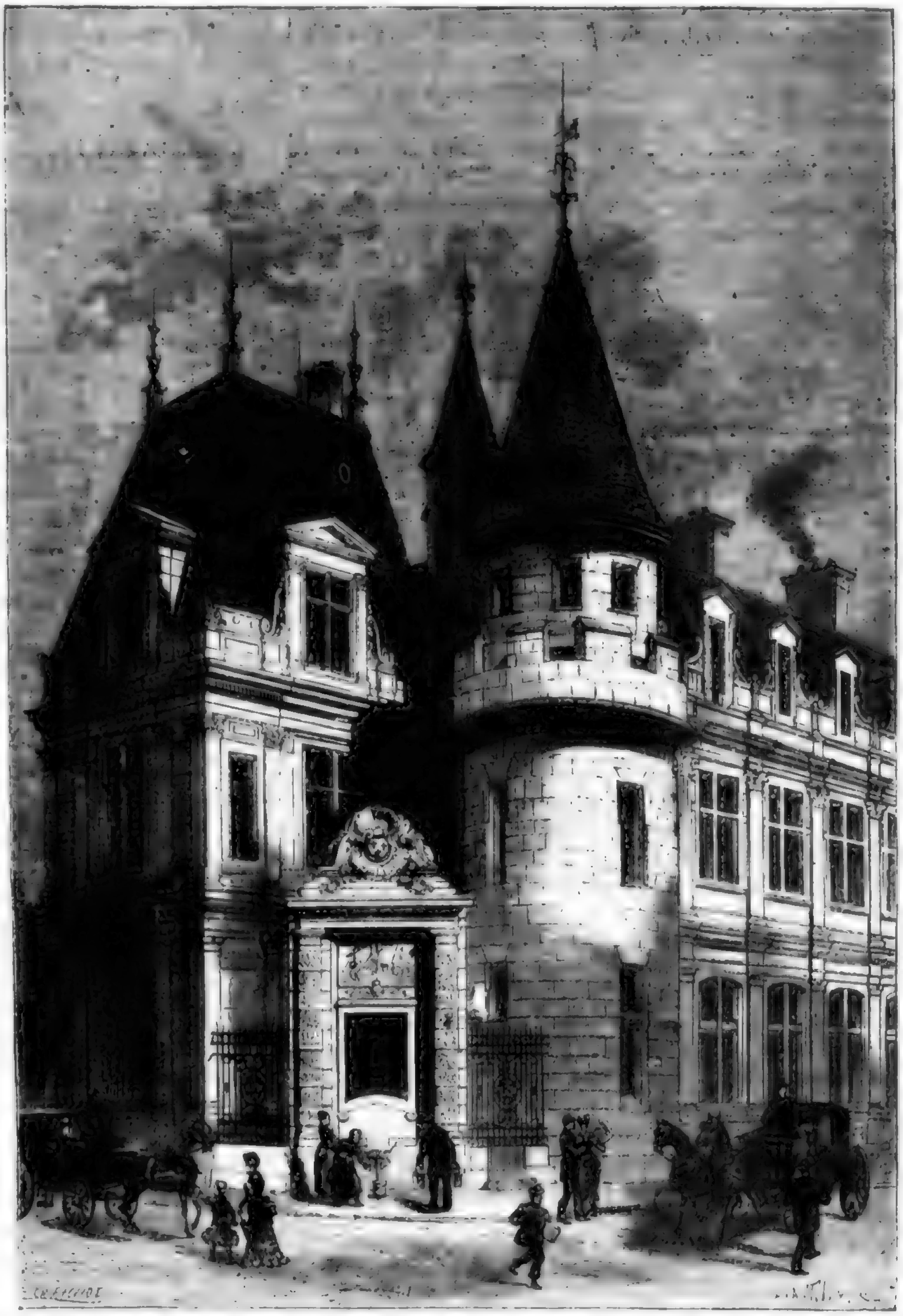
LADY BURDETT COUTTS DELIVERING THE MARKET TO THE CITY.

were invited to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, and some five hundred royal and distinguished guests.

When Mr. Bartlett was at Oxford it was believed that she contributed to his expenses, and his vacations were passed at one or other of her houses. During the Turko-Russian war she sent him to look into the condition of the Bulgarian sufferers and to administer relief to them.

On his return he was stricken with illness, and his patroness became his kindly nurse. What wonder if the lad grew to love the gentle hand that soothed his fevered brow and the sympathetic heart that bade him cheer up and get well. If pity is akin to love, kindness, sympathy, encouragement, and admiration of another's personal qualities are also akin to it; and when the little spark is kindled which changes respect into attachment, attachment into affection, and affection into the union of spirit, which is love when it exists between man and woman, there is no reason for explaining such a marriage by any mean, selfish or mercenary motives.

Since this marriage, Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett-Burdett Coutts has not only been an attentive and affectionate husband, but an indefatigable administrator and promoter of his good wife's charitable enterprises. It would take a volume to recount those enterprises in their multitudinous extent. It must suffice to enumerate a few of them: For the fallen of her sex she founded a "home" of reformation and shelter at Shepherd's Bush. Hers was the plan which introduced sewing and household training to the English National Schools. Hers was the Spitalfields Sewing-school, for adult women; not only to be taught, but to be fed and provided with work, for which object Government contracts were undertaken and executed successfully. From this school nurses are supplied to the sick poor, and both medicine and comforts carried to them. Outfits are distributed to poor servants, and clothing to deserving women. In 1859 hundreds of destitute boys were fitted out for the Royal Navy and placed in industrial homes. A shoeblack brigade was established by the baroness as a sort of apprenticeship for service in the Army and Navy, as for other pursuits. In the severe Winter of 1861 the starving tanners of Bermondsey were aided by her, and at the same time she started the East London Weavers' Aid Association, by whose assistance many of the sufferers from decaying trade were enabled to emigrate to Queensland, Australia. One of the worst localities in the northeast end of London used to be called Nova Scotia Gardens, and was infested by bad characters. Lady, then Miss, Burdett Coutts purchased the property and erected upon it the model dwellings called Columbia Square, consisting of separate tenements, let at low weekly rentals to 200 families. Close to it is Columbia Market, one of the finest architectural ornaments of that part of London.



THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.—FOUNTAIN OF THE ARTS AND TRADES.—SEE PAGE 187.

In Victoria Park, one of the handsomest drinking-fountains in London, and a similar one, for both man and beast, near the entrance to the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, as well as the one near Columbia Market, were all erected at her cost. She presented a public fountain, also, to the City of Manchester, at the opening of which a grand reception was given to her by the

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Mayor and Corporation. When great distress prevailed in some parts of Scotland, some years ago, the same kind heart and hand gave a large sum to enable the starving families to emigrate to Australia. When the fishermen of Cape Clear, close to Skibbereen, in Ireland, were starving, she relieved them by assisting emigration, by establishing a depot for gratuitous food and clothing, and by a vessel, with the necessary tackle, to enable them to follow their chief means of livelihood, at a cost to her of £2,850. She has expended £100,000 in ameliorating the condition of the fishermen of Great Britain.

Lady Burdett Coutts assisted, most materially, the late Sir James Brooke, Rajah of Sarawak, in improving the condition of the natives, and a model farm is still entirely supported by her, on which they receive most valuable lessons in agriculture. In 1877, when the Turkish and Bulgarian peasantry were being driven from their homes by the Russians, Lady Burdett Coutts instituted the Turkish Compassionate Fund, by means of which nearly $150,000 in money and stores were forwarded to the British Ambassador for distribution among the homeless and starving.

A sincere member of the State Church of England, Lady Burdett Coutts has built many churches at her sole cost; among them St. Stephen's, Westminster, with its three schools and parsonage, and a church at Carlisle, besides founding, with a liberal endowment for bishops, churches, and clergymen, the Sees of Adelaide, in Australia; Cape Town, in Africa, and British Columbia, on the Pacific Coast. She supplied the cost of Sir Henry James's topographical survey of Jerusalem, and offered to restore the ancient aqueducts of Solomon to supply that city with water; a work which the British Government undertook, but did not perform. As possessor of the great tithes of the parish of old St. Pancras, the baroness, in 1877, laid out the churchyard as a garden for the neighboring poor, besides erecting a memorial sun-dial to its illustrious dead. Herself accomplished in several of the arts, she has been a liberal and discriminating patron of art, and has given generous aid to artists and needy professional and literary persons. Her hospitality is as diffuse as her charity. The beautiful grounds and gardens of her house at Highgate are thrown open constantly to thousands of schoolchildren, to their great delight.

In her physical health there is nothing to forbid the Baroness Burdett Coutts from living another quarter of a century. She is still a splendid horsewoman, a vigorous pedestrian, unvisited, in spite of princely banquets, by "the hag dyspepsia," and has a keen sense of vitality and enjoyment of life. She has not yet commenced to be an "old woman," and her panacea against the inroads of age is an infallible one—that of an unselfish and noble life.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

A SMALL portion of the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, set apart by order of Queen Elizabeth, and fitted up as a church for the use of the French Protestants, has been held by them to this day. For the purpose of repair, it recently became necessary to remove a portion of the floor of this little church and make certain excavations. Very soon a large number of pieces of exquisitely carved and molded stonework were brought to light, which once, without a doubt, formed parts of an elaborately executed shrine. They a recolored blue, vermilion and gold, and are finely wrought in the style of the middle of the fourteenth century. Many of the pieces are carved canopy work, very delicately executed, clearly showing that there were many such niches surrounding what must have been a splendid work of art. A small piece of a sculptured robe was found, belonging to an ecclesiastical figure, life-size, and in this a single pearl remains imbedded as one of the ornaments of the robe, showing how rich and elaborate the monument must have been in the days of its glory. From a careful inspection of these fragments, it is believed they agree in character with the remains known as the shrine of St. Dunstan, situated on the south side of the choir.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A GREAT MAN.

BONAPARTE had no faith in medicine. He spoke of it as an art entirely conjectural, and his opinion on this subject was fixed and incontrovertible. His vigorous mind rejected all but demonstrative proofs.

He had little memory for proper names, words or dates; but he had a wonderful recollection of facts and places. I remember that, on going from Paris to Toulon, he pointed out to me ten places calculated for great battles, and he never forgot them. They were memoranda of his first youthful journeys.

Bonaparte was insensible to the charms of poetic harmony (continues M. Bouriennes in his "Memoirs" of the great general). He had not even sufficient ear to feel the rhythm of poetry, and he never could recite a verse without violating the metre; yet the grand ideas of poetry charmed him. He absolutely worshiped Corneille; and, one day, after having witnessed a performance of "Cinna," he said to me: "If a man like Corneille were living in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I most admire, it is his powerful understanding, his vast knowledge of the human heart, and his profound policy."

At St. Helena he said that he would have made Corneille a prince; but at the time he spoke to me of Corneille he had no thought of making either princes or kings.

Gallantry to women was by no means a trait in Bonaparte's character. He seldom said anything agreeable to females, and he frequently addressed to them the rudest and most extraordinary remarks. To one he would say, "Heavens! how red your elbows are!" To another, "What an ugly headdress you have got!" At another time he would say, "Your dress is none of the cleanest. Do you ever change your gown? I have seen you in that twenty times!" Bonaparte, after he became emperor, said one day to the beautiful Duchesse de Chevreuse, in the presence of all the circle at the Tuileries: "Ah! that's droll enough; your hair—your hair is red!" "Perhaps it is, sire," replied the lady; "but this is the first time a man ever told me so." Madame de Chevreuse—whose hair was, on the contrary, a beautiful blonde—was shortly after exiled to Tours for having declined the office of maid of honor to the Queen of Spain.

He showed no mercy to any who displeased him on those points. He often gave Josephine directions about her toilet, and the exquisite taste for which she was distinguished might have helped to make him fastidious about the costume of other ladies. At first he looked to elegance above all things; at a later period he admired luxury and splendor; but he always required modesty. He frequently expressed his disapproval of the lownecked dresses which were so very much in fashion at the beginning of the Consulate.

Bonaparte did not love cards, and this was very fortunate for those who were invited to his parties; for when he was seated at a card-table, as he sometimes thought himself obliged to be, nothing could exceed the dullness of the drawing-room either at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. When, on the contrary, he walked about among the company, all were pleasant, for he usually spoke to everybody, though he preferred the conversation of men of science, especially those who had been with him in Egypt—as, for example, Monge and Berthollet, and with Lemercier, the author of "Agamemnon."

Bonaparte was seen to less advantage in a drawing-room than at the head of his troops. His military uniform became him much better than the handsomest dress of any other kind. His first trials of dress-coats were unfortunate. I have been informed that the first time he wore one he kept on his black cravat. This incongruity was remarked to him, and he replied: "So much the better; it leaves me something of a military air, and there is no harm in that."

THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.

By Lucy H. Hooper.

The return of the cholera has called the attention of the world at large to sanitary arrangements. The City of Paris found various defects in the almost perfect organization of that municipality. As far as cleaning, lighting and guarding the streets are concerned, the official arrangements are all admirable. So, too, has been considered the system for supplying the city with water, and many articles have been written in praise of this portion of the municipal administration of the French capital. One hot Summer availed to show defects in this vaunted organization. When the weather was at its hottest, when the streets were thick with dust, when the sewers and the gutters exhaled noisome odors under the scorching rays of a sun of tropical intensity—in a word, at the very moment when the parched and suffering city cried out for copious libations of water, the water-supply suddenly ran short. The gutters, no longer purified by plenteous streams, became choked and foul. The mouth of every sewer was as the unbarred opening of a den wherein there lurked a foe worse than a wild beast—namely, malaria.

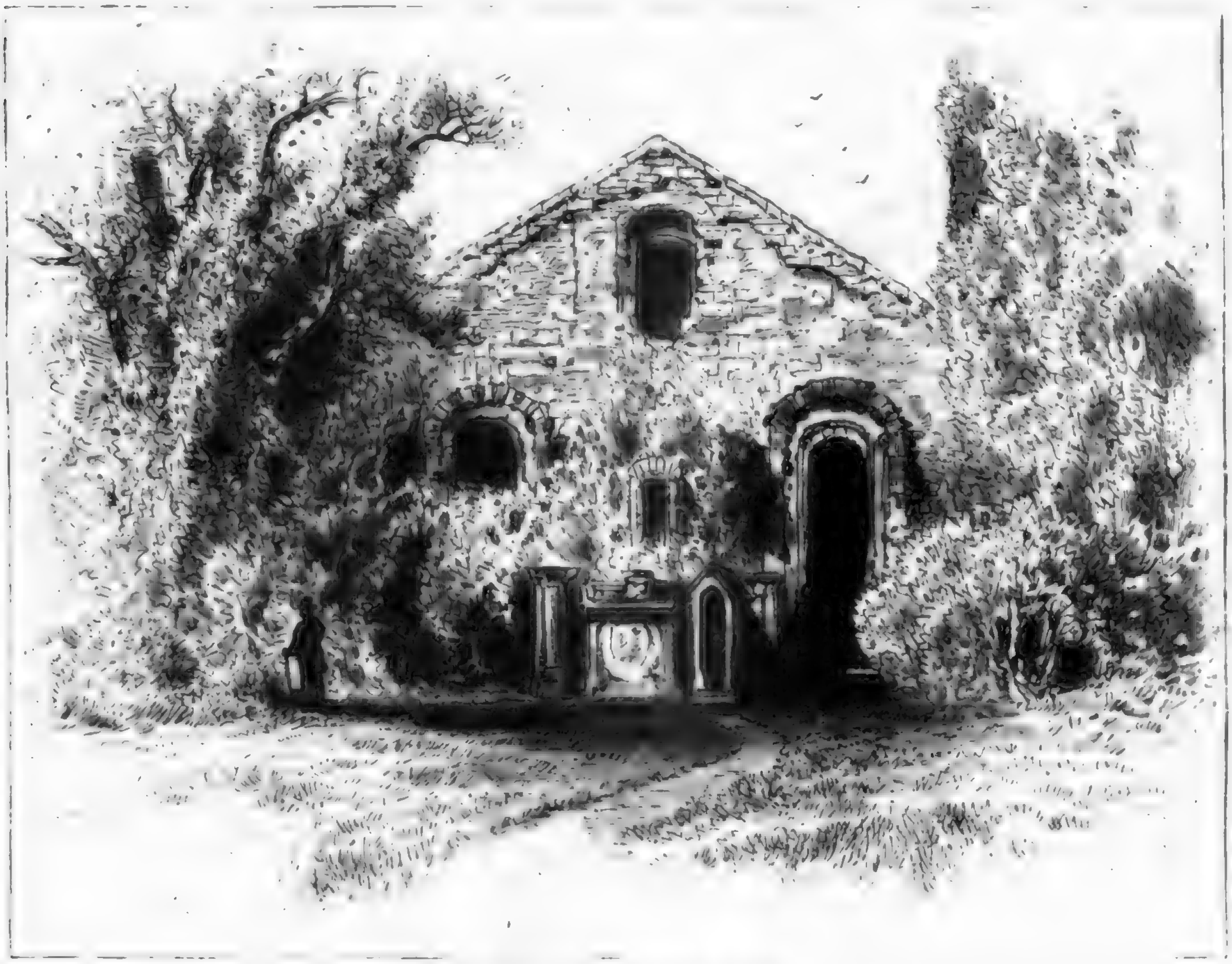
The Bois de Boulogne, usually the refuge for thousands of the Parisians during the warm weather, became totally unbearable, so thick and dense were the clouds of dust raised by the wheels of the carriages, and even by the feet of pedestrians. Pavement, or, rather, courtyard, washing was totally prohibited, and all persons were officially warned that unless great economy was displayed in the use of water, measures would be taken to allowance every individual to a certain fixed quantity of the precious fluid. These threats, and this alarm respecting the failure of the water-supply, have led people to look more carefully than they have heretofore done into the details of the water-service of Paris.

Now the Parisians are by no means wasteful of water as are the denizens of our American cities. They have not, it is true, as much opportunity, since their supply yields only an average of 150 quarts per inhabitant against 500 quarts, which is the New York average. But an average Parisian household does not consume one-third the amount of water that a New York, Philadelphia or Boston one of an equal social standing would consider indispensable. In the first place, Parisian houses contain no bathroom, if we may except those lordly hotels and splendid suites of apartments which are built for the accommodation of Parisian bankers and American millionaires; secondly, nobody drinks water who can possibly drink wine or beer; thirdly, by far the greater part of the laundry-work of the city is done on the banks of the Seine, or on those of some small suburban stream, so that the reservoirs of the city are not taxed to supply the water therefor. It is true that there are sixty-one fountains in the city, but none of these play continuously, and some of them, such as the great plume-like fountain at the Barrière du Trône, only send out their sparkling waters on *fête* days.

The watering of the streets is, indeed, an important and heavy tax on the city's resources. It is performed by the city water-carts, and by a series of odd little machines called "lances," each consisting of a series of sections of iron pipe, mounted on wheels, which serves as a hose. There are 300 of these lances in use for watering the streets. For the turf and flowers of the parks, gardens and avenues similar pipes are used, with their sides pierced with numerous small holes, so that the water issues forth, not in a drenching, crushing jet, as from the mouth of a hose, but in a fine spray. The water-carts supplement the good offices of the lances, and usually the fashionable quarters of Paris are as carefully swept and sprinkled as are the boards of the Grand Opéra on a ballet night.

There is a general impression amongst the strangers who visit Paris that all the water used in the city comes from the Seine, and that it is impure and pernicious to a frightful degree. This is a mistake. Only a small part of the water used for household purposes comes from that river. This is furnished by a steam-pump established at Chaillot. But the waters of distant rivers, rivulets and springs are brought to the city by aqueducts, and feed sixteen reservoirs, wherein the water is, so to speak, centralized before taking its definite departure through Paris. The principal rivers that supply these reservoirs are the Marne, the Ourcq, the Vanne, and the Dhuis. Two of the aqueducts (namely, those of Menilmontant and Arcueil) are marvels of constructive skill. These reservoirs are two stories in height, each story giving passage to the waters of a different river. That at Arcueil is the ancestor (or rather the senior) of all similar constructions in or near Paris. An aqueduct was originally constructed there by the Emperor Julian, to supply the baths in the Palace of Thermes, now the Hôtel Cluny, and some remains of the antique edifice are still standing. The present structure was built by Solomon de Brosse, by order of Marie de Medicis. It is in perfect preservation, and furnishes a million quarts of water daily. On some of its huge stones are still visible the figures engraved thereon by the workmen: a mallet, a chisel, a compass, the signatures, probably, of men who did not know how to write.

It must be confessed that some of the water supplied to Paris fully justifies the prejudices of the inhabitants against that fluid for drinking purposes. For instance, the waters of the Ourcq are brought into the city at La Villette. Before it enters its reserved channel, it is forced to pass through a grating of iron wire, a sort of gigantic strainer, fitting closely to the entrance of the canal. By this means the water is freed from the grosser forms of filth, such as dead animals, decayed vegetable matter, etc. In ordinary seasons these gratings are changed three times a day, but in the Autumn, when the leaves are falling, bands of workmen are stationed night and day to watch them, for they must be changed every half-hour, else the strong iron meshes would be swept away like a spider's web under the pressure of the ever-increasing accumulation. Nor is this all. The water, after passing through this canal, is accumulated in two great reservoirs at the angle of the Rue du Rocher and the Boulevard des Batignolles. These reservoirs are uncovered, and the near neighborhood of a railway station causes the surface of the water to be coated with a stratum of coal-dust and soot. Green scum also forms quickly there, and, in fact, so impure are the contents of these reservoirs that it is only by dint of emptying them and giving them a thorough cleansing once every three months that they are kept in anything like a decent condition. The water brought by steam-pumps from the Seine is so bad that more than one *savant* ascribes to its use the outbreaks of cholera that have so often brought death and terror to the city.

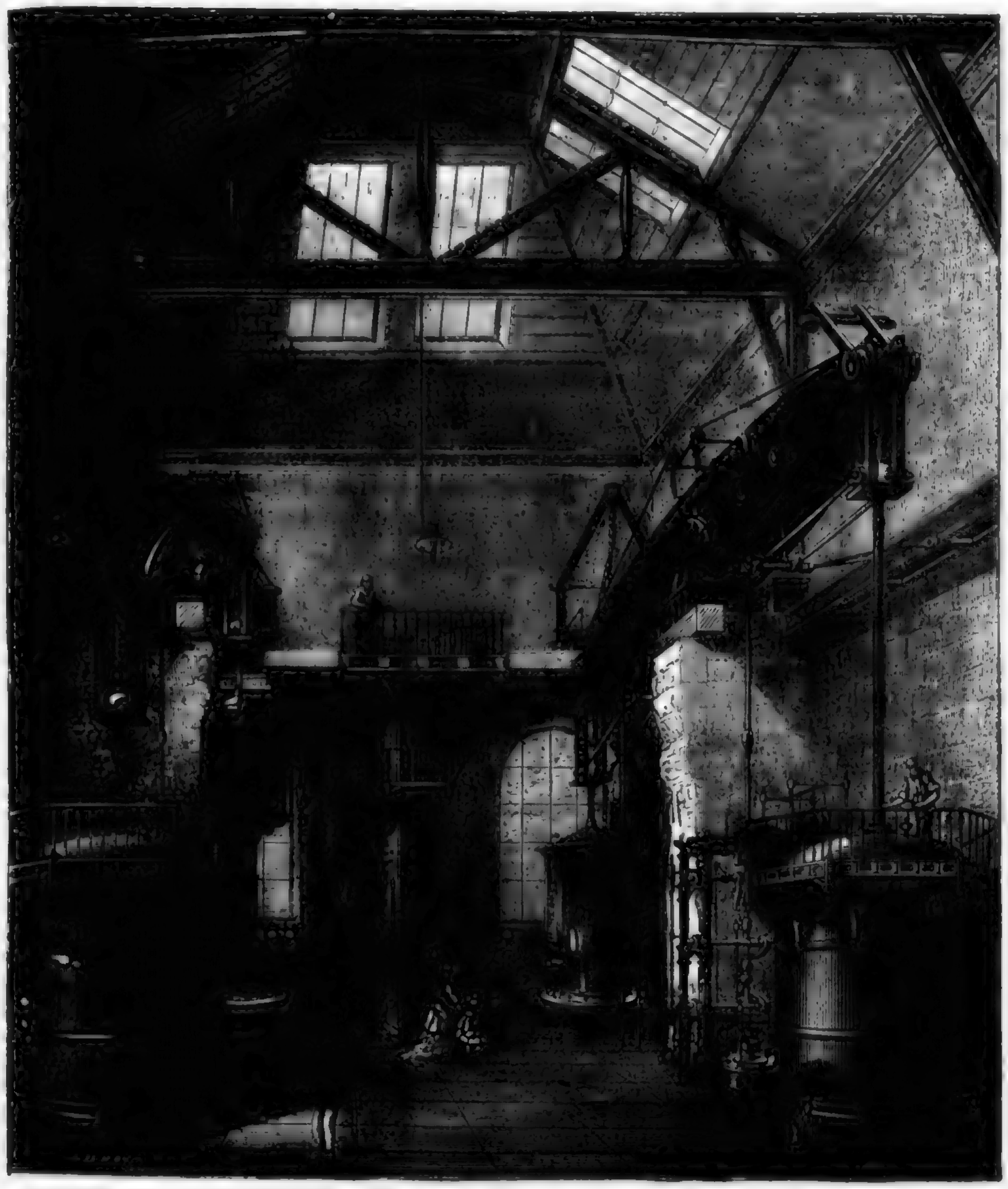


RUINS OF ROMAN THERMÆ AT PARIS.

In 1858 the cleansings of the cesspools were emptied into the Seine, the proportion of filth to the water pumped up for use being something over two per cent.

The waters of the Prés St. Gervais, which, in the reign of Louis XIII., formed the principal supply of the inhabitants of Paris, and which are derived from the springs and rivulets that lie to the north of the city, are now deemed unfit for household use, and are employed for the fountains and water-carts. The artesian wells give forth a pure, soft and palatable water, but nearly all the small wells of the city, of which there exist some thirty thousand, produce a water so impregnated with chalk and limestone as to be practically useless. During the siege of Paris two-thirds of these wells were cleaned out and put in order, in anticipation of the destruction of the chief aqueducts by the Prussians, but that threatened contingency never arrived.

One often sees appended to advertisements of apartments to let, the notification, "Water and gas on every floor." In any large city of the United States such an announcement would be wholly unnecessary. The advertiser might as well say that the house he had to let was furnished with a convenient staircase, and with its proper complement of windows and doors. But such is not the case in this city of luxury. Fully one-third of all its houses are without water. I do not mean by this assertion to convey the idea that are there merely no water-pipes to convey the useful fluid to the upper floors. I mean that, literally and simply, there are no water-pipes in the house at all. I live in such a house, and have been deterred from having water introduced into the suite of apartments I occupy by the expense of causing it to be brought from the street-main into the building. The water-supply for all the inhabitants of this mansion is derived from a hydrant in the courtyard. I pay my *concierge* $2.50 per month to carry up the water for our household uses. This is stored in a large, zinc-lined, upright chest, placed against the wall of our kitchen, and provided with an inside filter and two spigots. This may seem to be a very primitive method of proceeding, but in view of the fact that French plumbing is of the most wretched description possible, and that bursting pipes and leaky cisterns are of daily occurrence in the houses that do rejoice in the introduction of water, I am more than reconciled to the absence of what, in the United

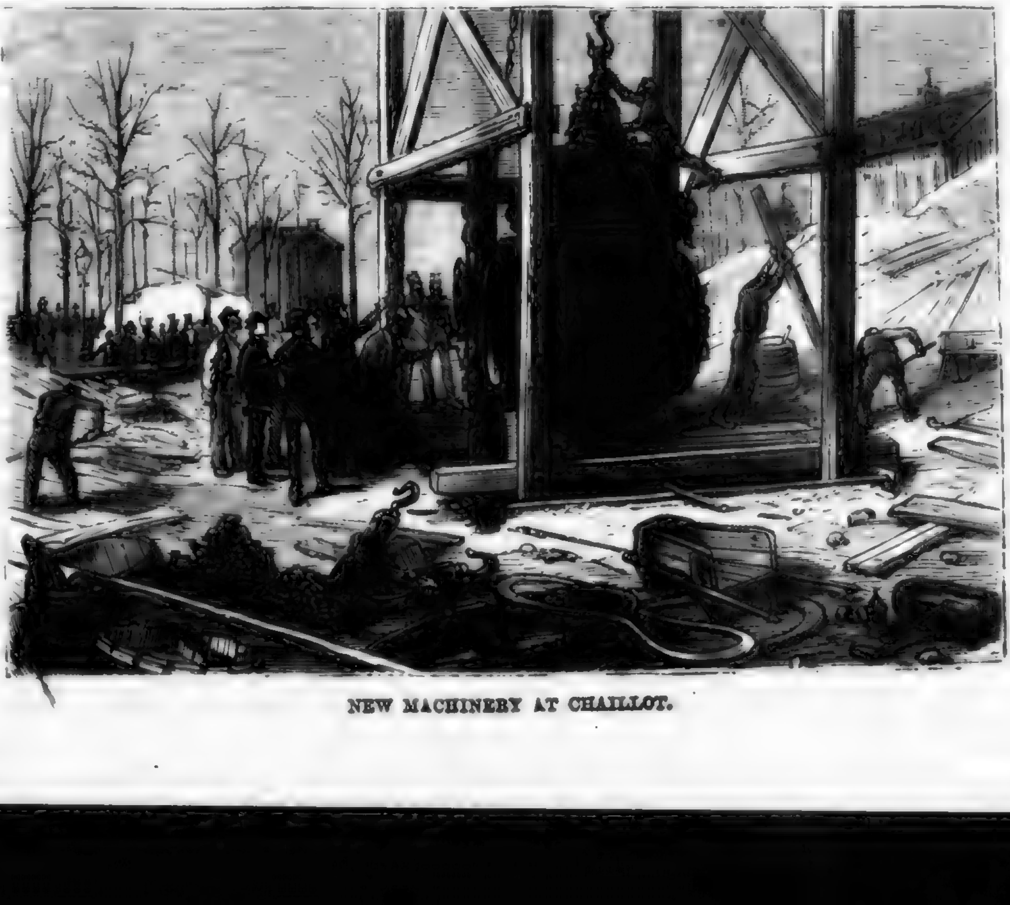


GREAT PUMP AT CHAILLOT.

States, I had deemed a matter of prime necessity. Moreover, during the recent severe Winters, the water-pipes froze and burst in the good, genuine home style, and my friends who rejoiced in the presence of water in their apartments were without any for weeks, while my patient *concierge* kept our household supplied just as usual. I would put up with any amount of trouble and inconvenience, and go to any expense possible, to enjoy the luxury of a bathroom as of yore, but such an installation would be impossible in the apartments that I at present inhabit. And for all other purposes our present source of supply is amply sufficient.

The poor of Paris are but ill provided for. There are only 208 public hydrants in the whole city, of which 170 are in the annexed zone and 38 in the city proper. Sir Richard Wallace bestowed on Paris the inestimable boon of 50 public fountains in bronze, each supplied with an iron goblet for drinking. In the first three months after their installation the number of goblets stolen amounted to 63! The city hydrants, used for the purposes of street watering and washing, used to send out a rushing stream for a certain space of time daily, and were much resorted to by the poor in quest of a supply of water. These hydrants have been replaced by simple orifices in the pavements, which, when not in use, are covered with a flat iron plate. The water escaping from these mouths necessarily becomes sullied and foul at once, by flowing over the pavement to the gutter; but it is no uncommon sight to see men and children bathing their heads and hands in the gutter itself, so soon as the flow has rendered this foul channel comparatively clean, and even women are to be seen there with pitchers, dipping up an unclean and precarious supply for household purposes.

At the commencement of the present century, the water subscriptions of the City of Paris amounted to $77. Five years later the sum paid in was $920, and in 1810 it



NEW MACHINERY AT CHAILLOT.

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had risen to $46,000. At present the product of these subscriptions amounts to $2,000,000. The city now imposes the condition of a water-concession on all those speculators who erect houses on bonds sold by the municipal authorities. Moreover, the exigencies of the American tenants, who occupy many of the costlier hôtels and apartments in the fashionable quarters of the city, have done much to popularize the introduction of water into these newly erected and sumptuous residences. The average Parisian landlord is the most avaricious and unaccommodating of created beings; but if he finds that water and gas are essential adjuncts to his new mansions, if he wishes to secure desirable tenants therefor, he will put them in. But in fact, as regards such familiar household arrangements seemingly so necessary for us, Paris would be a good abode for that pensive humorist who declared, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessaries."

THE LOVE-KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill—
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To gladfully, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

Oh, Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you
After the sun has dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

THE FAKEER'S CURSE.

By B. Montgomerie Ranking.

"You may talk till the Greek Kalends, Pullan, and you will get no other answer from me. I don't like the notion, and that's all about it!"

"And why, may I ask once more, my dear Harvey? For really you have not given us a single tangible reason as yet for your sudden objection."

"Well, you see, when we originated the scheme I agreed to leave all details to you and Sinclair—partly because you are older hands and know the ways of the country better, and partly, I honestly confess, to save myself bother. Then you came to me, both of you, with glowing descriptions of the capital site you have secured for the house, and it all sounded rosy enough; but hang it all, old man, you never told me till to-day that we had to pull down a tomb before we could dig the foundations! That's the idea that has set me against the whole thing, and I don't believe Sinclair more than half likes it, though the choice was partly his. Come now, Sinclair, confess!"

"It's maybe a thought uncanny, the breaking in upon a man's eternal rest," answered the young officer thus adjured, "but I'm not afraid of the spirits that walk in darkness, for my own part; and, if the worst come to the worst, we'll just lay them with a Gaelic curse or two. I'll go bail no heathen saint of them all would stand that, dead or living!"

"And after all," resumed Captain Pullan, "the whole thing is based upon the merest wild assumption—to wit, that a dirty old fakeer may, for once in his objectionable existence, have told the truth, in saying that the miserable mud hut is the tomb of some great Mohammedan saint. The fact is that old Sindbad, or whatever his name is, has got into the habit of wasting part of his time there every day, under pretense of doing *pooja*, and, as the old women say at home, "can't abide to be put about"—so he gets up this preposterous story, and immediately Harvey shies at the ghost."

"I don't fancy I care much more about ghosts than other fellows, if it comes to that," answered Lieutenant Harvey, reddening, but that's beside the question; what I dislike is moving dead men's bones in this happy-go-lucky sort of way. Come, Pullan, how would you like it, if a railway company were to cut through the mausoleum in your governor's park at Errington, and scatter the ashes of your ancestors to the four winds, because they wanted the place for a refreshment-room?"

"Oh, hang it all, you know, that's quite another thing! You can't compare a rubbishy Mohammedan tomb to an English gentleman's vault! Christian burial, you know, sanctity of the grave--all that sort of thing!"

"I fancy human beings have much the same feelings all the world over," answered Harvey, quietly.

"It isn't as if the apocryphal miracle-monger had people living about here whose feelings one could hurt," said the captain, rather testily. "So far as I can learn, nobody ever heard of him except old Mumbo Jumbo there. And I must say, old fellow, that it doesn't look very nice, your backing out of the affair, after letting Sinclair and me take all the trouble. Think it over again, and I'm sure you will see that we ask nothing but reason."

The scene of this conversation was a pleasantly lighted, cool room in a bungalow near Omarabad on the Ganges, the property at present of Dr. Sinclair of the 150th Hussars. The interlocutors were the doctor himself—a quiet, good-looking Scotchman of about six-and-thirty, not much given to talking; Captain Pullan, of the Bengal Cavalry, about the same age, and a fair specimen of the ordinary English gentleman; and Lieutenant Harvey—a fresh-looking fellow under thirty, in the same regiment as Pullan, with whom, as being both Dorsetshire men, he had contracted a strong friendship. The subject of their discussion may have been partly gathered from what has been recorded, but the plain facts were as follows:

Some little time before, Dr. Sinclair, taking some objection to his actual residence, had determined on leaving it, and the idea had been broached among the three allies that it would be a good plan to join forces and build a house of their own; this was agreed to *nem. con.* The only difficulty was the site, and to obviate this it was agreed that the captain and the doctor should look about for an eligible place, their younger comrade having, in a manner, undertaken to abide by their decision. After some little time the pair announced that they had discovered an almost ideal site; a plot of ground near the river, well furnished with fruit-trees, of fertile soil, and, although with a slope to the water which insured a wide and agreeable prospect, sufficiently high up to insure also immunity—except under almost miraculous circumstances—from any danger arising out of the sudden floods to which the Ganges is liable at certain seasons of the year. But there was one peculiarity about this newly discovered land of promise, which might be considered by some to constitute a somewhat ominous drawback. Nearly in the centre of the plot stood a tumbledown mud building little better than a hovel, to which there yet attached a certain amount of superstitious reverence amongst the surrounding native population, inasmuch as it marked, according to some dim, half-forgotten tradition, the last resting-place of a Moslem *santon*, or holy man, of former days. It is true that the peasants paid but little attention to the rickety shrine beyond judiciously shunning it after nightfall, because of the evil djinns who might reasonably be supposed to affect such a spot—but still they, in a conventional way, spoke of it as something out of the common. But if the mass of the neighbors slighted the sacred hovel, there was one, at least, who paid it a reverence almost equal to that with which he regarded the far-away, but sacred, places of Arabia—not an influential person, by any means, only an old fakeer.

He was a very old man; indeed, if you believed all that the peasants said—an act of credulity which would have justified your relations in instituting proceedings *de lunatico*—he might have fought under the standard of Beebee Chand herself. This fact, combined with a personal appearance which, if filth were a voucher for piety, might have authorized the canonization of an average English pig, together with habits of chronic mendicity and of rapt, immovable meditation, had surrounded the fakeer, in the eyes of the simple villagers, with a certain halo of awe and mystery. Nobody knew his name; he probably had at one time acknowledged a patronymic of some kind, but it had long since been lost amidst a crowd of appellations, reverently expressive of his saintly attributes. In appearance he was singularly like an elderly baboon, with a dry, withered, puckered face, out of which two piercing black eyes looked so cunningly, his long, lean, sinewy arms, and his shambling gait. Apparently he would have been a man of great and commanding stature if he had stood upright—but he never did.

Now, the news of the proposed sale had, in the course of events, come to this worthy, and he was understood to have darkly hinted at the probable occurrence of unpleasant consequences to the intending purchasers, in the event of the transaction being completed. So to return to our story.

The further discussion proposed by Captain Pullan took place, and, as might almost have been foretold with safety, Harvey consented to waive his scruples, partly from a chivalrous feeling of disinclination to wound the susceptibilities of his more energetic friends, partly from a strange sense of fatality for which he himself found it impossible to account. He would have shrunk like a schoolboy from exposing his superstition—if you please to call it so; it was before the days of *Karma*—to the good-natured raillery of Pullan, but confided to the more amenable Scotsman that he felt as if the hand of destiny were on them. Whereat Dr. Sinclair looked graver for a moment, muttered something in Gaelic, and then broke, rather boisterously, into the opening verse of "The Stewarts' March."

So, in the early part of the year 187-, the bargain was struck, and the new proprietors of the ground lost no time in carrying out their prospective arrangements. The foundations were begun at once, and, in due course, the workmen arrived at the dilapidated shrine and proceeded to level it with the ground. Nothing worse was found in it than a few bewildered bats, and a couple of particularly malignant-looking cobras, who were promptly joined in the lasting bonds of death. The digging began, whilst Pullan, Sinclair, and Harvey superintended the proceedings—not without a certain uncomfortable feeling now that the thing was actually done. The required depth had been nearly reached, when one of the excavators struck his mattock against something, and, stooping down to remove the obstacle with his hands, rose up with a face of blank dismay and handed the treasure-trove up to his employers.

It was a human skull.

Pullan, more than half in bravado, caught it, and was just beginning a burlesque of *Hamlet* with the skull of *Yorick*, when the whole party were electrified to silence by a sonorous voice behind them, exclaiming in the native tongue—"Hold!"

Instinctively all turned round, where, to their amazement, stood the fakeer, drawn up to the full height of his stature, his white hair and beard floating, and fury blazing in his eyes, as he stretched out one lean arm in denunciation, and spoke in the cold, measured tones of concentrated passion:

"So, children of Sheitan! ye have done the deed—the grave of the holy is defiled, and infidels make a mock at his bones! Go on then, build your house of Eblis, eat, drink and be merry; but know that both you and your house are accursed! From the day the last stone is laid there shall not twelve moons wax and wane before each one of you shall meet suddenly with his end; and on the day when the last of you gasps out his breath the house in which you boasted shall be destroyed, even as the tree that the lightning shatters!"

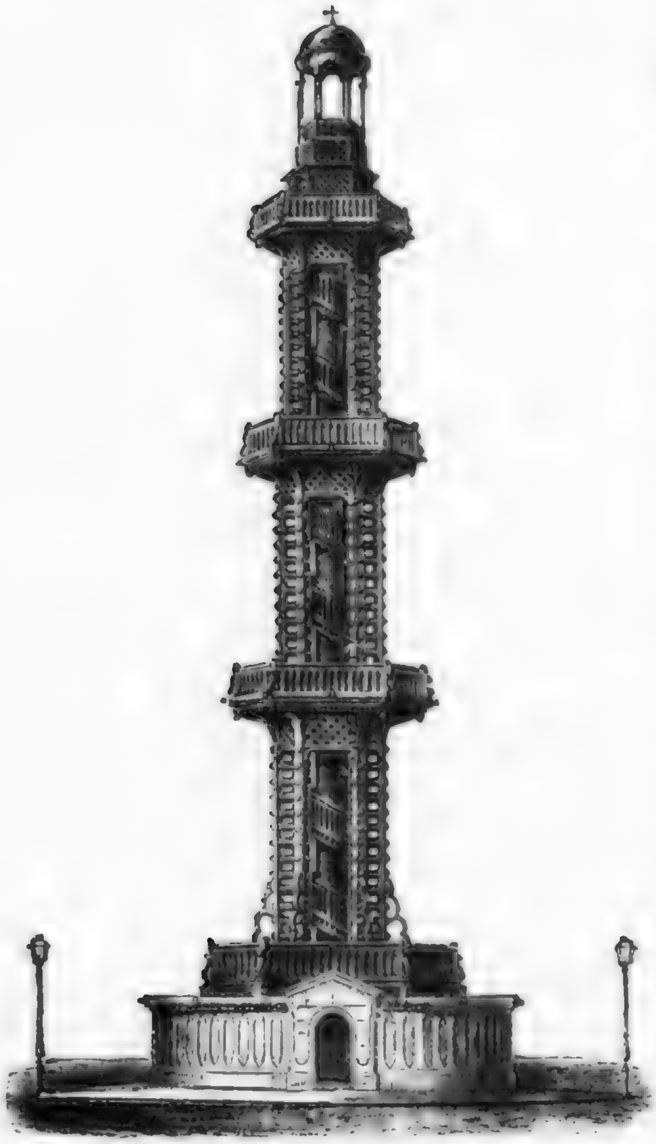
With that he snatched the skull from Pullan's hold, and stalked off, leaving his hearers sorely amazed, and, if truth must be told, not a little disturbed in mind.

However, the building went steadily on, and by the time the house was ready for their occupation all three were prepared to enjoy its comforts, and remembered the old fakeer's curse—if they ever thought of it at all—only to smile at its impotent fury.

* * * * * *

Nine months had passed since the trio had entered upon their new abode.

XUM



THE WATER-SUPPLY OF PARIS.—TOWER OF THE ARTESIAN WELL, GRENELLE.—SEE PAGE 187.

"Have you fellows heard about poor Harvey ?" breathlessly inquired Captain Jones, bursting in upon a convivial party. "Killed at polo this afternoon—pony fell with him, and kicked him in the head trying to get up. Only lived about an hour, I hear."

"Good God !" exclaimed one of the guests. "What will Pullan say when he comes back from leave ?"

"Pullan will say nothing," said a quiet, dark-faced man. "Harvey has told him by this time, if the *padres* are to be believed. I heard this morning from his brother that he broke his neck, out pig-sticking, ten days ago."

"Poor Sinclair !" said somebody, and the party soon broke up.

There is little more to add.

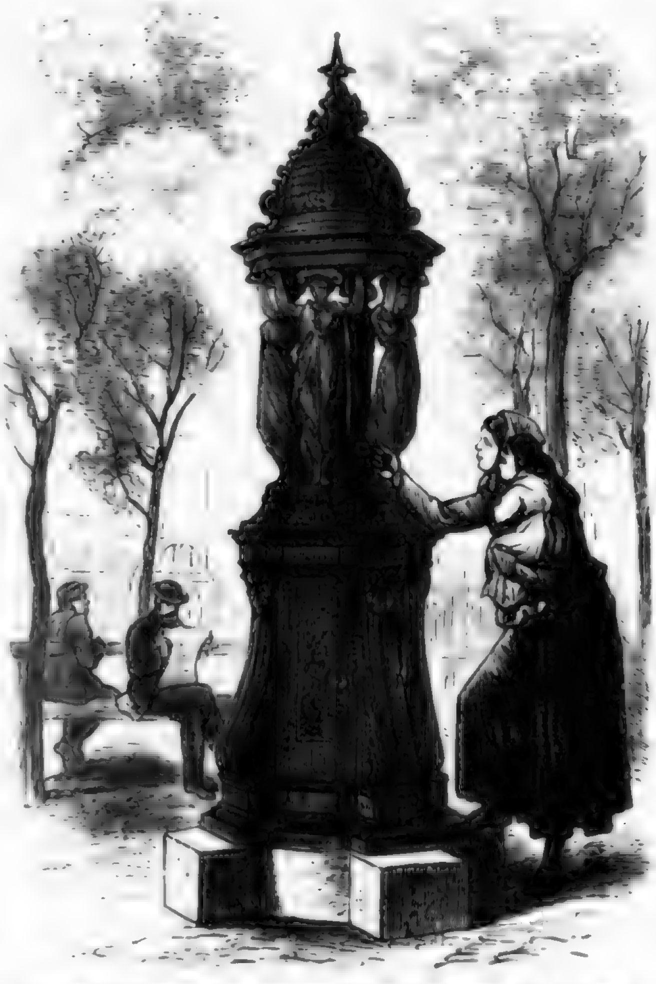
Within six weeks from that day, Dr. Sinclair, whilst bathing in the Ganges, was seized with cramp, and drowned before anybody could come to his aid. And on the very night of his death there burst over the province such a storm as even the tropics but rarely witness—a storm which sent the most thoughtless and reckless to their prayers, as they listened trembling to the crash of the elements. And ever, above the howling of the wind and the hiss of the rain, they heard between the thunder-peals a low angry roar that told how the mighty Ganges was rising in its fury, to burst its banks and spread desolation far and wide.

When the blue, serene morning after the tempest broke upon the scene, the river showed one wide, lake-like expanse, though the waters were subsiding almost as fast as they had risen. But of the house which the fakeer had cursed, no minutest trace remained—all was swept away by the conquering stream.

People generally to whose ears the story came said that it was "a curious coincidence."

A French authority gives the following recipe for transparent cement. The advantage claimed is absence of the slightest yellow tinge, so that the addition of the cement is imperceptible, while it possesses an extreme degree of tenacity : Mix in a well-stoppered bottle ten drachms of chloroform with twelve and one-half drachms of non-vulcanized caoutchouc in small pieces. The solution is easily effected, and when finished add two and one-half drachms of mastic, and let the whole macerate from eight to ten days, shaking the mixture from time to time, but without heat. A perfectly white and very adhesive cement is thus produced.

The word "spinster" has not always been confined in its application to unmarried women, as is generally taught in grammars. In the time of Elizabeth the term was applied, in addition to their married style, to wives and widows. A charge of non-attendance at church is reported to have been brought against the Catholic wife of Mr. Petre, of Thorndon Hall, and she is referred to in the indictment as "Maria Domina Petre, spinster, alias dicta Maria Domina Petre, uxor Johannes Petre." It would seem that the word formed a convenient designation for all women who occupied their time with domestic avocations.



DRINKING-FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PARIS BY SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

DAUGHTERS OF CAIN.

BY

ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED).

LISPENARD had been greatly agitated in the last few hours. Now the solitary silence of his drawing-room oppressed him heavily. The log fire, snapping under the oak mantel, shone on the placques of Kashee ware, and the vases wrought in open designs of brass, that filled a niche in the oak.

Lispenard sat down with his feet in a Kurdistân rug, and his great shoulders outlined against a splendid piece of Florentine embroidery that was carelessly flung upon the carved back of his chair. He looked pale and worn, and unspeakably dejected. Even his grand piano could not charm him to-night.

"I know what is keeping you at the Dale; it is that girl Mignon!"

Nina Berkely's jealous words still sounded in his ears, and sent the blood plunging in great painful throbs through his heart. Alas! his miserable secret was not his own. To be near her, to breathe the same air that she breathed, to look at the spot where she dwelt, to catch far-off glimpses of her across the intervening river, even though he no longer dared to trust himself in her presence, others beside himself knew that these things now constituted the sum total of Abel Lispenard's earthly happiness.

A French clock on the mantel ticked the moments away. A burnt brand fell, with a thud, to the hearth. As he sat in deep thought, with gaze fixed on the fire, a velvet *portière* near him was pushed suddenly back, and there, on his threshold—could he believe his own eyes?—like a bird blown in by some fierce tempest, stood Mignon herself, colorless as if in great distress, yellow hair in disorder, brown eyes filled with terror and dismay. Yes, Mignon there, at that hour, and all alone!

Lispenard started to his feet. An involuntary cry broke from his lips.

"*You!*"

She came straight into the room, breathless as a hunted creature.

"Oh, Mr. Lispenard, save me!" she implored.

It was not a time for many words. He drew her down to a seat.

"Try to tell me what has happened," he said.

She told him, looking the while fearfully over her shoulder, as though she expected to see her unworthy kinsman following in pursuit.

"To whom could I come but to you?" shivered the fugitive. "They are *afraid* of you; you have power over them; you can hold them at bay. And you are good and noble. Aunt Elinor esteemed and trusted you above all men." She made a pitiful attempt to smile. "Could any one be in a worse plight? I have no friends, no refuge, and sooner than return to Rookwood, I will leap into the river."

She had cast herself upon his protection. He leaned silently against the oak mantel. A terrible temptation assailed the man. His great chest heaved to the mad throbs of his heart. He turned and looked at her in her maddening young beauty.

"I can save you from your kindred, Mignon; I can legally protect you, but only in one way," he said.

"And that?" wildly.

"Is—marriage. Your uncle claims you as his ward. He has not gone so far but that the news of your flight will overtake him, and bring him immediately back to Rookwood. It is quite true—they fear me over there, and, in one sense, I have them in my power. Take my name, Mignon—become my wife! In no other way can I shelter you here—surely you see this yourself—in no other way can I baffle your enemies."

He expected to see her shrink in terror; but she did nothing of the kind. He was trembling through all his strong, misshapen body, but she sat white and still as a marble creature. Only her brown eyes assumed a curious, wondering look. There was a moment of silence; then she arose, tall and beautiful, on the Kurdistân rug.

"You ask me to become your wife?" she said, calmly.

"Yes; immediately—this very night—this very hour! There is not a moment to lose."

"Very well," answered Mignon Vye; "I will marry you, Mr. Lispenard, at any time!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW THEY MET.

IN a dejected frame of mind Esther pursued her long and wearisome journey westward. Her heart misgave her when she thought of her father. There was no mutual love betwixt the two. How would Gilbert Vye receive her at Happy Valley? Not with pleasure, surely, unless the sealed message which Aunt Deb had intrusted to her care should have some soothing effect upon his temper. When Esther considered that he had never attempted to find her after her flight from Rookwood, or to hold any communication with her, her spirits fell. She began to distrust Aunt Deb's judgment, and the wisdom of the mysterious errand upon which she had been sent.

She had taken the precaution to write to Gilbert Vye in advance, and beg him to meet her at Diamond City, the railway terminus, forty miles from Happy Valley. Would he heed the request?

Throughout her journey she was haunted by lively apprehensions on this subject, and when she reached the terminus she found they had not been in vain. No Gilbert Vye was there.

It was a dreary Autumn day. Esther took refuge in the Diamond Hotel, an ugly frame building, with a bar that seemed to be ceaselessly patronized by the male element of this rough mining town. She inquired of the landlord if there was a gentleman named Vye among his guests.

"No, miss," answered the man, "never heard of such a party."

"He is my father. I had hoped to find him waiting for me here," explained Esther. "He lives on a ranch in the township of Happy Valley."

"You don't say! I'm something of a stranger in these parts myself—come from Vermont. Haven't been at the mines but a few weeks. I'm blessed if I know where Happy Valley is. Your dad hasn't shown himself yet; but you'd better wait a spell. He'll be sure to turn up."

The rain poured in torrents, the mud was deep in the miserable streets of Diamond City. Esther concluded to wait that day at the hotel, and if Gilbert Vye failed to appear to go on alone to Happy Valley by the stage that left Diamond City just before nightfall. Thus far no one had molested her on her journey or made her afraid.

She spent the dreary day in fruitless waiting. From the window of the hotel she looked out on a street filled with log huts, canvas tents and board shanties. Every other door seemed to open into a saloon. As the dark drew on, sooty oil-lamps began to flare weakly out in the reeking barrooms. There was one across the way in which dice were rattling. She could even hear the call of the dealers. A brawl was going on there, too, and shots were flying across the billiard-tables. Pack mules and Mexican donkeys, laden with tools and provisions for distant mining camps, passed along the street. A swart rider, in flannel clothes and battered sombrero, with a bright-barreled Winchester swung across his high-pommeled saddle, rode by through the wet. After him came a miner on a shaggy burro, so small that the man's heels almost touched the ground.

Oh, where was Gilbert Vye? Plainly he did not mean to meet her! She summoned the landlord at last, and bade him secure a seat for her in the evening stage for Happy Valley.

The sitting-room of the hotel had been given over to the exclusive use of the handsome young lady from the East. An hour before starting-time, as Esther sat before the fire taking a solitary cup of tea, the landlord tapped at the door.

"There's a gent outside who has come to the terminus to meet a lady from the East," he announced. "It ain't your father, miss," with a broad grin; "but maybe it's somebody he's sent."

"Will you ask him to come in?" said Esther, with a throb of painful suspense. She arose in haste to receive her visitor.

XUM

He entered—his handsome figure splashed with the mud of a long, hard ride, his military overcoat dripping with wet. It was Victor Shirlaw.

Both stood petrified with amazement; then Shirlaw reeled back a step.

"*Esther!*"

She grew rigid and forbidding.

"It is not possible that *you* have been sent to meet me?" she said, sharply.

He grew red, then pale.

"Certainly not," he stammered; "this is some mistake of the landlord. I came to meet my sister, who is to spend the Winter with me at my frontier post. She wrote that she would probably arrive in Diamond City to-day. But you—what has brought you to Colorado, Esther?"

"Pardon me, if I decline to enter into explanations," answered Esther, coldly.

The light of the oil lamp shone on them both. He looked older, graver than when she had last seen him at Rookwood. She stood up splendid, repellent, unapproachable. Some sudden panic seemed to seize Shirlaw.

"I understand!" he stammered; "you have come out here to join your father—you expect him to meet you at this place! Yes, it must be so! Lispenard wrote me that Gilvert Vye had—ah—returned West. Oh, this is frightful!"

She stared in cold surprise.

"You agitate yourself needlessly, Captain Shirlaw. My plans, present or future, cannot concern you in the least."

The alarm in his bonny face did not subside.

"True—too true!" he answered, bitterly, "and yet I cannot refrain from warning you, when I find you in danger. That day, when I saved you from self-destruction at Rookwood, you vowed to hate me always, Esther—how well you have kept your word! If you *have* come West to seek a home with your father, take my advice—the advice of one who has your safety close at heart, and turn back without delay—turn back, before you either see Gilbert Vye, or hear of him!"

He was laboring under a great disadvantage, and he knew it. By the flash in her eyes, by the curl of her lip, he saw that she resented his interference.

"Don't be angry with me, Esther—Miss Vye," he entreated, humbly, "and do believe that I am not prying into your affairs—that it is not curiosity which urges me to question you. You are alone in a strange place. You may be rushing unconsciously into great danger—be warned in time."

She smiled, ironically. Time had not softened her heart toward Mignon's false lover.

"You evidently are no friend of my father. Perhaps your heartless desertion of Mignon put enmity betwixt you two."

"It was better to desert Mignon than to marry her without love," replied Shirlaw, gloomily, evasively. "How can I frame my fears in proper and effective words, Esther? It is not *safe* for you to put yourself in your father's care—you cannot trust your father! Don't look at me like that. You see he is not here to meet you to-day—he dare not show himself in Diamond City. Both you and Mignon are ignorant of many, many things in Gilbert Vye's life. I beg—I entreat you to be careful what you do, Esther!"

"I cannot trust my father!" she echoed, indignantly. "He dare not meet me at Diamond City! These are strange charges! Pray, what has he done?"

"It is quite impossible for me to tell you!" groaned Shirlaw.

"You are vague and incoherent!" she sneered. "Can I trust *you?*—I think not! I have not come to seek a home in the West, but simply to accomplish a mission for another party. When that is done, I shall return to Massachusetts—more than this, I decline to say."

He looked relieved, but unsatisfied.

"You repulse my attempts to win your confidence," he sighed. "You will not allow me to befriend you. I see that you are implacable. You have been cherishing anger against me since that unhappy night at Rookwood."

"On the contrary," she answered, with cold indifference, "I have not given you a single thought."

He colored with pain and mortification. They stood in that bare room, she pale and disdainful, he flushed and shaken; his cap in his hand, the wet dripping off his military cloak, and making tiny pools on the bare boards of the floor. On his long ride through silver-blue sagebrush, and swirling yellow streams, and the deep, tenacious mud of the wide trail, Victor Shirlaw had little dreamed that he was hastening to meet again this woman, whose fatal beauty still overpowered him like a delirium—this woman whom he had never thought to see more. And the unexpected interview seemed likely to be a most unpleasant one.

"You have not given me a thought?" he repeated; "cruel words, Esther, for your image, from the hour of our wretched parting, has never been absent from my eyes, nor your memory from my mind."

She made an impatient gesture.

"Then it is time for you to cease from such folly, Captain Shirlaw—it offends me deeply; I have neither pity nor respect for it."

"I do not seek your pity, Esther! I know beyond a doubt that you are not for me; but," defiantly, "you cannot hinder me from loving you till I die!"

She leaned against the table, thrilling with despair and shame.

"Oh," she cried, "this is an insult greater than I can bear!"

"Is it an insult," he answered, indignantly, "for a man to ask the love of a woman? to offer her all that is best and noblest in himself? to love her faithfully, and with all the strength and power of his being?"

"Yes," she answered, "the deadliest of insults, when the woman is already married."

He staggered back, and stared blankly.

"You force me to tell you my secret," she cried. "I am a wife—I was a wife when I first saw you at Rookwood!"

There was a moment of silence. She would not look at him. She felt, rather than saw, that his handsome face had grown gray and strange.

"And did you love your husband then?" he asked, at last.

"Yes."

"Do you love him still?"

"More than my own soul, Captain Shirlaw!"

"I see now why you were so cold," he muttered; "so insensible to all my passion. I also see that your marriage must have been a most unhappy one."

She was silent, but her face told him that he had guessed well.

"Married or single, it is the same, after all," he continued, sadly. "You are as far from me, in either case, as pole from pole. A fact that might be an insuperable barrier to happy love, cannot affect a passion that has grown only in the atmosphere of discouragement and despair."

"Now that you know the truth, Captain Shirlaw," said Esther, "I beg you will leave me, and come near me no more."

"Leave you in this place—*alone?*" he cried. "There is a love that serves for selfish reward—there is another that can serve for love's sake only; believe me, mine is of the latter kind. May I not offer, and can you not accept, my help, my protection, Esther?"

"No," she answered, firmly; "I need neither. I must repeat the request that I have already made—leave me!"

He retreated toward the door.

"Heaven forbid that I should, in any place, or under any circumstances, disregard a known wish of yours! Since you will have it so—farewell!"

He made her a deep bow, and went out, closing the door after him.

In a state of sore perplexity Esther stood in the meagre sitting-room. Shirlaw's words concerning Gilbert Vye disturbed her greatly. Should she heed his warning, and return at once to Aunt Deb—return, with her errand undone? No, that could not be. The stage had already appeared at the door of the hotel—a hundred protesting voices could not hold her back from Happy Valley now. She paid her bill and made ready to depart. Shirlaw had vanished. The good-natured landlord escorted her to the coach-door, and held it open for her to enter.

"I wish you a safe journey, miss," he said; "you are going in good company."

She looked around and saw that she had the whole vehicle to herself.

"Am I to be the sole passenger on this night-ride?" she asked.

"Oh, no, miss," said the landlord, with a grin; "there are others bound the same way, and I reckon they'll be able to keep you from harm."

The driver came stalking out of the bar-room, smacking his lips, significantly. He was covered with oilskin to protect him from the wet. He climbed to his seat and gathered up the reins, but the horses remained motionless. From the bar-room a voice called after him, derisively:

"Look out for your dust to-night, pard. Black Dave's been heard of along your road, and he shows no mercy to drivers."

Jehu gave a chuckling laugh.

"Black Dave!" he answered, there above Esther's head, "I'm blessed if he ain't the very chap I'm hoping to see to-night! I'd rather meet him than my own father."

A moment after a man entered the stage and took a seat beside Esther. Another and another followed, and still others, silently, unobtrusively, until the coach was entirely filled. They were quiet-looking fellows, dressed very much alike in rough coats and well-worn sombreros. As the last of the number stepped into the vehicle, his rough coat accidentally blew back, and under it Esther saw a belt stuck with a bowie-knife and a pair of six-shooters.

It was for these men that Jehu had been waiting. He now cracked his whip, and off started the horses through the mud and wet on the long journey of forty miles south.

A pang of misgiving thrilled through Esther, as she glanced around the stage. In this company of strange, armed men, with none of her own sex by, she was to travel to Happy Valley. At the corner of the muddy, twilight street, a group of idlers stood in some sort of consultation. As the stage rattled by, they lifted their voices, and called after it:

"The road-agents are out again. Keep a right smart grip on your buckskin wallets, gentlemen! You'll be shorn like sheep if Dave crosses your way to-night!"

The men inside the coach exchanged glances, and the one nearest Esther said to her, quietly:

"Beg pardon, ma'am—it's a pity you're aboard this stage. But don't you be afraid—we'll do the best we can to take care of you!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AT THE TOWER.

"I PRONOUNCE you man and wife! What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Mignon heard the voice of the clergyman as one hears sounds in a dream. It was over; she was the wife of Abel Lispenard.

All had been done—license procured and clergyman summoned with the utmost dispatch. The French clock on the mantel was now pointing to the hour of one, and the sleepy, wondering divine, who had been called from his bed to tie the matrimonial knot, bestowed his blessing on this new union of Beauty and the Beast and departed, a sadly mystified and perplexed man.

Abel Lispenard looked at his bride.

"At least, I have saved you from the Vyes," he said.

Her hand slipped from his hold.

"Yes," she answered. Then something within her seemed suddenly to give way. The strain on her physical strength had been great. She groped toward the nearest chair and fell into it, half unconscious.

The next that she knew Lispenard was holding a glass of wine to her lips.

"My poor child!" she heard him sigh; "my poor, poor child!"

Then he stepped forward and rang the bell. A middle-aged servant answered it.

"Molly, take care of your new mistress," he said, shortly, "she is quite worn out."

Mignon arose, with the woman's assistance, and went away to a chamber in the tower.

"Let me rest—only let me rest," she sobbed, and she cast herself down upon the luxurious bed, and, utterly exhausted, fell into a deep sleep.

And in the room below, where the log fire had grown dull under the oak mantel, Abel Lispenard sat, till morning turned the East ruddy, and the hearth became a gray cavern of ashes. Haggard, silent and absorbed, the bridegroom sat there, while in the chamber overhead his bride slept on as unconscious as the dead.

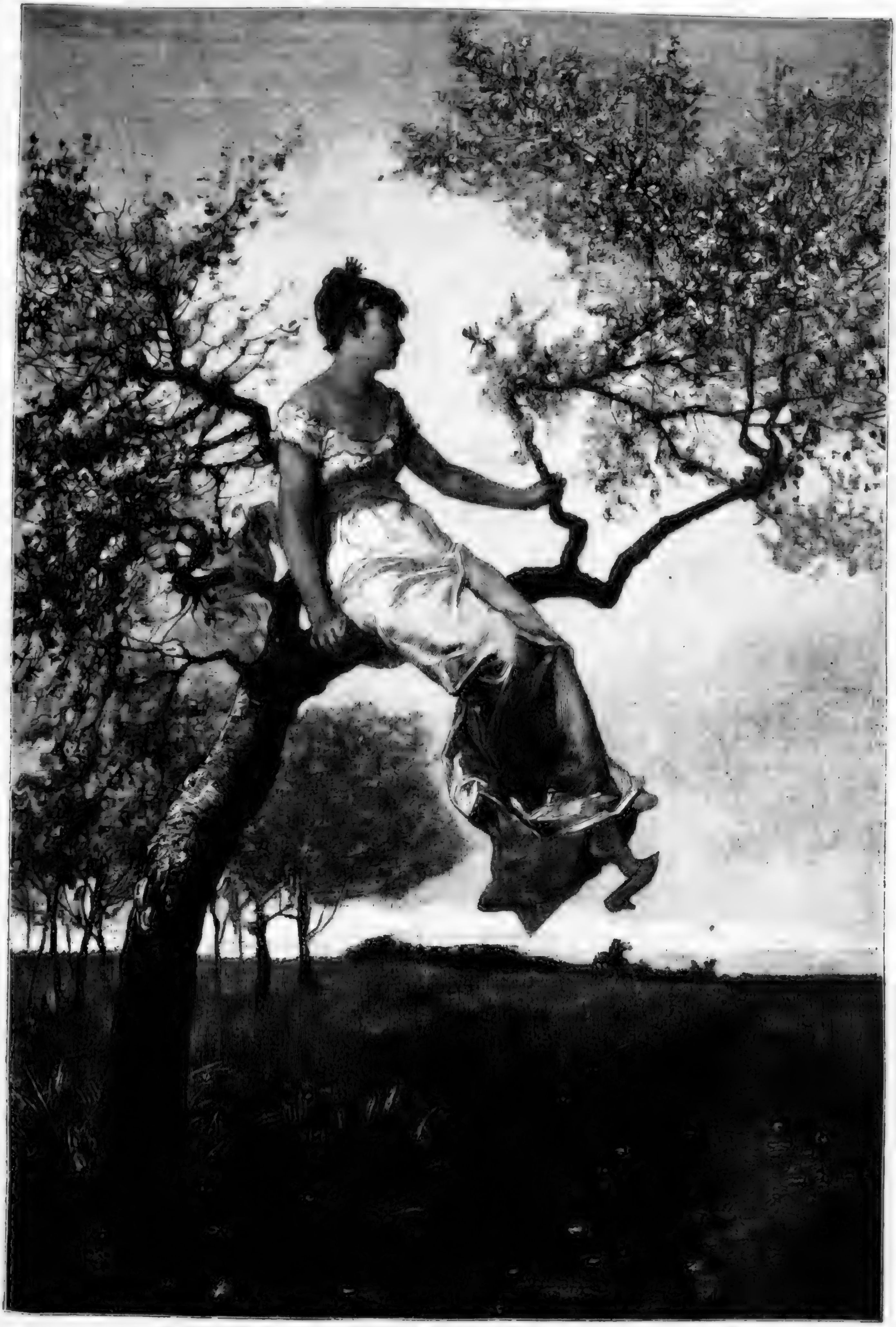
Had he acted wisely? Had he taken any undue advantage of the girl's forlorn condition? It was too late to ask such questions now. She was his wife—won unfairly, perhaps—won without even the mention of such a word as love; but still his wife, to have and to keep, till death should part them!

He went through the form of breakfast alone, conscious that his servants were watching him curiously, then he descended to his frosty garden, and rowed across the river to Rookwood.

The door of the old house was opened to him by Philip Vye himself—Philip Vye, who had arrived on the first train from town, and who looked greatly ruffled and alarmed.

"I bring you news of your niece," said Lispenard, as he followed the lawyer to his library.

Vye turned sharply upon him. "Ha!"



AMONG THE APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

"You will find her at my tower just across the river. She was married to me last night, after her flight from Rookwood."

If a bomb had burst in the room Philip Vye could not have been more astounded. It was some minutes before he regained his speech.

"I am gratified that my niece has made so brilliant a match." He then stammered: "I congratulate you—I congratulate Mignon! I need not speak of the extreme fitness of the marriage"—with an ironical smile—"everybody must see that at once."

The hot blood flew into Lispenard's face and out again. He was dumb.

"Mignon is only seventeen, and handsome as a picture," continued Philip Vye; "but never mind. You have money, and that is all-sufficient. I have nothing more to say—indeed, it is little that I *can* say under present circumstances—you are the master of the situation," biting his lips. "I will see that Mrs. Lispenard's possessions are sent across the river without delay."

"Doubtless you know the outrageous circumstances which forced your niece to leave Rookwood," said Lispenard, sternly. "Your son has probably told you all that."

Philip Vye coughed in a confused way.

"Yes, and I confess that Cyril's unlucky passion for his cousin has led him into some very gross errors of judgment."

"Errors of judgment!" echoed Lispenard, in a withering tone; "is that the term you apply to his conduct? One word about yourself, Philip Vye! You have lent a passive aid to Cyril's infamous plots against Mignon; you have withheld the protection which you should, in common decency, have given to your brother's daughter, and you are, like your son, a contemptible scoundrel!"

The lawyer's cold, gray face became suddenly suffused, but he choked down his temper as best he could.

"I dare not quarrel with you, Lispenard. Plainly my niece has found that which she may have lacked before—a zealous protector."

"She has, indeed!"

"And," with an apprehensive ring in his voice, "perhaps an avenger also. You mean mischief?"

"Precisely!"

"Ha! am I to receive no further consideration at your hands?"

"None. I tell you frankly that I shall press my claims upon you—and you know what they are!—immediately, and to the utmost!"

"Would you ruin me, Lispenard—me, whose firm friend you have been till this hour?"

Lispenard's eyes glowed fiercely.

"There can be no further talk of friendship betwixt you and me, Philip Vye."

The lawyer fell into the nearest chair.

"Spare me!"

"It is too late. Did you spare Mignon?"

"That jade! She has transformed my chief friend into a determined enemy, then? I am entirely in your power, but you have always been the most generous of men—do not let me ask your pity in vain."

"Did you pity Mignon?"

Philip Vye dashed his hand violently down on the library-table.

"I wish to Heaven the girl had drowned while she was crossing the river to your tower last night! Ah, Cyril's wretched blunders have destroyed us both! All my life I have lived like a rich man, Lispenard; bear in mind that you are now making me a beggar."

"You made yourself a beggar months ago," replied Lispenard, stern as rock. "I give you and your son just four-and-twenty hours in which to leave Rookwood."

"Let me see Mignon herself—let me plead with *her*!" cried the now thoroughly frightened and humiliated man.

"You shall never see Mignon again, with my consent," answered Lispenard; "you shall annoy her with no appeals! The same measure of mercy which you meted out to her, I will now mete out to you."

Then he shook the dust of Rookwood from his feet, and went back across the river.

* * * * * * *

In her tower-chamber Mignon slept on.

In dreams she was riding through green forest glades with Victor Shirlaw. She was listening to his low love-words. She was looking into the bonny gray eyes that had once been her paradise. The sun was high in heaven when she awoke to an imperfect, confused sense of her changed condition, and to the knowledge that she was Abel Lispenard's wife.

On her hand she saw a strange band of gold glittering. It was the wedding-ring of Lispenard's mother, and he had placed it there at the ceremony of the preceding night. She grew hot, then cold at the sight. Her first movement brought in from some neighboring waiting-place the servant-woman, Molly.

"Master went away an hour ago," said the latter, before her new mistress could utter a word. "He left a message for you, ma'am."

And she gave Mignon a slip of paper, penciled with these lines: "I have seen your Uncle Philip—he will leave Rookwood immediately. Fear nothing more from that quarter. Gustave Laurent, the husband of my sister—for I have learned, thank God! that Lilian was a lawful wife!—is lying very ill at St. Margaret's Home. He has sent for me, and I must go to him without delay. There was a child, Lilian's rightful heir, lost many years ago, and upon me devolves the task of finding it. Should you at any time wish to see me, a dispatch, addressed to the Home, will reach me at once."

That was all the bridegroom had to say to his bride. There had been no wooing previous to the marriage, and none seemed likely to follow it. It would have been impossible for Mignon at this time to connect any idea of Love with the curious union she had made. The Frog-man had never uttered such a word to her. He had saved her from her arch-enemies, the Vyes; he was forcing them to leave Rookwood—as yet these two supreme facts absorbed all her thoughts.

She descended to the breakfast-room—to a table sparkling with crystal and china and a coffee-set of silver filigree, spread for herself alone. The room was full of warmth and hothouse flowers and—silence. A fugitive last night, this morning she found herself a sovereign lady. Lispenard's servants had been carefully instructed to anticipate her wishes and obey her slightest behests. His dogs followed her about, fawning upon her and mutely beseeching her notice. All things in the tower of the Beast had been made subservient to Beauty.

For the first day or two she was too dazed and bewildered to think much about her marriage. A nervous terror of the Vyes still held possession of her. On the third morning a wedding-gift arrived from Abel Lispenard—nothing less than the deeds conveying to Mignon herself all right and title to the whole estate of Rookwood. The home of her ancestors belonged unreservedly now to Lispenard's wife.

"Your uncle and his son have left the place," the

Frog-man wrote, ' and the house will be closed till you, its owner, order otherwise."

He had put her enemies under her feet.

Mignon went to a window of the tower and looked across the river. Yes, silence and loneliness reigned there. The shutters of the old mansion were closed, and the grounds wore a deserted air.

"In spite of all that has passed, uncle Philip," sighed Mignon, "I pity you now!"

Then she wrote a little letter of thanks, that seemed, somehow, very stiff and formal, and sent it to the man at St. Margaret's Home.

At the end of a week she began to adapt herself to her new conditions. She caressed his fawning dogs; she sat down to his piano and struck a few notes, but the sound frightened her—Lispenard seemed standing at her very side—so she rose hurriedly and closed the instrument.

She went to his library and spent long hours among the priceless *bric-à-brac* there, and the wealth of books gathered from every country. As if under a spell she wandered through the grandeur of his marvelous rooms, and the bloom and fragrance of his great conservatories, where a tropic Summer reigned, in vivid contrast to the wintry New England landscape outside.

She would stand before her mirror and say to the pale, beautiful image reflected in it, "You are Mignon Vye no longer. You have married that strange man, Abel Lispenard; do you not know?" But the words always had an odd ring in her ears, and brought sometimes a smile, sometimes a shudder with them.

One day she opened a drawer in his library table, and came upon a photograph of Victor Shirlaw. Handsome, *débonnaire*, the life-like face of the brown captain looked, as of old, upon his jilted love. Long and wistfully Mignon gazed upon it. She did not weep, she did not even sigh. She was amazed at her own lack of emotion.

"He is nothing to me now," she murmured, drearily. "I am but seventeen, and yet it seems that I have already outlived love. He is as dead to me as though he lay under the graveyard sod."

And then she put the photograph back in the drawer, and turned the key upon it.

Regularly each day a message arrived from Lispenard—brief, but always kind and full of solicitude for her comfort. Was she well? Did she lack anything? Had she any ungratified wishes? As for himself, he was still at the Home, comforting Laurent in his last hours, and following through trusty agents the clew to Lilian's lost child. So many years had passed since its disappearance that he found the search beset with great difficulties.

At first Mignon read these messages listlessly; then with growing interest. In her enchanted tower the girl-bride began to feel a lively concern in the fate of Lilian Lispenard's child. Sometimes, of windy nights, she fancied the ghost of the dead beauty walked in the fast-closed chamber at the end of the corridor. She seemed to hear her sighs and fleeting footsteps. Perhaps the spectral creature was likewise looking for the baby lost on that sorrowful return from France, long years before. Lispenard entered into no details. Mignon vaguely wondered what clew he had obtained, and how long his quest would continue; but she had no opportunity to ask these questions, for she did not answer any of his daily messages—indeed, he had not requested her to do so.

And did Beauty in the tower of the Beast never think of her father? Often, and with anxious yearning. In the queer, enchanted sort of existence which she now led, the thought of Gilbert Vye intruded constantly. Where was he? Why did he not write to her? Sometimes she would sit before the log-fire in the drawing-room, with Lispenard's dogs around her, and weep wildly at the remembrance of her childhood's idol. Sometimes she would stand for hours in some window and strain her great brown eyes into the distance, praying passionately for him to come back to her, or, if that might not be, for some news of his fate. Mignon's heart was still as true as steel to the father who had vanished so mysteriously out of her life—vanished, never more to return.

It was a chilly Winter day. Mignon dined early, and then went out into the grounds with the dogs and wandered about there for a long time, seeking rest and finding none.

There was no snow on the earth, save pallid heaps, dwindling here and there in low hollows. The level sun sank red and low behind the brown lawns; the winds were all at rest. That oppressive stillness which is known only to a Winter landscape, brooded over everything. Mignon was dawdling about Lilian Lispenard's garden, watching the sparrows picking up the scattered seeds, when, of a sudden, she heard a footstep, the soft swish of a woman's garments. She looked up and saw advancing down the path, all in sealskin and velvet, that vivacious brunette, Nina Berkely.

The two girls surveyed each other in silence for a moment.

"Did you marry him for his money?" said Miss Berkely," dryly.

A streak of color shot into Mignon's rose-leaf cheek.

"Certainly not," she answered.

"For his social position?"

"No," with cold scorn; "a thousand times no!"

"For what, then?"

"I married him because I could not help it," said Mignon.

"A novel reason, truly!"

"And oh!"—with a real concern in her voice—"I quite forgot, till this moment, Miss Berkely, that you loved him!"

"You delightful simpleton! He sent me here to-day."

"Indeed!"

"To see how you were getting on—if you had grown lonely and all that!"

"It was very kind of him."

Nina Berkeley laughed, but in a very hysterical way. Lispenard's bride, standing there, with the setting sun shining on her dazzling tints, filled the poetess with raging despair.

"It is the old story!" she said, bitterly; "he flings his grand heart away on a pink and white face and some yellow hair!"

Mignon was not the simpleton which the poetess supposed her to be.

"You err," she answered with dignity; "he married me because he pitied me, and for no other reason—because I stood alone and undefended. My kindred across the river had treated me very badly—I was forced to fly from them—forced to appeal to Abel Lispenard for help. Then he asked me to be his wife, and, under the circumstances," naïvely, "I could not refuse."

Nina lifted her eyebrows.

"Is this a true version of the story?" she asked, dryly. "Lispenard himself would tell me nothing. Do men marry for such reasons?"

"Generous, kind-hearted men—why not?"

"Could he not have defended you in some other way?"

"He said no, he could not; and he is truth itself."

"And he left you as soon as the ceremony was performed! No, you need not explain. I am aware that he

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is at St. Margaret's Home, with his dying brother-in-law. It seems that poor Lilian Lispenard was married to her French adventurer, after all. Are you quite contented here at the tower?"

"Yes."

"Do you miss Lispenard?"

"Certainly not."

Nina Berkely laughed again, but not in a mirthful way.

"Oh, this is unique! You blind, foolish girl! You remind me of some pretty, untutored savage who finds a jewel worth a kingdom, and does not even *dream* of its value. In some other sphere of being, Lispenard and I will meet again. There, I shall triumph—not you. There, mind will conquer—not matter. Well, your husband asked me, as a personal favor, to come to you, and, in case I should find you pining here, to take you back to town with me. My carriage is at the door. Pray consent to become my guest for awhile. I am sure you look bored and lonely."

Perhaps the girl of seventeen was growing somewhat tired of Lispenard's great, silent house. Her face betrayed her pleasure.

"I am not bored, I am not lonely, Miss Berkely," she protested; "but, all the same, I shall be delighted to go with you."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HIS LAST SHOT.

INSIDE the stage utter silence reigned. The men in the rough coats and sombreros sat like so many wooden figures. Yet they were not sleeping. The steady light of their eyes under their wide hats seemed almost uncanny. Their presence grew strangely oppressive to Esther. She shrank closer into her own corner, and, with difficulty, resigned herself to the prospect of a long and lonely night-ride in this mute, mysterious company.

The mining town was soon left behind. Darkness fell on the foothills and the great ranges, crowding peak upon peak, rank behind rank, along the horizon. The smell of resinous spruce filled the wind. The lumbering coach passed hill-sides, where campers and prospectors had built evening fires and were boiling coffee and cooking rashers of bacon. Wilder and lonelier grew the road. After awhile the rain ceased, the clouds broke and the moon shone over a distant ridge.

On and on went the stage. The armed men inside began to grow impatient—they were waiting for something that did not come.

"Has the derned coyote given us the slip?" muttered one, breaking the long silence, at last.

"'Twouldn't be surprisin'," answered another; "but keep cool. There's but one thing sure about luck, as the Leadville miners say, and that is—it's bound to change!"

Presently the stage entered a lonely piece of pinewood. Jehu, overhead, was whistling merrily to his horses, and Esther, in her corner, sat occupied with conjectures as to what her reception at Happy Valley was to be, when, of a sudden, there was a loud tramp of hoofs in the road, the jingle of stirrups and bridles, a confused murmur, and then a voice, like a trumpet.

"*Halt!*" it cried.

The stage came to an abrupt stand. An electric thrill seemed to pass through the men inside. As if by magic every hand instantly held a six-shooter.

"Black Dave and his road-agents are upon us, miss," said he who sat nearest to Esther. "Keep in the stage and don't disturb yourself, whatever happens."

Even as he spoke the coach-door flew open, and a face looked into the vehicle.

"'Light, gents and ladies!" cried a voice that was strangely familiar to Esther's ears.

She saw a figure in a deerskin shirt and embroidered jacket holding a revolver with the muzzle pointing into the coach. She saw a face—unmasked this night—brown, handsome, glowing with evil fire under a broad sombrero, and with an amazed cry she recognized it:

"*Father!*"

He heard her—surely he heard her, for the muzzle of the revolver fell, and he made an involuntary step backward. At the same instant a grim voice inside the stage called out:

"We thought you wouldn't disappoint us this time, Dave! We've been on your trail a right smart while, you know!"

"Vigilants, by Heaven!" cried Dave, hoarsely.

The moon was shining straight down through the tree-tops. In the twinkling of an eye every man was out of the stage and in the road. There was a terrific yell from the road-agents—the cry of desperate, savage men in a hand-to-hand struggle for life—a deafening crack of revolvers, and Esther, frantic with terror, and quite unmindful of personal danger, sprang from the stage into the midst of the *mélée*.

"*Father! Father!*"

Her distracted voice, piercing sharply through the uproar, must have stabbed Gilbert Vye's bold, bad heart like a knife. His child there, and calling him by name! Perhaps her presence unnerved his hand and weakened his courage.

By the light of the moon this daughter of Cain saw her father standing at bay in the midst of the vigilants. It was his last fight, and he knew it. His back was to a tree, his blood-stained face, for he was already wounded, to the foe.

Where were his men? Either dead in the road or prisoners in the hands of the vigilants.

Alone, unsupported, Gilbert Vye stood there confronting his doom, in full view of the unhappy girl who had traveled so many weary miles to see him once more.

"Don't shoot him!" shouted an ominous voice; "take him alive!"

Some one with unerring aim threw a lariat. It had been determined long before what death the king of the road-agents was to die. One fearful scream broke from Esther, and then, swift as lightning, a hand from behind seized her, and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes.

"Come away!" cried the agitated voice of Victor Shirlaw; "come away, Esther—this sight will kill you!"

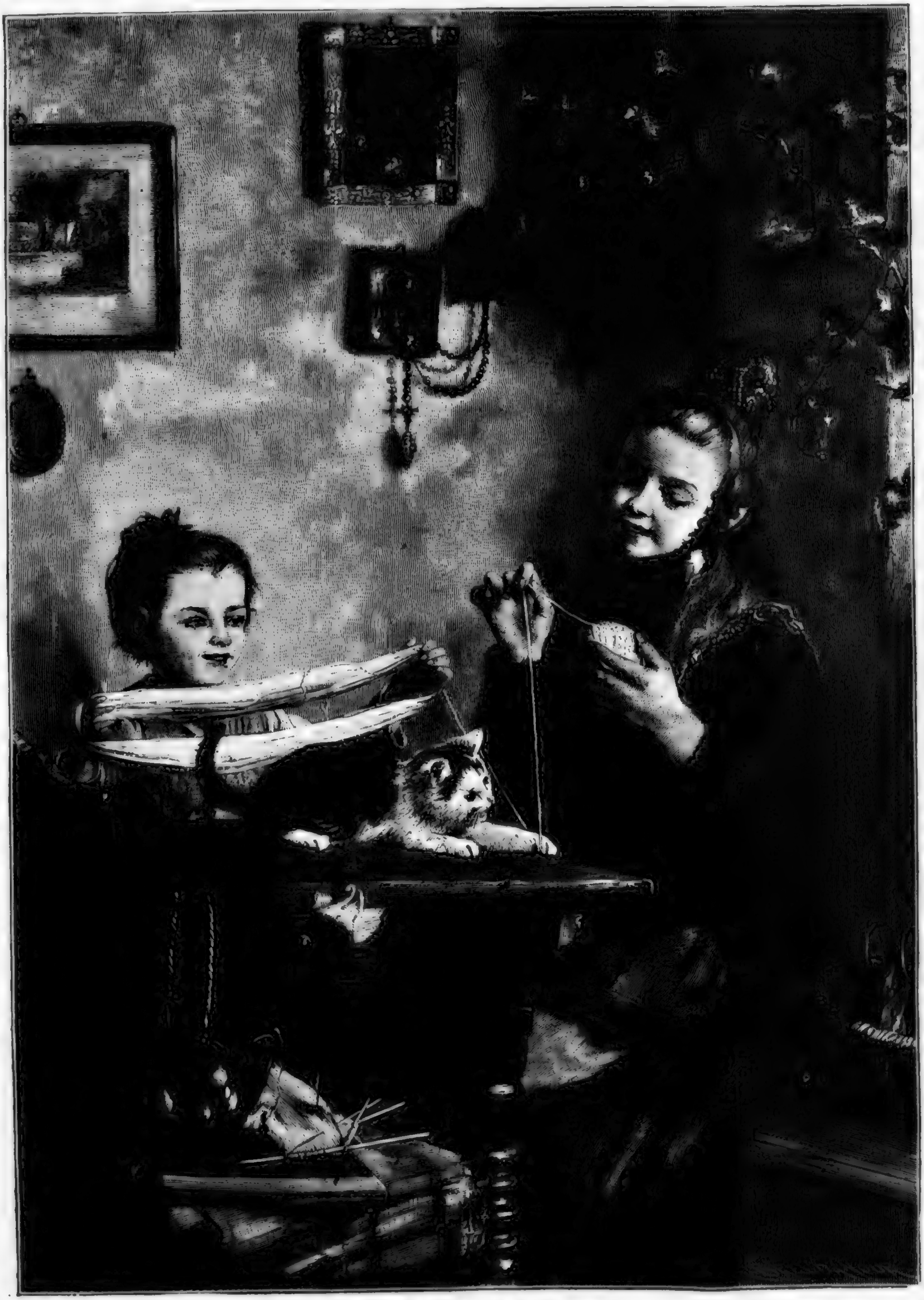
He had just swung himself out of the saddle. He was white and breathless with a long, hard gallop, and he had no thought for the desperate struggle in the road save as it concerned that horrified girl. She tried to free herself from him, but he held her fast.

"My father! Oh, it is my father!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, "God help you! I knew him at Rookwood. Do you understand my warnings *now?*"

She was past reply. A curtain of darkness dropped mercifully upon her. She fell forward on Shirlaw's arm without breath or motion.

It was a half-hour before she awoke to consciousness again. Then she found herself lying on a hard dirt floor, with Shirlaw's cloak spread under her, and Shirlaw himself kneeling by her side trying to force a few drops of brandy down her throat. She was in the log cabin of a miner, on a hillside rising just above that pine wood where the fight betwixt the vigilants and road-agents had been.



HOLDING THE SKEIN.—BY BRENDAMOUR.

In the rude stone fireplace crackled a brisk flame, but the owner of the abode had considerately taken himself out of the way. The moment Esther regained her senses Shirlaw moved quietly back from her. She staggered to her feet; she spoke no word, but her eyes sought his in wild inquiry. He saw that it was best to tell her all, and at once.

"He is dead!" he said, turning his face aside.

"They hung him?"

"No. He had left one charge in his revolver. As the lariat touched his neck, he sent that last bullet through his own heart."

She wrung her hands in dumb anguish.

"For many weeks past," continued Shirlaw, in a low voice. "Black Dave has not been heard of in the West. Credulous people thought him dead, possibly, reformed. You and I know wherehe was passing that time! But a few days ago another daring robbery proved that Dave was still alive, and at his old business. The exasperated vigilants sent scouts out, and gathered information which made them confident that he would attack the stage to-night. I did not learn this fact till after your departure from Diamond City. I mounted a fresh horse at once, and followed the coach, but failed to overtake it, as you know, till the fight was in progress."

She leaned helplessly against the rude logs of the cabin. The misery, the shame, the horror of it all overpowered her. Victor Shirlaw seemed to comprehend something of what was passing in her heart. He waited for her to speak.

"Was it known at Rookwood who and what my father was?" she shuddered, at last.

"Cyril Vye knew; I knew, for I had once encountered him in the West. Your Uncle Philip had also strong suspicions of the truth. Yes, I may say, the Vyes were well aware that Happy Valley ranch was no longer in Gilbert's possession, and that the calling he pursued in the West was robbery and murder."

"Then my cousin Cyril deceived me purposely."

"Without doubt. It is his nature to deceive."

"And my sister—Mignon?"

He winced.

"She was as ignorant as yourself of the truth."

"And this is why you ceased to love her!"

"No," corrected Shirlaw, sadly. "I acknowledge that the thought of any marriage connection with Gilbert Vye was most distasteful to me, but—I ceased to love Mignon, because I began to love *you!*"

"How can you talk like this?" she cried, wildly. "Was I not his daughter as well as Mignon—equally disgraced, equally tainted? If you shrank from her, because of her father, why did you not, for the same reason, turn from me?"

"Because you were Esther! I can offer no other explanation," he groaned.

She ran suddenly toward the cabin-door. He guessed her purpose, and seized a torch from the rude stone hearth.

"Wait!" he cried, "let me go with you, Esther." And together they stepped forth into the night—the night of a Western wilderness. Vast, silent, oppressive, and bright with the rays of a moon shining over far, lonely heights. The air was full of the odor of pine-needles, and the noise of a swollen water-course plunging through some ravine near by.

By a narrow footpath Shirlaw and his companion swiftly descended the hill to the scene of the fight.

They found Gilbert Vye stretched in an open space by the roadside, with the moonlight falling on his upturned face. His Derringer lay at his side. The murmur of the pines was the only sound that broke the silence. The stage had vanished, the vigilants had vanished. Esther made no cry or moan. She knelt quietly and wiped the blood-stains from his face.

"Are you sure that he is dead?" she said to Shirlaw. He put a hand on Gilbert Vye's heart.

"Yes," he answered. "I have bargained with the miners at the cabin to bury him decently. For your sake, he shall not be left to the gray wolves. There is something in this breast-pocket. Do you wish to know what it is?"

She made a gesture of assent, and Shirlaw, from Gilbert Vye's deerskin jacket drew a leather case made for holding letters and photographs, and stamped on one side with a man's name. He gave this to Esther. She took it, shuddering, looked—read, then uttered a wild cry, for the name shining in gilt there on the case and fully revealed by Shirlaw's torch, was that of her husband, "*Guy Fleetwood!*"

This, the only part of Fleetwood's stolen possessions which the road-agent had retained, at the time of that night-attack long months before, now passed, strange to say, into the hands of Fleetwood's wife from the lifeless body of her wretched, her criminal father.

"Guy Fleetwood!" Esther repeated the name like one in a dream. "Oh, what can this mean?" she sobbed.

Inside the leather case were the last letters which Mignon had written to her father in the past happy Summer; also, a cabinet photograph, scribbled on the back with these words:

> "DEAREST COUSIN GUY—Behold me and my bosom friend, Mignon Vye, posing in our latest school *tableau*. I am sure you will admire us both. MAUD."

From the card two faces looked up—Mignon as *Amy Robsart*, and Maud Loftus in the dress of *Queen Elizabeth*—both lovely, gay, lifelike. Wrested from Fleetwood on the night of the stage robbery, that picture had saved the Canadian's life, and ever since lain against the wild, wicked heart of Gilbert Vye—the shadow of the fair, innocent daughter, whose love for him was the most precious and potent thing in his reckless existence.

By the light of Shirlaw's torch, Esther looked long and silently at the photograph. She recognized both Mignon and Maud Loftus. So did Shirlaw, but neither spoke. Kneeling by Gilbert Vye's dead body, under the black pines and the white moon, the girl's mind was busy.

She remembered that Fleetwood had visited Colorado before her fateful acquaintance with him began. As a flash of lightning breaks on a black cloud, so did a full comprehension of her husband's desertion burst on Esther at last. He had discovered that she was the daughter of Black Dave and fled from her in horror.

She hid the leather case and its contents in her dress, and arose blindly to her feet.

"I have come a long way," she said, bitterly, "to learn some terrible things! We are both accursed—Mignon and I. Oh, *she* must never know his fate—it would kill her! She loved him—I did not."

"She need not know," muttered Shirlaw, "even though his death gets into all the newspapers of the country; for probably there is no person west of the Mississippi to-night, save ourselves, who has the smallest suspicion that Black Dave and Gilbert Vye were one and the same person."

She stood looking sadly down on the stark body at her feet.

"I, more than Mignon, am the daughter of this man," she shuddered, "for I have inherited his nature! Once, at Cinderville, he told me that his seal was upon me. Oh, I see his evil in myself now, and I see myself with abhorrent eyes! Do not stare, Victor Shirlaw, but rejoice that your lot and mine are for ever separate!"

He made no reply. He thought her distracted with the events of the night. The miners came down the hillside path and began to dig a grave under the pines. The sound rent Esther's heart, for, in spite of his crimes, known and unknown, he was her father—he was Mignon's father. She crossed his hands decently on his breast, sobbed out a prayer for mercy on his guilty soul and then Shirlaw led her back to the cabin, and all that was left of Gilbert Vye, gentleman, and Black Dave, road-agent, was a heap of fresh earth under the pines, in the wood, where the stage full of vigilants had been stopped that night.

Up in the hillside cabin Esther drew from her pocket Aunt Deb's message, which she had come so far to deliver to Gilbert Vye, and dropped it, unopened, into the fire.

"He is dead!" she thought, "and surely I have no right to pry into Aunt Deb's secrets!"

So the words of mysterious importance, written by the old woman's half-paralyzed hand in the Charlestown cottage, were burned, unread, on a miner's hearth among the far Colorado foothills.

"There is nothing left for me to do," said Esther to Shirlaw, "but to return East immediately."

"Allow me to take you back to Diamond City," he pleaded, "and see you safely started on your homeward journey. You cannot deny me this favor, Esther. It is the last, the only one, that I will ever ask of you."

"No," she answered, with tear-wet eyes; "I shall be only too glad to accept your kindness. Till I die, Captain Shirlaw, I will remember gratefully all that you have done for me this night."

She had thought him weak and fickle, as, indeed he was. But natures like Shirlaw's sometimes develop an odd vein of fidelity.

Long months after, in a dreary cañon, the bullet of a hostile Apache cut short that gallant young life, and in dying one word fell from Victor Shirlaw's lips, and was distinctly heard and remembered by a brother-officer who supported his fallen comrade. It was a woman's name—"*Esther!*"

The one supreme and hopeless passion of Shirlaw's life he cherished to its end.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CYRIL VYE'S REVENGE.

FROM the tower of the Beast, by the quiet Charles, Nina Berkely carried Beauty away to town.

Since her hopeless passion for Lispenard was to be reciprocated in some future sphere of being, she felt, perhaps, that she could afford, on this terrestrial ball, to be kind to his earthly bride. The remainder of the Berkely tribe, including bilious, crow-like Reginald, gave Mignon a warm welcome.

"You must remain with us for the present," said Nina. "Society, you know, has been wild to catch a glimpse of you since your sudden marriage with Abel Lispenard."

Youth shuns shadow and loves sunshine as naturally as the flowers of the field.

Mignon had been sorrowful and sorely tried for many weeks—with the elasticity of her years she seemed to rise now and cast off her burdens.

Her odd marriage with the rich dwarf had thrown a glamour of romance over her beauty. The world of wealth and fashion, so far as it found opportunity, regarded her as a sort of nine days' wonder.

"Strange that a grand fellow like Lispenard should throw himself away on such a piece of pink and white prettiness," remarked one critic.

"Odd that a girl with the face of an angel should marry a deformed creature like Lispenard," said another.

Not unfrequently these frank comments reached the ears of Mignon herself, but neither by word nor look did she betray that she heard them. Nina Berkely used to wonder what could be passing in the girl's heart at such moments, but the passionate poetess never found out.

"I have sent word to Lispenard that you are here," she said to Mignon, "and that I mean to keep you indefinitely. Of course he will call at once."

But he did not. A week passed, and the bridegroom had not sought his bride, and, in spite of the closest scrutiny, Nina Berkely was unable to discover any evidence that Mignon either waited or wished for him.

She was seen only at what little Nina called little family affairs—that is, dinners and receptions at the Berkely's Back Bay house. Everywhere, and at all times, the poetess treated her successful rival with great kindness.

"I really enjoy to see people admire you," she confessed. "I am not without magnanimity, as I mean to show Lispenard," with a heavy sigh. "For his sake, I shall always be your friend."

One night, at a reception, under brilliant gas-jets, in the midst of flowers and perfumes and gleaming tissues, with Reginald Berkely bending over her chair, holding her bouquet, Mignon heard a masculine voice, near at hand, say, guardedly:

"In heaven's name, how could a mortal man marry her, and then leave her? It is incredible!"

"Lispenard is an odd fellow," answered another voice, "full of inexplicable freaks. No end of money, though, and deuced generous with it! Women love money, so, I daresay, the two will get on together."

"Caliban and a new Miranda!"

"Well, I am reminded more of the story of Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of Ceres and Jupiter, who gathered flowers in the Vale of Tempe, and was seen, and carried off, by Pluto the infernal."

"Ha! ha! I notice that all the young, susceptible men call Lispenard hard names! It looks as though he was rather neglecting her, though. I wonder he isn't here to-night."

The two speakers moved on.

Reginald Berkely began to tear Mignon's bouquet with ruthless fingers.

"You hear what people say of your marriage," he muttered, gloomily.

She raised a cold, disdainful face.

"Such talk is like the hissing of silly geese; yes, I hear—do you think I *care?*"

"It's true," he groaned; "Lispenard does neglect you.'

"I am not aware of it. To me it seems right and proper that he should remain at the Home with that dying man."

"By Jove! were I in his place, all my kindred might die together, and such an event wouldn't keep me a moment from your side."

She smothered a yawn behind her finger-tips.

"Oh, but you are not in the least like Abel Lispenard, you know."

"I hope not, I'm sure," he answered, drawing up his figure, which looked as black and thin as an exclamation-point. "Bless my soul! why didn't you leave the fellow to my sister Nina, who calls him Adonis, instead of Caliban, and who has been in love with him for years? She'll wear the willow now till the end of her days—'pon honor she will! Alas! blighted affection seems to run in the family of Berkely."

"When any absurd party dares to call Abel Lispenard a Caliban," said Mignon, steadily, "it is because that person is too blind to see that there is not a man in this room who would not suffer by personal comparison with him."

Reginald stared, then grinned in a sardonic way.

"Women say strange things when they are angry."

"I am not in the least angry," she declared, with great serenity.

"By Jove! I hope I'm not expected to believe——"

"Ah! Nina is beckoning—I must go!" she interrupted, and arose like a queen, and swept away, with an odd little smile on her lips.

Another and another day passed, then something happened.

It was opera night at the Boston Theatre. The Berkely family occupied a box, and Mignon in their midst shone like a star. An immense audience crowded the house. On the stage a famous prima donna sang. The opera was Verdi's "Trovatore."

As usual, Reginald Berkely hung, like a gloomy shadow, over Mignon's chair. A sort of sepulchral gayety possessed him to-night. He seemed actually striving to chat and laugh like other people. Nina leaned, pensive and full of sighs, on the red plush railing of the box, and mused on the mysteries of human life and the plurality of worlds; and Mignon, with her dazzling face, and hair like yellow silk, sat looking out on the audience, seemingly unconscious that she was the cynosure of half the male eyes in the house.

"Perdition!" chafed Reginald Berkely, "how people stare at you to-night! Against this background of crimson curtain, you look like something in alabaster—don't you know? Ha! what is the matter?"

The smile died on Mignon's lips. Her roving glance was suddenly arrested and held by an uplifted face in one of the orchestra chairs

"There—yonder!" she gasped, shrinking back; "that man, looking up at us!"

"It is your Cousin Cyril," said Nina Berkely; "of course you are not afraid of him *now*."

Yes, it was indeed Cyril Vye, and he was gazing fixedly, balefully at Mignon. A cold wind seemed blowing upon the girl, but before she could look again the door behind her chair opened and Abel Lispenard stepped into the box.

Here, at this crowded opera, in the glare of lights and with scores of curious eyes upon them, husband and wife met for the first time since their marriage-night. They greeted each other in a very quiet, commonplace fashion. If Abel Lispenard felt annoyed at the sight of a former lover leaning devotedly over the chair of his bride, his face betrayed nothing. It was grave and careworn, but that was all.

"Are you well and happy?" he said, looking straight into Mignon's eyes.

"I am well," she answered, "and I was happy, until a moment ago, when I espied Cyril Vye in the orchestra yonder."

He turned quickly.

"I do not see him."

"He was in the last seat of the row. Ah!"—drawing a quick breath—"the place is empty, he is gone!"

"Do not let such a matter annoy you," said Lispenard; "do not give him a thought. You have nothing further to fear from *him*. Gustave Laurent died to-day at St. Margaret's—he breathed his last in my arms."

The music was ringing out gloriously from the stage, but Mignon, deaf to the sound, turned an eager face toward Lispenard.

"And your sister's child—have you yet found it?" she said.

He shook his head.

"Would it be too much to ask you to tell me the whole story?"

He briefly related all that he had heard from Gustave Laurent. Nina Berkely, leaning on the plush railing, eyed the two askance.

"Was there ever, since Time began, such a singular pair as this?" thought she.

Mignon was listening in an absorbed way, unmindful of stage, or music, or crowd.

"And have you discovered nothing as yet?" she said.

"Yes; I know that the ship in which my sister sailed from Havre was lost at sea ten years ago. I know that the captain who commanded her on that voyage, and the first officer, also, perished at an earlier date, of yellow fever, in the West Indies. I have also found out that the ship was built in an obscure Maine port, whither I shall go, to pursue further inquiries, as soon as Laurent is laid by the side of poor Lilian."

"I hope, indeed I hope that you may be successful in your search," said Mignon, earnestly.

The music died away, the curtain fell on the last scene, the audience began to move out. Lispenard conducted his wife to the Berkely carriage, handed her in, then moved back with a grave bow and vanished in the crowd.

About noon on the following day a man ascended the steps of the Black Bay townhouse of the Berkelys, and rang the bell for admittance. It chanced that both Nina and her mother had gone to the Art Club, and Mignon was alone, sitting at a piano in the quiet music-room turning over some new songs. A servant opened the door and announced:

"A gentleman to see Mrs. Lispenard."

Mignon arose from the instrument and found herself face to face with Cyril Vye.

"How d'ye do, Mignon?" he said, with great *sang froid*. "I thought it time to make you a cousinly call. You are surprised, I dare say, to see me."

"I am, indeed!" she answered, sternly; "how dare you enter my presence again?"

"Well, the fact is, cousin," he answered, sinking with perfect freedom into a deep gulf of a chair, "I have received news—profoundly interesting news—and I bring the same to you."

"News of whom?" demanded Mignon, with her heart rising in her throat.

"Of your dear father, Gilbert Vye."

A foreboding of evil seized Mignon.

"What is it?" she said, quickly; tell me at once."

But he was in no haste. He twirled his red mustache and looked at her from head to foot.

"Handsomer than ever, and far more stylish," he commented, "you are fast developing into an ultra-fine lady. My plans concerning you went all awry; but what I lost Lispenard gained. And he avenged you famously, too—turned us out, neck and heels, there at Rookwood. Who'd have thought that Lispenard would have stooped to such a marriage? He knew how to cherish the grand passion in secret, eh? You sold yourself at a high figure, my beauty! Couldn't have done better, so far as money goes. *En passant*, where is your delicate monster passing his honeymoon? Not with his bride, it seems. That

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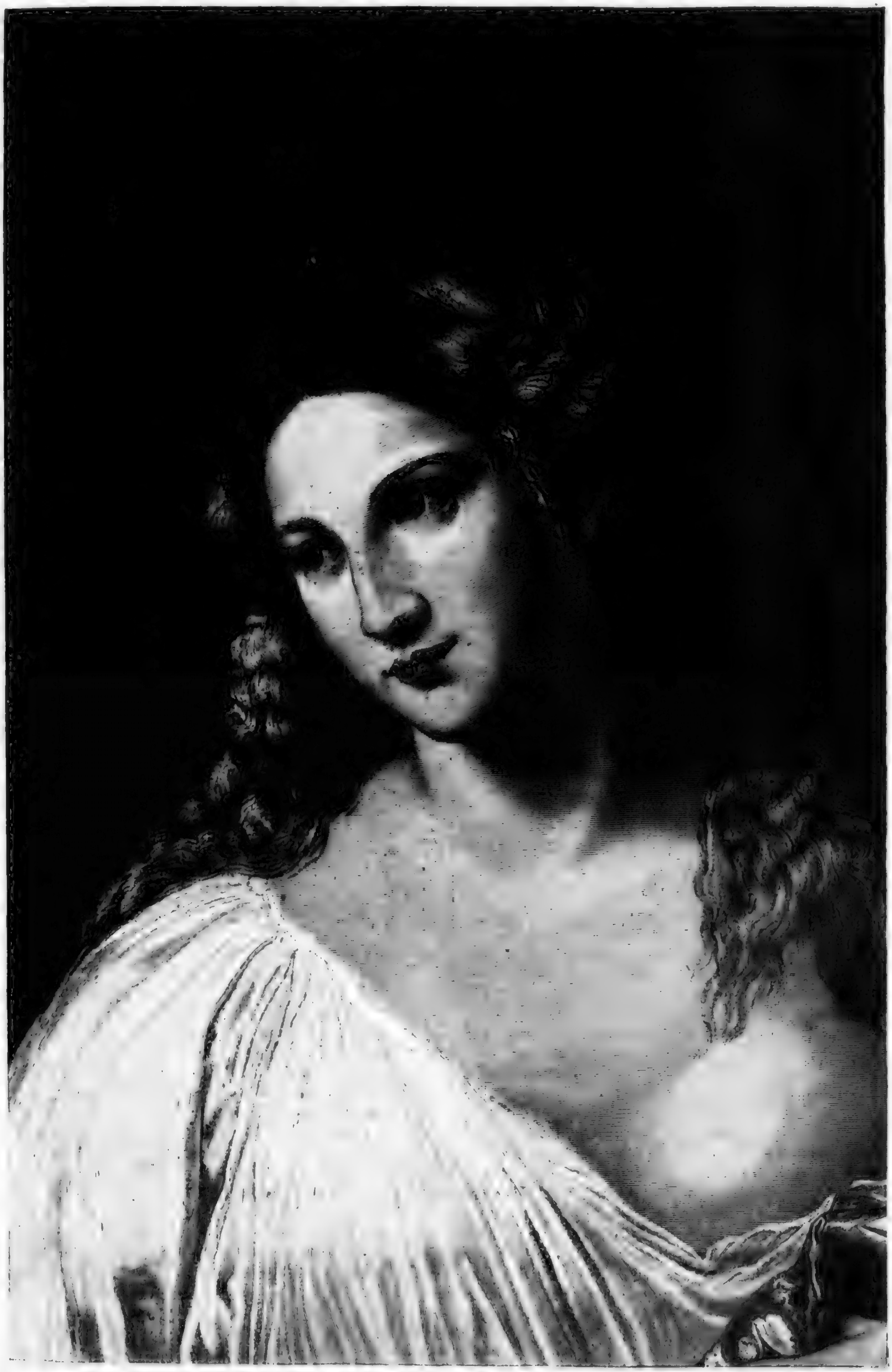


TITIAN'S "FLORA," IN THE UFFIZI, FLORENCE.

is deuced queer. But to return to your father, Gilbert Vye. You had better sit down, it is a long story."

Mechanically Mignon sank into a seat with that choking lump still in her throat, and her gaze fixed on Cyril Vye in a sort of fearful fascination.

An ugly demon sparkled in his pale eyes. He had missed his vengeance in one way, but he would now have it in another.

The sight of Lispenard's wife, sitting there before him in her maddening beauty, but no longer within his reach, filled him with fury.

"This little narrative, *belle cousine*, should have been told you at the time of your father's disappearance," he said; "but my silly mother bribed me to keep silent by paying my debts. Luckily she is not here to stop my mouth a second time."

Then, with a brutal fidelity to facts, Cyril Vye related the story of his Uncle Gilbert's career in the West, the crimes he had perpetrated, the infamous notoriety he had gained. Everything was told, and all the while Mignon sat looking him full in his wicked face, speechless, stunned, yet drinking in every word.

"I meant to bring our king of the road-agents to justice," said Cyril, "that very night when I returned with you from New York. I had telegraphed for officers of the law to come to Rookwood and secure him. They came, but the bird had flown.

"We searched Rookwood over for our man, but in vain. Then we crossed the river to Lispenard's house. He allowed us to look about the place—led the way, in fact, through all the rooms till he came to that chamber where his crazy sister was once kept. There he stopped—wouldn't let us inside, you know—swore nobody was there. He's a gentleman. The officers knew him and believed him. They were satisfied, *I* was not! As sure as I sit here your father was at Lispenard's tower that night, concealed, with Lispenard's consent, in the chamber of his crazy sister, and he lied to the sheriff—did our aristocrat—lied for your sweet sake, and for your sweet sake he hid the outlaw and helped him safely off. Think of a man like Lispenard stooping to do such work as that, and all because of a pretty face! He knew your father's story, too. Shirlaw, without doubt, had told him that. Our gallant captain, you know, recognized the road-agent who had once tried to rob him, and he couldn't swallow that sort of a father-in-law. So he cut and run. Well, Gilbert Vye got off, as I said before, thanks to Lispenard, and went back to the West, and to his old profession, as Lispenard must have known he *would* do when he helped him to escape from me."

Still she kept that frozen silence—that stunned and dreadful silence, her eyes never wavering from Cyril Vye's face.

"I hear," continued the lawyer, "that for awhile he did nothing. Perhaps it was a season of remorse and repentance with my dear kinsman; perhaps he really tried to give up his old vocation; but the lull in business was brief. He gathered his gang and took to the road again, and one night last Autumn he stopped a stage full of armed vigilants, and, according to the local Western papers, from which I obtained my news, one of the most desperate fights on record followed. The vigilants were bound to hang him, but he refused to be taken alive. He shot himself with his own revolver, and fell dead in the midst of them. The newspapers state further that a daughter of the outlaw was in the stage and witnessed the whole tragedy. That must have been your sister Esther. She came to my law-office in the Autumn and made minute inquiries about the route to Happy Valley. Here is the account of Black Dave's death," drawing some papers from his pocket; "perhaps you would like to read it for yourself. Now, to sum up the whole matter, Mignon, you have been clothed, fed, educated for years, on the spoils of robbery and murder. The garments that made your beautiful body more beautiful, the luxuries that nourished it, the accomplishments that enhanced your charms, were all bought with blood-money—the rifled pockets of dead men paid for it all. You used to think yourself an heiress, and so you are—joint heiress with that high and mighty Esther, to the blackest and foulest of names, and to the memory of a father who had to kill himself, at last, to save his neck from that doom he so richly deserved—the rope!"

With a heart-rending scream, she started to her feet. She was not looking at Cyril Vye, but over and beyond him, to a door which had opened suddenly on the other side of the room. On its threshold stood her husband, Abel Lispenard.

He stood there only for a moment; then, with a most unwonted exhibition of his great strength, he seized Cyril Vye, and whirled him out of his chair.

"You scoundrel! How dared you intrude here!" he thundered, and flung the lawyer straight through the door, and headlong down the wide stair into the hall below. "Go!" he cried, in a terrible voice. "Go, before I kill you!"

Vye's senses were completely knocked out of him. He lay for some moments like a dead man; then he hastily gathered himself up from the floor, and fled, without word or sound, from the house.

And in the room above, Mignon stood confronting her husband.

"He is dead!" she cried, wildly; "my poor, wretched, sinful father!—look! read!"

She snatched up the papers that Cyril Vye had dropped, but Lispenard took them firmly from her hand.

"You must not!" he said, in a tone of ineffable pity. "I see that he has told you everything. Mignon, Mignon! in spite of all my efforts, I could not save you from hearing this story, at last!"

"All the soft lines of her face had grown stony and strange.

"Is it true," she said, "that you concealed him?"

"Yes."

"And helped him to escape?"

"Yes."

"And all the time you knew how wicked he was?"

"I did it for your sake, not his!"

She sank suddenly to the floor, and lay there face downward, a palpitating heap of white flesh and golden hair and long, shining draperies. Lispenard tried to raise her, but she pushed him away.

"Oh, papa! papa!" she moaned; "he was so kind, so good to me! How *could* he be a robber and a murderer? Must I believe it—oh, *must* I?"

"You must, indeed!" said Lispenard, despairingly. "Surely, it is useless to attempt further concealment of the truth."

"I shall bless you all my life," she sobbed, "for saving him from Cyril Vye—saving him, at the utter sacrifice of all your own ideas of right. I did not know that such generosity could be found outside of books, or such pity as you showed to me, his child, when you gave me your own good name, with which to cover my soiled and disgraced one! *Now* I understand why you left your home when I entered it. Even you, good and noble as you were, could not bear to breathe the same air with the daughter of that man!"

He knelt by her prostrate body, but he did not attempt to touch her.

"Mignon," he answered, "you drive me wild! What put such ideas in your mind? I did not marry you from pity—that sentiment had no part in the matter, and I did not leave you for any such reasons as you mention—my poor little girl, you don't know what you say!—I went, simply because I could not—I *dared* not remain longer at the Dale!"

He spoke in a pained, unsteady voice, as though the words were wrung from him; but she seemed not to hear or comprehend.

"Mignon," he pleaded, hoarsely, "listen to me. Cannot you see that I am neither good nor noble? The same motive that led me to shelter Gilbert Vye tempted me also to take advantage of your friendless condition and unite your perfect beauty to my gross deformity. Do not call it generosity—you shame me by that word! It was only a selfish, greedy love, born the moment I first saw you in Philip Vye's library at Rookwood, and nourished in secret and silence, against all laws of fitness, against every chance of earthly peace and happiness. I care not who or what your father was—how can such a matter affect innocence like yours?—I care not what crimes he committed. He is dead, let his deeds be buried with him. I would have married you gladly had he been a thousand times worse than he was. Ah, poor child, I had not meant to say such things to you. I know how hopeless my passion is, and must ever be, but these wretched circumstances tear my secret from against my will!"

Still she groveled in the dust. There is nothing more selfish than grief. He could not tell whether she heard me him or not.

"Mignon," he implored again, "try to comprehend what I say. I shall inform the Berkelys of your father's death, but they must never know under what circumstances he died. Cyril Vye has gratified his malice—he will now be glad to consign his uncle to oblivion. Gilbert Vye had two distinct names and characters. The world will never dream that the two were but one."

Still she answered nothing. Her rigid and helpless look frightened him. He sprang to the bell-rope, but before he could reach it Nina Berkely's step was heard on the stair. She entered like a brisk wind.

"Oh, what is the matter here?" she cried, aghast at sight of the prostrate girl on the floor, and Abel Lispenard looking as haggard as a wraith.

"Mignon has just received news of her father's death in the West," he answered, with composure. "She is entirely overcome. May I ask you to remain with her while I call a doctor?"

In a half-unconscious state Mignon was conveyed at once to her own chamber, and Nina sat down to watch beside her. When the physician arrived he looked grave but not alarmed.

"She has received some severe mental shock," he said. "She must be kept perfectly quiet. Do not let her be disturbed in any way."

Lispenard made no attempt to see his wife. He had a bitter consciousness that others could comfort her better than he. Cruel as the blow had been, she would yet recover from it, for she was young, and youth cannot always mourn. So he went back to St. Margaret's Home and waited there.

(*To be continued.*)

In man's darkest hour succor oft dawns from Heaven.

ONCE, AMID THE ROSES.

A Song of Love and Grief.

Once, amid the roses bright,
Ruby red, honey sweet,
You and I, in laughing weather,
Sang a lay of love together;
Petals falling on our feet.
When shall Summer be so light?
Never more!
Oh, never more!

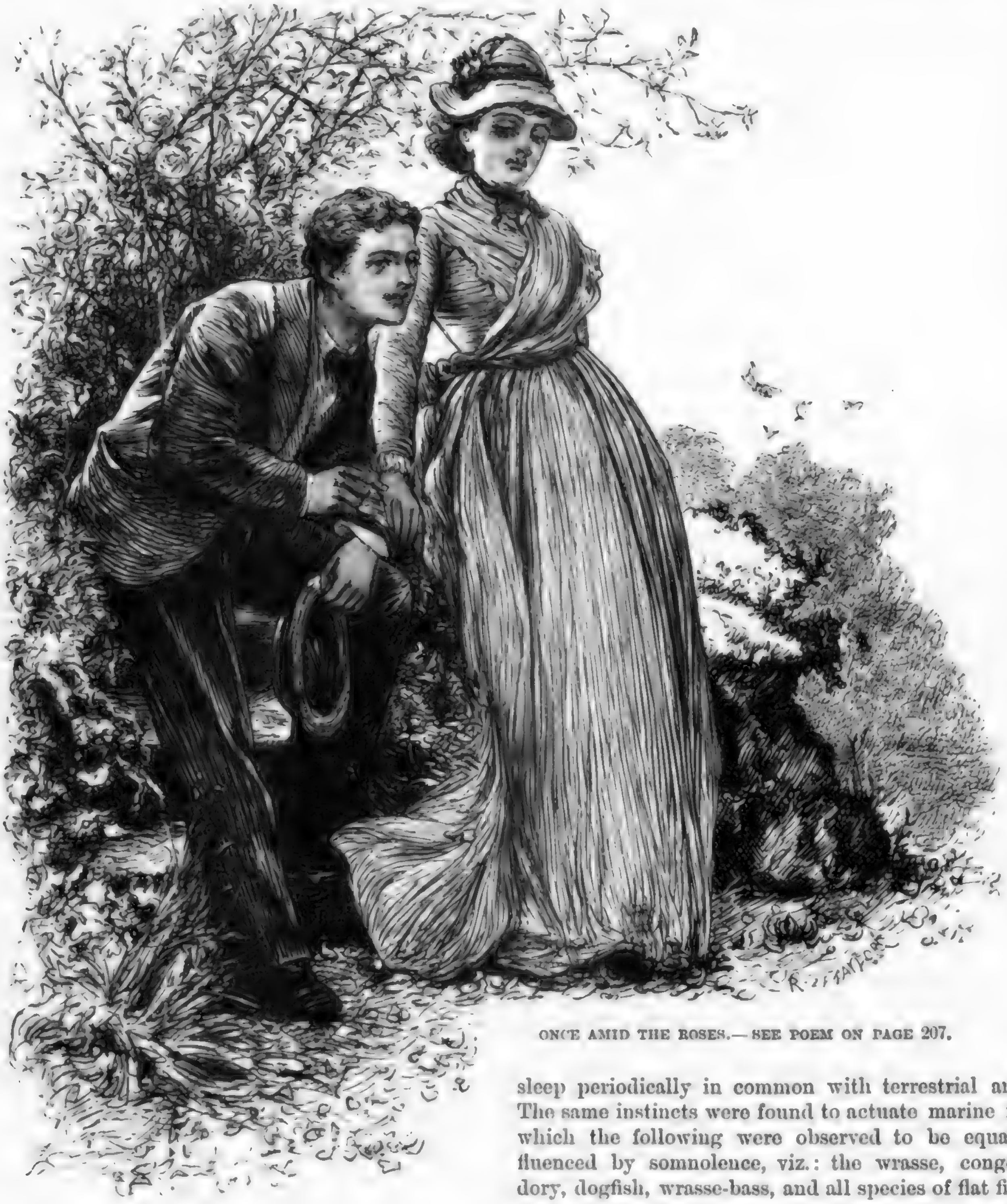
Once, beside the snowdrops, dear,
Waxen pale, wintry cold,
Grief and I, in wailing weather,
Sang a dirge of tears together;
Raindrops dripping on the mold.
When shall Winter be so drear?
Never more!
Ah, never more!

EMBROIDERY.

In ancient times, the art of embroidery was held in high repute. Richard I.'s wife was a famous embroiderer, and Henry III. had many embroidered vestments made by one Mable, of Worcester. It is a mistake, however, to give credit to the ladies for all the old embroideries; men attempted to vie with them; and the profession of embroidery was commonly pursued by men. The prices they got for their works were enormous. One vestment for the Bishop of Hereford cost £300, and Henry III. gave for a bishop's mitre £1,200. There were various kinds of work, and each varied from age to age. The tissues taken from the coffin of St. Cuthbert, fifty-five years ago, were of Eastern origin, but we cannot hazard a guess as to the age. There is no other example of the same kind in England; but in France and Germany there are several. The probability is that many of these tissues were brought back by the Crusaders from the East. They were used for inclosing the bodies of distinguished men, when buried, or as vails on either side of the altar. Those found in St. Cuthbert's coffin were so much decayed, and so rotten, that they could not be exhibited. The duty of their guardians was not to allow them to be handled by any one. They are now rolled together, and must suffer every time they are rolled and unrolled.

The Making of Gold Lace.—One of the most singular mechanical operations imaginable is the making of gold wire for what is known as gold lace. The refiner first prepares a solid rod of silver about an inch in thickness; he beats this rod, applies upon the surface a sheet of gold-leaf, burnishes this down, and so on, until the gold is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver. The rod is then subjected to a train of processes which brings it down to the state of fine wire, when it is passed through holes in a steel plate, lessening step by step in diameter. The gold never deserts the silver, but adheres closely to it and shares all its mutations; it is one-hundredth part the thickness of the silver, at the beginning, and it maintains the same ratio to the end. As to the thinness to which the gold-coated rod of silver can be brought, the limit depends on the delicacy of human skill. It has been calculated, however, that the gold actually placed on the very finest silver wire for gold lace is not more than one-third of one-millionth of an inch in thickness; that is, not above one-tenth the thickness of ordinary gold-leaf.

Curious Oath.—The following curious oath used to be administered in the Isle of Man: "By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought, in heaven above and in the earth beneath, in six days and seven nights, I, A, B, do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly betwixt our sovereign lord, the King, and his subjects within this isle, and between party and party, as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."



ONCE AMID THE ROSES.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 207.

The taking of a name signifying the son of a certain father, which is common everywhere in the beginning of social order, is curiously contradicted among the Indians of Northeastern Colombia, where parents are commonly known as the father or mother of certain children. This is accomplished by a prefix to the name of the child. Thus, the father of Juan is called *Nushijuan*, and of Juana, *Shushijuana;* while the mother correspondingly becomes *Nijuan* and *Shijuana.*

The Sleep of Fish.—An experiment was tried at the recent Inventions Exhibition Aquarium, London, in order to discover how far fish are prone to sleep. After close examination it was found that among freshwater fishes, the roach, gudgeon, carp, tench, minnow and catfish sleep periodically in common with terrestrial animals. The same instincts were found to actuate marine fish, of which the following were observed to be equally influenced by somnolence, viz.: the wrasse, conger-eel, dory, dogfish, wrasse-bass, and all species of flat fish. It is stated that, so far as can be discovered, the goldfish, pike, and angler fish never sleep, but rest periodically. Desire for sleep amongst fish varies according to meteorological conditions. Fish do not necessarily select nighttime for repose.

It is found that the antlers of the British deer are growing smaller, owing to the practice of killing the finest specimens, so that even a stag of ten is rarely found, although on the Continent sixty branches are often seen on antlers.

AN UNKNOWN NAME.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"My son, whereabouts are you?"

"I am here, mother."

"That is right. That is enough."

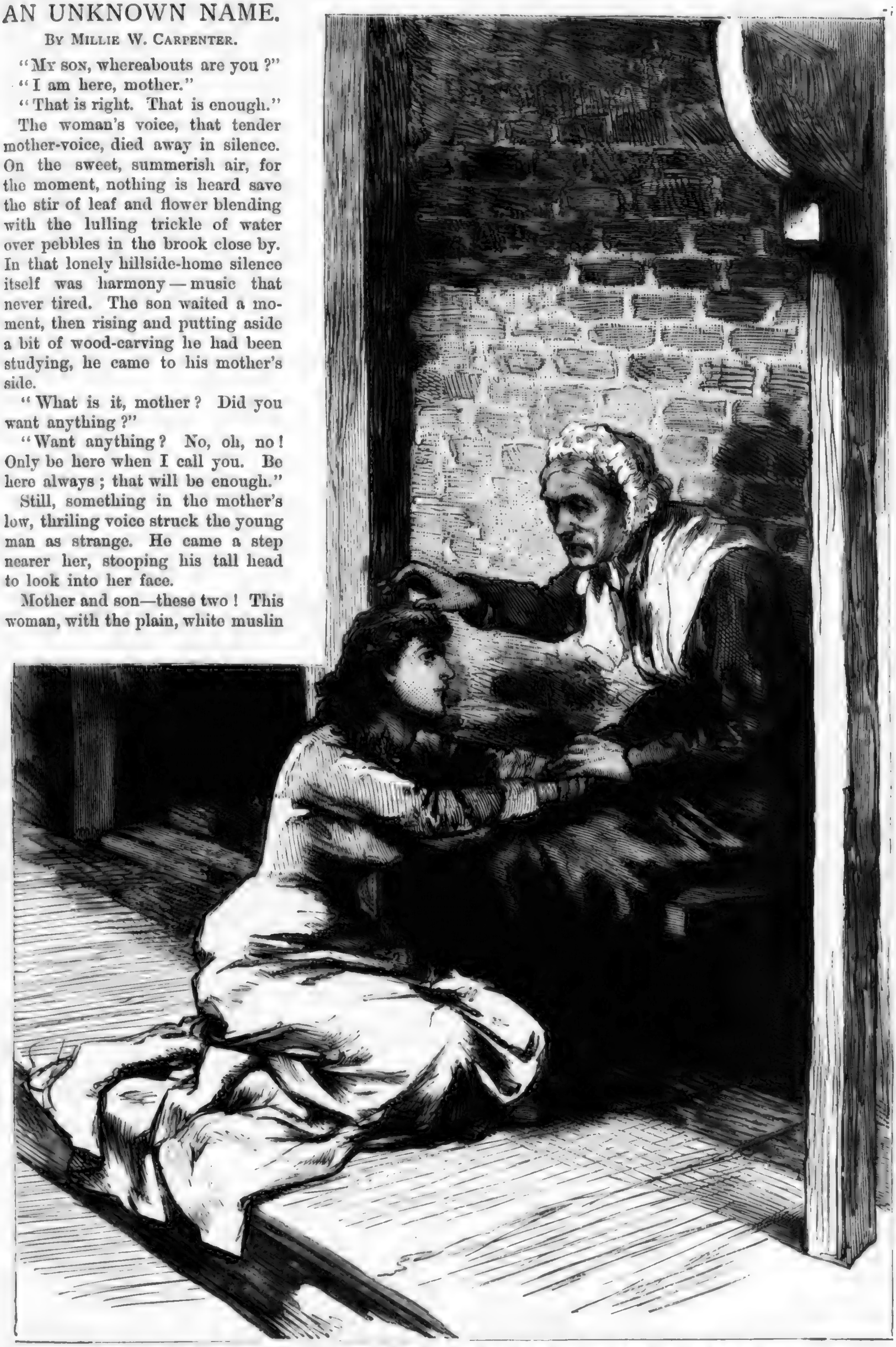
The woman's voice, that tender mother-voice, died away in silence. On the sweet, summerish air, for the moment, nothing is heard save the stir of leaf and flower blending with the lulling trickle of water over pebbles in the brook close by. In that lonely hillside-home silence itself was harmony—music that never tired. The son waited a moment, then rising and putting aside a bit of wood-carving he had been studying, he came to his mother's side.

"What is it, mother? Did you want anything?"

"Want anything? No, oh, no! Only be here when I call you. Be here always; that will be enough."

Still, something in the mother's low, thriling voice struck the young man as strange. He came a step nearer her, stooping his tall head to look into her face.

Mother and son—these two! This woman, with the plain, white muslin



AN UNKNOWN NAME.—"THE YOUNG GIRL—HIS VIOLET—WAS KNEELING ON THE STEPS BEFORE HIS MOTHER."

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kerchief of extreme age folded on her bowed shoulders, her snow-white hair drawn smoothly back beneath a plain widow's cap, her wrinkled hands crossed on the head of the oak staff on which she leaned—could she be the mother of this lad with the sunshine of just twenty years in his eyes and in his handsome, happy face?

How strong he looked in his brave, bright youth, and yet, as the pale, shadowy mother stirred and looked up at him, *was* she so old? The lad put his hand on her shoulder—a strong hand, made to help, to hold.

"Are you dreaming, mother? Where did you think I should be when you want me now, save here, with you?" The mother shivered.

"You have been away from me so long that I forget. But I am not dreaming—no. Time has been when I fancied myself in a dream—an awful dream—and I would strive to wake out of it. But not now! I am not dreaming now."

Then she put out her hand and touched a book lying on the bench by her side.

"This book you left with me—you remember it—you recall the story—the theme?"

"Yes," he answered, wondering. "It is my copy of 'Alcestis.' You have been reading it."

"No; do I need to do that—*I?* Only when I chanced to open it just now I saw this line—this passage where she moans out:

'Oh, me, the bitterness of God and fate!
A little time ago we two were one.'

You remember it, Gabriel?"

"Yes, mother!"

He wondered more and more what change was this coming over her—his pale and silent mother.

"It is so dreadfully human and real. She said it mourning, yet giving up her life for *him.* I said it too. *I!* Oh me! only *I* was young, young, young!"

"You, mother!"

"Ay. I too. I died long years ago. Oh, how long ago the time seems if I dare to look back; how long I have been dead—dead in my youth and beauty. I—Alcestis!"

She wrung her hands together.

"Admetus," she said, in a loud whisper—"Admetus, where are you? Do you know the truth now?"

"Mother,"—with a violent effort of his will, Gabriel broke through the trance of surprised horror that seemed to be making him numb and cold—"mother, wake up! What ails you? I won't have you talking like that. Wake up! Why, you are dreaming, surely, now!"

He shook her roughly.

She lifted her head, and then, in a bewildered way, put her hands up to her eyes.

"It was that book which troubled me. Take it away, Gabriel. There is no need that I should read the story written in it. Take it."

When he came back, he sat down on the low wooden bench under the vines at his mother's feet.

"You have been too much alone here, mother. I am afraid I have neglected you too much, thinking of myself—of my work. You need a change. We will go away somewhere."

The mother smiled faintly, but a little cloudy, as she answered him:

"Nay, nay, my son! I need no change. I was shaken a little, for I am old now; but it is over—everything is over; and Time—oh, me! Time sweetens all things for us, if we have faith—faith! I am glad I had that."

Again that loud whisper, that strange fixing of the eyes, as if she were speaking to something—some one looming up, shadow-like, out of a far-off, dim, past time of agony.

"Faith! Yea, God gave me that to help me endure. With that I was strong."

Gabriel looked uneasy.

What change was this coming over her, making her so wild and strange, unlike anything he had seen in her before!

But now his mother, lifting herself slowly and passing her hand over her face, smiled in his grave eyes. She shivered, too, either with emotion or some sudden sense of cold.

"Will you fetch me my shawl, Gabriel? It is in your room—the inner room, I think."

He went obediently. But once there, seeing that his papers were scattered from the wind blowing through an open blind, he stopped to gather them up.

There was a delicate piece of ivory carving lying on the table, and he must needs stop to put that lovingly in safety. He had been gone away from his mountain home so long, he loved just to touch softly these old, familiar things.

It was like touching gladly the hand of some lost, recovered friend in greeting.

So some minutes—more than he thought—slipped by before he returned with the shawl to his mother.

She was still on the piazza, but what voice was that speaking? Who was that with her now, or was he listening again to a voice heard often in his dreams?

Gabriel stopped short in the shadows of the inner room. His mother was speaking now.

"My dear child, it is good of you to think of me, an old woman. I am not used to being remembered, except by my son. How shall I thank you?"

"Dear Mrs. Arnold, as if I wanted any thanks!"

Oh, that voice! Gabriel sank into a seat, and slowly dropped his face forward on his hands. Great tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I was only too glad to fetch them," the voice continued; "and, to tell you the truth, I wanted an excuse for coming again before I go away."

"You are going away, then?"—the elder woman's voice grew infinitely sad. "I am sorry for that—I guessed it somehow from—from your look and your dress. You are going at once—to-day?"

"Yes; papa is coming after me. I am getting quite strong again now. He will take me down on the river to-night. I told him I should like to walk as far as here."

The sweet voice paused a moment and then went impetuously on.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Arnold, you are like a mother to me—you have grown to be one in these few weeks I have known you, and you are a woman—you will understand. Papa will not listen—will not understand; but you know the story I told you."

"Child—yes."

"Well, I am going in search of *him.* Day and night, night and day, I seem to feel that last look of his eyes. I hear that dreadful music the band beyond us was playing, 'Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.' And papa was in such a rage—he was saying such awful things to him—wild things, rude things."

There were tears in the sweet voice now. Tears, and a young girl's sobbing misery.

Gabriel drew further away into the darkness within.

"He must have thought then, hearing *that,* that I had deceived him; but oh, if my beloved ever hears that music now, he must believe in me, he must feel my truth." She stopped short again here. Then: "You must give me your blessing now; kiss me and bid me god-speed till I find him. For I shall find him—I shall wander till I do."

"Oh, dear child—dear Violet, how can my blessing help you? I am an old woman. I have seen much of life; it is only sorrow, long waiting, and long grief for us women."

The young girl shivered; there was a hushed stillness in the lonely house. Gabriel stood up, but his hand on the back of the chair shook like the palsied hand of an old, helpless man; should he go out to her—should he cry, in the midst of the doubt and trouble,

"Oh, my darling! I am here—I am close by; but I must not touch you, I must not speak to you, for I gave my word of honor, I swore it! But oh, Violet! if I had known—if I had known that you loved me like this, we could have gone together—we could have braved everything together. Ah, it's not too late! what is an oath? what is a promise? and such a promise, so wrung from me then, in that hour of agony!"

Hush! Again she was speaking. Should he look, one last, long, farewell glance.

The young girl—his Violet—was kneeling on the steps before his mother. Her dark-gray beaver hat had fallen back on her shoulders, her golden hair lay in yellow waves—dear, golden hair, his kiss was on it once—all soft and bright about her clear, broad brows, and on her rounded, rose-fair cheek. Her lovely deep-blue eyes were gazing in his mother's face.

It was her good-by.

"And now, dear Mrs. Arnold, give me a tender parting word to think of by-and-by. I am glad your son is with you. I know he is a good son, yours." Gabriel shrank back, flushing hotly. "You will not be quite alone. Now I must go; papa will be hurrying after me. Good-by!"

The elder woman laid her hands on the girl's pale, lifted forehead. Her sight seemed dim and far away.

"God's blessing go with thee always! Ay, it will—it will!"

She paused a moment. Something like a moan came from the inner room. But perhaps some cricket's loud, shrill chirp, or the brook's joyous prattle, caught and bore it away from listening ears that might have heard—and remembered.

"Be true," a moment later she spoke. "Happiness is not for women, but as years go on you will not mind that. Only be loyal and true to your sense of right. Do right; and, oh! my dear, you will find that peace and a great content are sure to come at last. That will suffice. And now Good-by!"

That was the end—she was gone. For even at the last, when Gabriel's foot was on the threshold, that strange, sad adjuration of his mother, "Do right," had turned him back. He felt awed and afraid.

So he staid within till by-and-by she called him, faintly:

"Gabriel!"

"Yes, mother."

He hurried out and put the shawl about her, folding it with careful touch.

"You were a long time?" she said, questioningly.

"Yes. I—I found some things scattered, and staid to arrange them."

He strove to speak as usual, but something hard and dry in his voice touched the mother's quick ear.

She turned and looked at him. How pale he was!—how drawn about the lips! And what gave his eyes that sombre flame?

"Gabriel, what is it? You saw——"

She stopped. Her heart was beating fast.

"Yes. Oh, mother, I saw her!"

He kneeled down at her feet—down where Violet had slipped those sad few moments before.

"And—and—oh, Gabriel, I was afraid—even then I was afraid! Tell me it is not she—not she whom you loved? Tell me I am only weak and foolish in my fears?"

She pushed him away from her, and then drew him close and held him so, fast against her loving mother-heart, and wept over him. She read it in his face.

"Oh, mother, it was she! It was Violet—my Violet!"

She was silent.

"She spoke only the sweet truth," he began, trying to hold back the dry sobs beating in his throat. "We had lived lived such a soft, idyllic Summer life down there. I might have been a prince and she a princess born, for all we knew of each other. We just drifted with our happy days. We talked of such things as we loved together—books, brave men and women, art and toil. I was copying some wonderful carved work in the old church down there, and she looked on and praised me. I never dreamed who she was till that night her father came."

He stopped, white and fierce.

"I believe he literally tore us apart. We were on the lawn together. The band was playing 'Douglas.' Oh, it is all she said it was! A girl's voice up above was singing the words:

> 'My eyes were blinded, your words were few,'

and then her father came."

Gabriel stopped a moment here. He put up one hand over his eyes, and began to cry, silently.

"I don't know quite what he said. He raged. I—a poor, nameless wood-carver!" The mother's pale cheek burned with a proud fire, hotter than any rage of youth. "It was all so horrible that I threw it back in his face. I renounced her. *There* is the pain. If I had known *she* cared so much! But I did not know it then. And then to be taunted so with seeking her for wealth—I, a poor unknown, nameless! What was I to her, the great man's daughter?"

"Hush!" said his mother, sternly, putting him from her and rising, grave and stern and tall. "Hush! You are setting your foot on sacred graves now, when you say that!"

She paused; her dim eyes opened with proud fire.

"Nameless!" she said, in a loud whisper. "No, not nameless!"

And now as she stood thus, her hands folded on her stick, her face with its bands of white hair circling the drawn brows, bravely lifted as though fronting a world, what was it she saw that made her shiver and cry out sharply and fall back stricken on her chair.

Only a man, tall, noble of look and air, white of hair and heavy beard, with costly sable furs wrapping him even in that warm air, coming slowly up the path, his eye fixed curiously on her.

The stranger lifted his cap.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a clear, rich voice, "but my daughter told me——"

He stopped here, his face changing as he still looked in that other haggard woman's face.

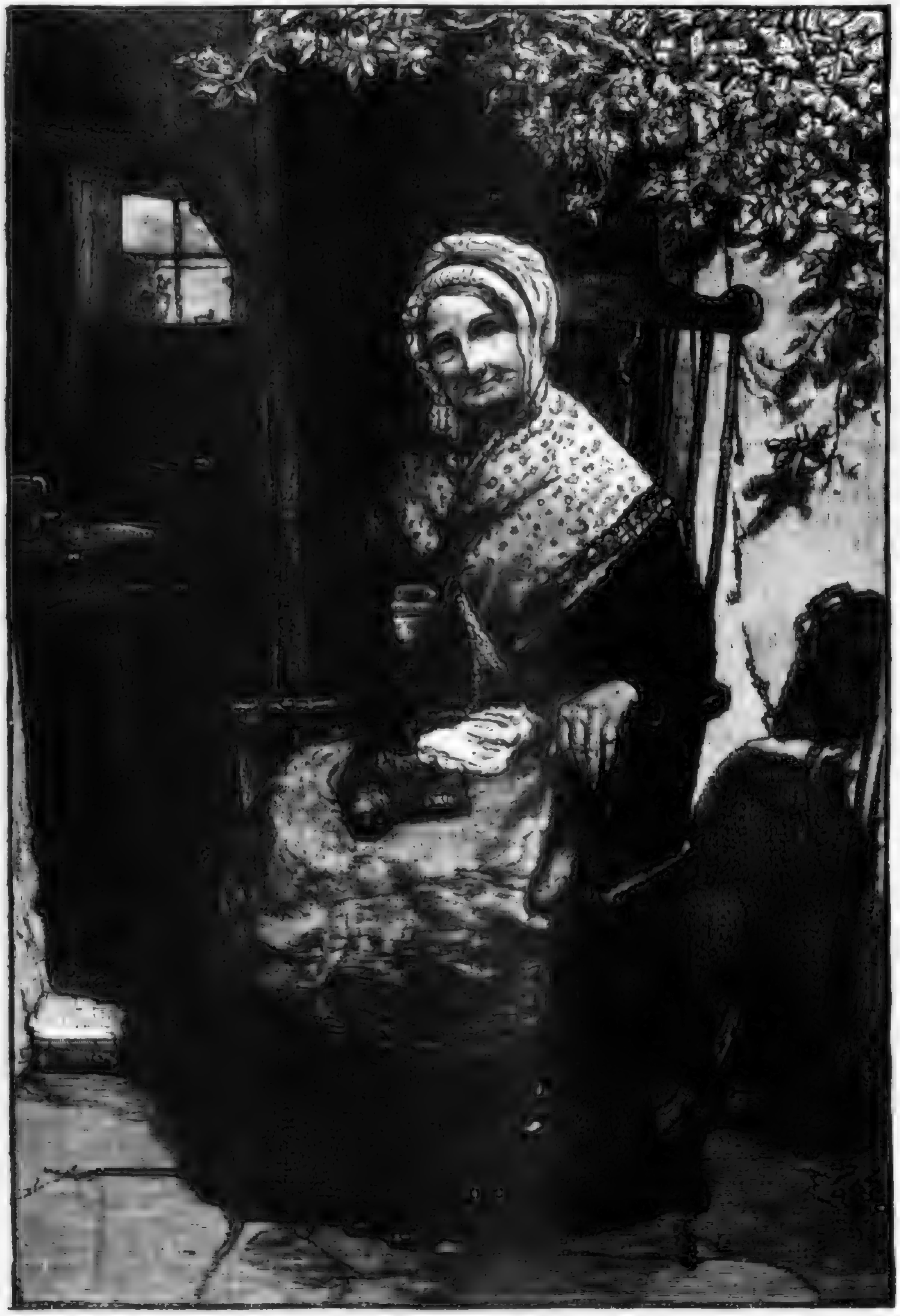
"Laura!"—he putting out his shaking hand—"Laura! Oh, my God! Still living here!"

"She did not answer; her lips stirred once, but no sound came.

"Laura!" The stranger looked at Gabriel, who stood mute with surprise at this unexpected scene. "Living here, and so! And this boy?"

"My place is here, mother, with you," he answered. "If there is any trouble for you to bear, brought by this stranger, it is for me to keep by your side and help you bear it."

The mother face glowed with a proud light.



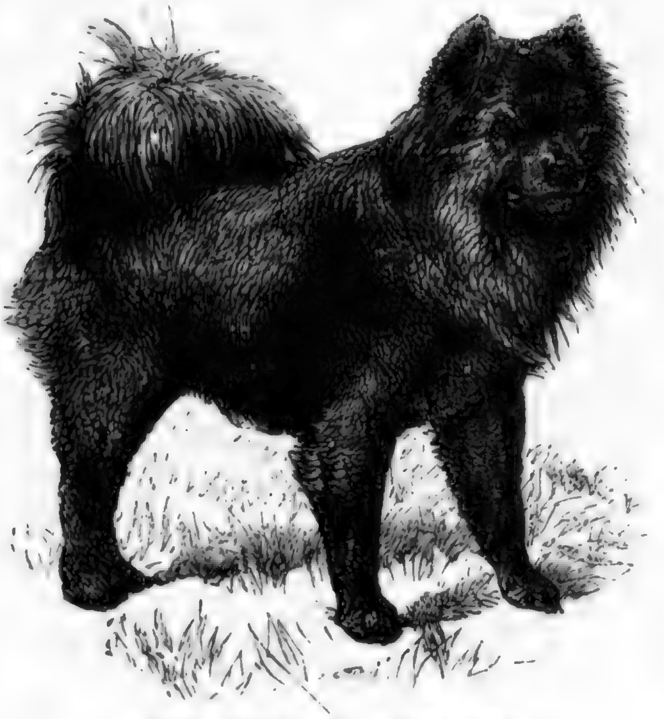
TOWARD SUNSET.

He would have touched Gabriel, but now the mother rose.

"Stand back!" she said, firmly. "This is my home. I am mistress here." She turned to Gabriel. "Go, my son," she said to him. "Leave us two for a while to speak to each other alone, here." Gabriel stood still.

"Nay," she said, softly. "There is no need of that. This battle is already won by me years ago. Besides"—she added, with a grave and native courtesy—"our visitor is a gentleman. We have naught to fear from him."

"For God's sake, Laura!" exclaimed the intruder, stretching out a pleading hand.



CHINESE EDIBLE DOG.—SEE PAGE 215.

But the woman drew proudly back.

"Be silent," she said; "the woman you speak of is dead." She paused here, drawing in her breath. "Long years ago I died—do not call me back to life now."

He stood gazing at her, speechless.

"To-day, but an hour ago," she went on, "I told my son of that old legend of Alcestis, of her who gave her life to save life to another. Well, I did more than that. I gave my life and my youth and my happiness. But I am dead—dead! Your daughter, too, came to me to-day, and I told her she must sacrifice all for simple right's sake, and in the end peace must come—peace, which is greater than happiness!"

Still he had no words. She turned to Gabriel.

"Go now," she said, softly, and she pointed down the walk.

Very loath to obey, yet feeling irresistibly compelled, Gabriel turned to go.

As he went down the walk, the stranger eyed him closely; and—was it fancy, or did the man stretch out a hand and touch him on the shoulder—touch him softly, lightly, as one might a thing he loved—in blessing, in farewell, or in greeting?

He went down the narrow, rough, elm-bordered road. He could not have told how long he had been there, pacing up and down—not out of sight, but out of hearing—when, of a sudden, turning, they met almost face to face. The stranger was walking hurriedly. Had he been weeping?

He looked at the young fellow standing there, strong and brave and handsome with the bright handsomeness of untried youth; something irate shone through the tossed passion in his eyes.

Gabriel noticed that with one hand he grasped the heavy, carved head of the staff he carried with nervous force.

Gabriel took off his cap as the stranger went quickly past. He was still standing there, wondering if he might not turn and look, when his shoulder was grasped from behind with a force that sent him staggering roughly backward.

The man stood there, his brows drawn in a fierce frown, his eyes red with angry fire.

"Boy!" he exclaimed, and his rude grasp had not relaxed on Gabriel's shoulder—"boy, do you know your life was in my hands just now—your very life?"

Gabriel stood speechless, facing the angry speaker. He had no words with which to answer then.

"Ay," continued the other, "your very life. Do you see this?"

He lowered the staff, and, pressing a finger with strong touch on the carved head, it slid quickly out like a handle, and brought to view a thin, sharp thread of steel, gleaming in the light like a poisonous thread of strong blue flame.

"Look! With this I could have taken your life. Who was to see me? Who was to hinder me?"

He swept a lightning glance about on the wild, lonely country in which they stood.

"It was my gain—you are in my way. What saved you?"

Was he mad?

Gabriel, rallying a little from the shock, pulled himself together.

"God," was his slow answer—"God is here. He saved me."

The strange man pushed him rudely away.

"Who are you?" he said, slowly—"who and what are you, that you should rise suddenly up in my path, take my name, my work, my very place in the world—be all that I am, all that I have been? Is it just? Is it right that I am to fall out of a high place that you may fill it?"

"You are mistaken," was Gabriel's answer, when he could speak for his amazement. "I shall fill no man's place in this world but my own. Your name, your place, is yours—not mine. Keep it—keep them!"

"Fool—fool!" exclaimed the other, fiercely. "You do your mother's mad work over again. Fool!"

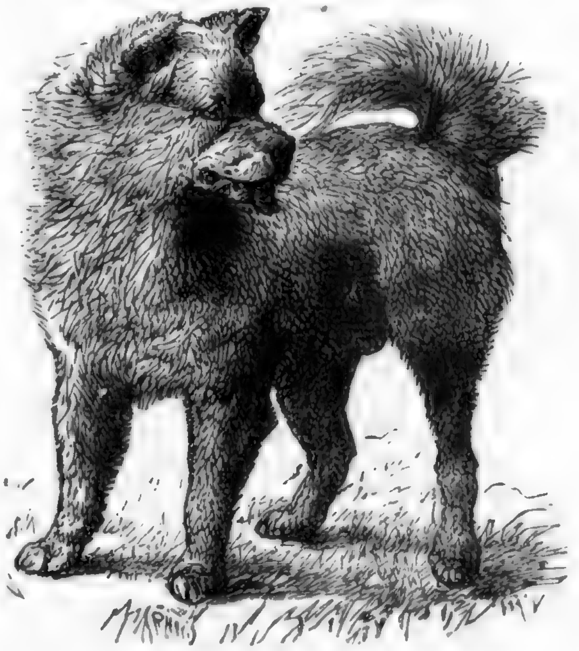
"Stop!" said Gabriel, fiercely. "You go too far."

"She, too, gave up all for nothing. Your father left her to perdition—he lifted not a hand to save her. But I—I—— Boy! boy!"

He turned quickly, as if wrenching himself away.

"Farewell!" he whispered, and then, with a slight wave of his gloved hand, he walked rapidly away, adown the long, steep, hillside road.

Nor ever once looked back, although Gabriel stood and watched him, a curious dull feeling of pity in his heart.



CHINESE EDIBLE DOG.

Then he, too, hurried away, back to his lonely mother—back, to find his mother sitting in the restful silence, all about her, cold and pale and dead!

Dead! no more of tender greeting for him who came to her and called her name so loudly; no more of tender touches from the thin, outstretched hands; darkness in the eyes now, silence on the lips of that poor martyr mother. In the first shock of awful loneliness, of dreadful desolation, the son knelt down by the side of the dead shape lying there; he touched her hand, her cheek, her chill, pale forehead.

"Mother! mother!" he whispered.

No answer! No answer now, poor boy! And oh, when do the dead ever give back sign of sense or hearing to our wild and troubled calls to them, our cries of longing and despair? When? Ah, never, never, in this world.

And yet, what were those tender words he had heard her repeating softly to herself only a little time before this swift, appalling going forth of hers into an unknown life? These: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

She who had averred that she was dead—that she had died long years ago, she had repeated reverently these words, and then again: "Peace I leave with you—My peace I give unto you."

He would remember that. He would gain peace even as she had taught it to him, by that long life of white self-abnegation. And his wrong-doers should walk, as ever, unharmed and unmolested of him.

But whom were they? Violet and her father had disappeared. Gabriel did not hear from them again as he half-dreaded, half-hoped he might.

Would it have been a triumph or a pain to him could he have known that the strong man, too, was stricken down in his proud strength, his life—his great, proud life poisoned from some unseen wound, and wasting slowly and surely, day by day, away?

Violet watched by him, not knowing what his trouble was, but puzzled and sore afraid.

Sometimes he mourned like a feeble child; sometimes, in a fiercer mood, he raved and cried out, horribly:

"A broken man—a broken man. I! Oh, my good name!—oh, my good name! Laura, Laura! give it back to me—give it back! Then, in a lower, sweeter voice: "I loved you, Laura! Where are you? Come back to me! Help me!"

That pain was spared him—at least the pain of knowing that Laura was lying dead among the far-off hill-side shadows, the ferns growing tall and sweet about her, the pines stretching up to clasp cool, green arms above her grave. The mountain brook rushed swiftly past her as she slept there, not heeding; the Summer blossoms came and went, and the beechnuts in their time dropped, browned by Autumn sunshine, upon the low-down folded hands which might not ever again stir to take them up, a part of Winter's store.

Dead, surely dead, now! When they had touched hands at parting that day, she had told him she was dead; she would not accept that which he proffered as her right, for she was dead.

"But your son lives after you!" he had cried out hotly in his rage.

"My son, too, will refuse," was this dead woman's cold answer. "He will refuse even as I have done. He will not take the shame his mother scorned."

Sometimes he would call Violet to him, and ask her to read some tender theme—something that might woo him to forget. And he would look at her, with lovely face downbent, and listen to the gracious voice, and muse, and drift away, and forget, and then remember. And then across the young girl's happy tones would ring out the burdened cry: "A broken name! a broken name! Laura! Laura! Laura!"

At last for him also the end came, and peace—the cold, white peace of death!

Not even to Violet had he told his pain. If she guessed it, the knowledge was only a vailed guessing at a hidden grief he carried on with him to the tomb. His innocent wrong-doing had been its own avenger, and only in a few brief written words left behind him was his will and wish conveyed to her of all she was to do when he was gone.

And Gabriel?

He, too, had gone his way, a sad and solitary man. Long time it might have been said of him that "he goeth heavily, as one that mourneth." Yet time has strong powers of healing; he was young, and healthful youth takes, for the most part, deep roots in life. So a year went by, and then another, and found him not quite unhappy.

He drifted back in time to the South. Southern suns are keen to cure, and Southern airs are sweet to comfort. He was lying one day—thinking of this—on the warm sands where the Gulf water beats the Texan coast, when he heard his name called.

"Gabriel!"

He stirred and half-rose, wondering who and what had spoken thus choicely low and sweet, as his name had, he remembered, been spoken in other happy days.

He saw close by him, and yet with something in her poise that suggested distant fright, a young girl, all in black, flowing, gauzy drapery, standing like Thetis where his boat lay. While he looked she shyly drew near.

"Gabriel!" and then he knew.

"Violet!" he answered.

To speak each the other's name was all they could do, as, forgetting and remembering, they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes. Then, bending forward, they kissed each other tenderly—even as friends or lovers might.

"My father is dead," Violet told him, when she could speak for her quick tears. "All that was his is yours now. It was his dying wish that I should find you; that I should lead you back to take the place *he* filled—the place that ought to have been yours long ago."

Gabriel was silent.

"This tells you all," Violet went on, taking a letter from her bosom. "It is your mother's legacy through him. He unwittingly wronged both you and her. He was deceived, but this *atones*. All the last, dark days of his life were an atonement, Gabriel."

Gabriel took the letter. His face was drawn and changed and old.

"Violet," he said, "if I take this, if I go back there to my place—*his* place—what will become of you?"

She shrank back.

"I? Ah, Gabriel, old friend, my place will be out in the wide world, among the forlorn ones, working! *This*, which makes you, is my undoing, Gabriel."

His haggard face grew warm and sweet and light once more.

"Violet," he said, "let us toss this secret to the waves yonder. Stay here and be my wife, Violet. For us the world waits, wide and filled with fruitful hopes."

She could scarcely speak now in answer.

"But your mother, think of her—her wish."

"Hush!" he exclaimed, sternly. "All this gold lies heavy on my mother's grave. What *she* so proudly nounced we can do without also. Stay with me, Violet." Violet put her hand in his.

"If you wish it, Gabriel."

He tore the letter into fragments and tossed them on the far waves of the sea.

"Die, thou mystery!" he said. "Die there, unknown, uncared-for, forgotten!" He took Violet in his arms.

"My mother loved you," he whispered. "We have all God's sunshine before us; our love, my wife, shall make clear sunshine of the shadows for ever and ever."

"Sunshine! Oh, love!" she smiled at him. "Why, love itself is sunshine. The very sunshine of God."

So they went forth for life, hand-in-hand together.

A LYRIC FROM THE GERMAN.

By Herman Merivale.

My heart—my thought revealing,
Say, how can Love be known?
"Love is two souls—one feeling;
Two hearts—one pulse alone."

Then tell me how Love grew, heart?
"She comes—and is in man."
How can Love leave the true heart?
"She is not Love—that can."

And when is Love the purest?
"Where Self no place can fill."
Where her foundations surest?
"When they are very still."

When are Love's riches greatest?
"When her gifts freest prove."
What language is Love's latest?
"She has none. She is Love."

THE WORD "CAMELLIA."

Ferdinand VI. of Spain, while suffering under the hereditary melancholy from which he subsequently died, was pacing to and fro one December day in the year 1739 in his bedroom in the Palais Royal at Madrid. He was interrupted by the entrance of Maria Theresa, his Queen, who bounded gayly into the room. In her hand she held a flower of dazzling whiteness, which she presented to her husband.

"A beautiful flower, but scentless," exclaimed the King, folding in his arms the wife whom he loved.

"It is the new flower of the Philippines," said the Queen. "I have kept the best for you."

The flower which Maria Theresa brought to her husband a century and a half ago had been presented to her the previous day by a Jesuit missionary just returned from the Indies. Craving an audience from his sovereign, he brought his offering, a small shrub with glossy, green leaves, on which blossomed two magnificent white flowers, and which he had brought from the Island of Luzon, one of the Philippine group. It was about three feet in height, and grew in a vase of mother-o'-pearl. The Jesuit donor was named Camellia.

A NOBLE ENGINEER.

It is said that there are few better amateur mechanical engineers than Lord Rosse. There is a good story told of his visiting a large factory in the North of England some years ago, when one of the partners in the concern, passing through the works, was struck by the remarks made to the foreman by the not particularly striking-looking visitor. Entering into conversation himself with the young man, he was so impressed by the intimate knowledge displayed of the mechanical details of the business that he exclaimed:

"You are just the man I want! If you are out of a job, I will give you a first-rate billet here; and, at all events, leave me your name and address, in case of your being at liberty on some future occasion."

"Thank you-er; I am-er the Earl of Rosse, and I am not-er seeking employment-er just at present," was the characteristic reply, in Lord Rosse's usual dry, hesitating manner.

THE KING AND THE DOCTORS.

The late King Ernest of Hanover was very abstemious, and usually had the best of health; but if, on occasion, his doctors prescribed medicine, "Put it in the cupboard!" was the order when the physic came. Once His Majesty was really ill for several weeks. As any bottle or powder was brought, relates the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, the King's chaplain, His Majesty said, "Put it in the cupboard!" and again and again it was "Put it in the cupboard!" Not one drop was touched. Starving and patience were the only remedies resorted to.

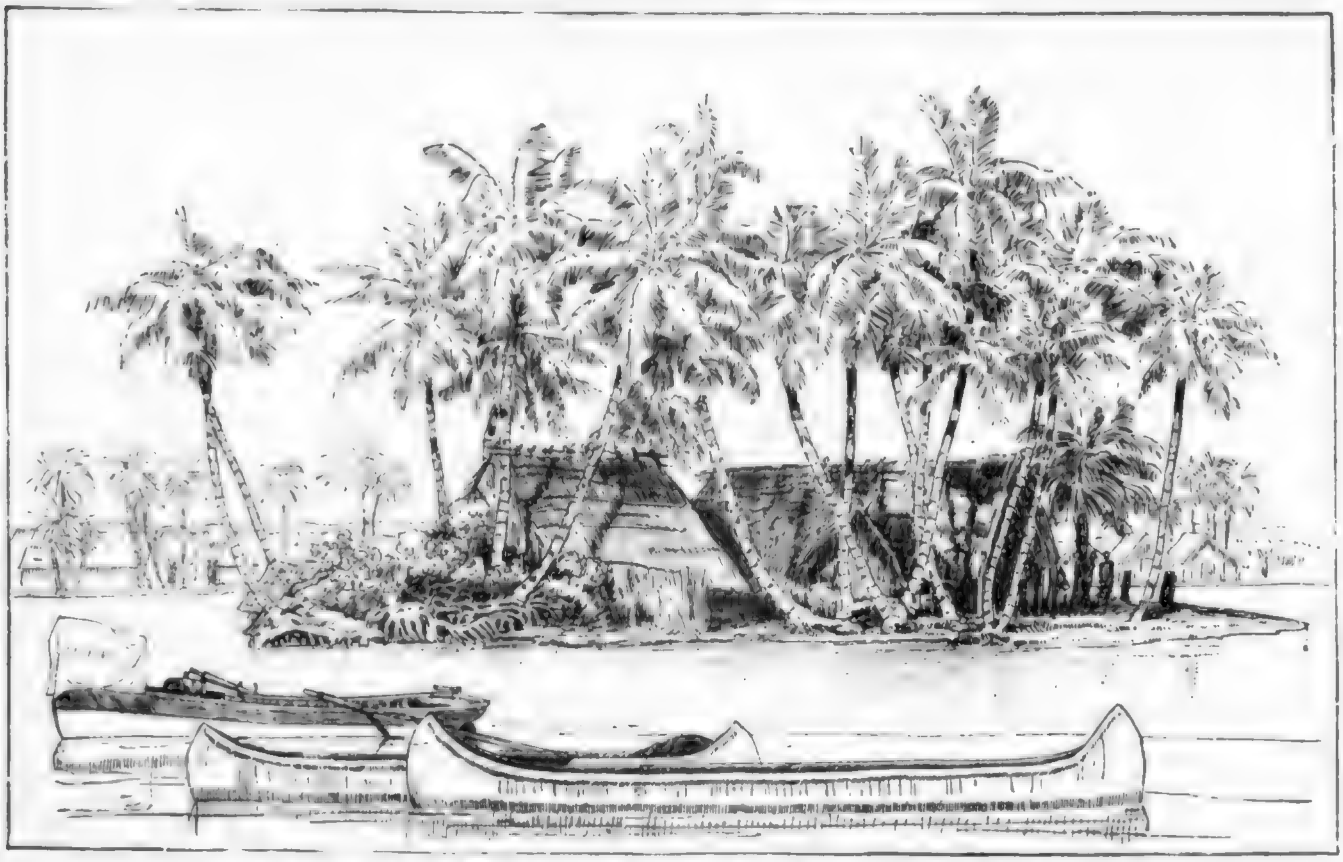
At last His Majesty got his good turn, and began to feel he could eat again with a relish; and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His Majesty was up and dressed early, and at business. "Get all those bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, "and range them in a row round the room." It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in, smirking and smiling, and congratulated the King upon being up again and looking so well. "Yes, doctors," said His Majesty, "thank God it is so! But look there—count it up! Don't you think, if I had drunk all that infernal stuff, I should have been dead long ago?"

CHINESE EDIBLE DOGS.

At a Dog Show in London, a few years since, there was a class of "Chinese Chow-Chow," in which four male dogs and five females were entered. Two of the females, Papoose and Peridot, owned by Lady M. O. Gore, were offered for sale at $2,500 each. The two females represented in our illustrations on page 213 are a black and a red animal, named respectively Chow III. and Chow IV. The former, owned by Mr. C. F. M. Cleverly, is two years and a half old; the latter was born in 1877, and belongs to Mrs. F. Porter. These won the first and the second prize in their class.

We have no precise information concerning the rule by which Chinese gastronomy is directed in selecting for human food certain varieties of dog, and rejecting others; but it is supposed that many of the lower class of people in China will readily eat any flesh of that kind. The name of "chow-chow" seems fearfully significant, but it really has a different meaning. Stews and broths are the chief culinary preparations, for which any flesh may be used, with rice. The gelatinous parts of fish, such as the fins of sharks and the maws of other species of fish, are in much request to thicken and flavor the Chinaman's soup; but a still greater dainty is the *bêche-de-mer*, procured from Torres Strait, and the most highly esteemed of all is the nest of the sea-swallow, which is composed of a mucilaginous seaweed found on the coasts of Java and the Malay Archipelago.

XUM

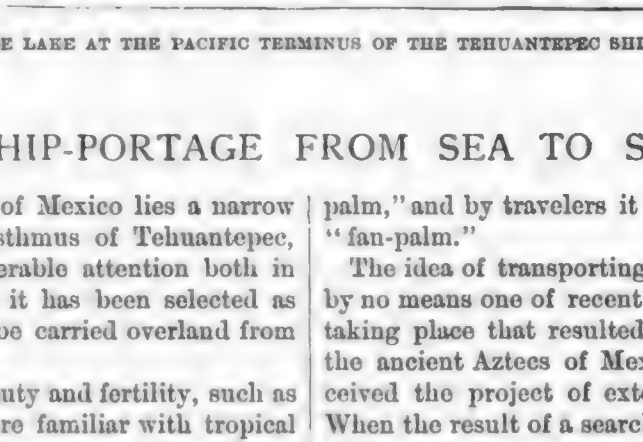


ISLAND IN THE LAKE AT THE PACIFIC TERMINUS OF THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

A SHIP-PORTAGE FROM SEA TO SEA.

NEAR the southern boundary of Mexico lies a narrow neck of land, known as the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, which is now attracting considerable attention both in this country and in Europe, for it has been selected as the route by which ships are to be carried overland from ocean to ocean.

It is a region of wonderful beauty and fertility, such as only those of our readers who are familiar with tropical countries can well picture to themselves. Magnificent forests cover its hills and valleys, where—mingling with the larger growths—one finds luxuriant banana-trees, with their long, silky, green leaves; a great variety of stately, waving palms, and an infinite diversity of foliage, flowers and ferns. No description could convey a faithful idea of the beauty of these tropical forests—the harmonious blending of a hundred tints of green, blue, purple and gold—and, towering above all, are the graceful palms, with their crowns of broad and glittering leaves. One of these Isthmian palms is the species which furnishes the "palm-leaf fans," so common among us in Summer. This palm is a real treasure to the inhabitants of the tropics, and derives its various names from the different uses to which it is put. Thus, by the planters it is called the "thatch-palm," because they employ its broad leaves in thatching the roofs of their houses. To hat-makers it is known as the "hat-palm," and by travelers it is almost invariably called the "fan-palm."



NATIVE HUT ON THE COATZACOALCOS.

The idea of transporting vessels across Tehuantepec is by no means one of recent origin. While the events were taking place that resulted finally in the subjugation of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, the Spaniard Cortez conceived the project of extending his conquest to Peru. When the result of a search for a *strait* had put an end to all hope of discovering a natural channel, he resolved to dismantle his ships and transport them overland across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec to the Pacific—an idea which, although never carried out, may have been suggested to his enterprising spirit by observing that the natives, as they retreated before the victorious Spaniards, carried with them their fleets of war-canoes.

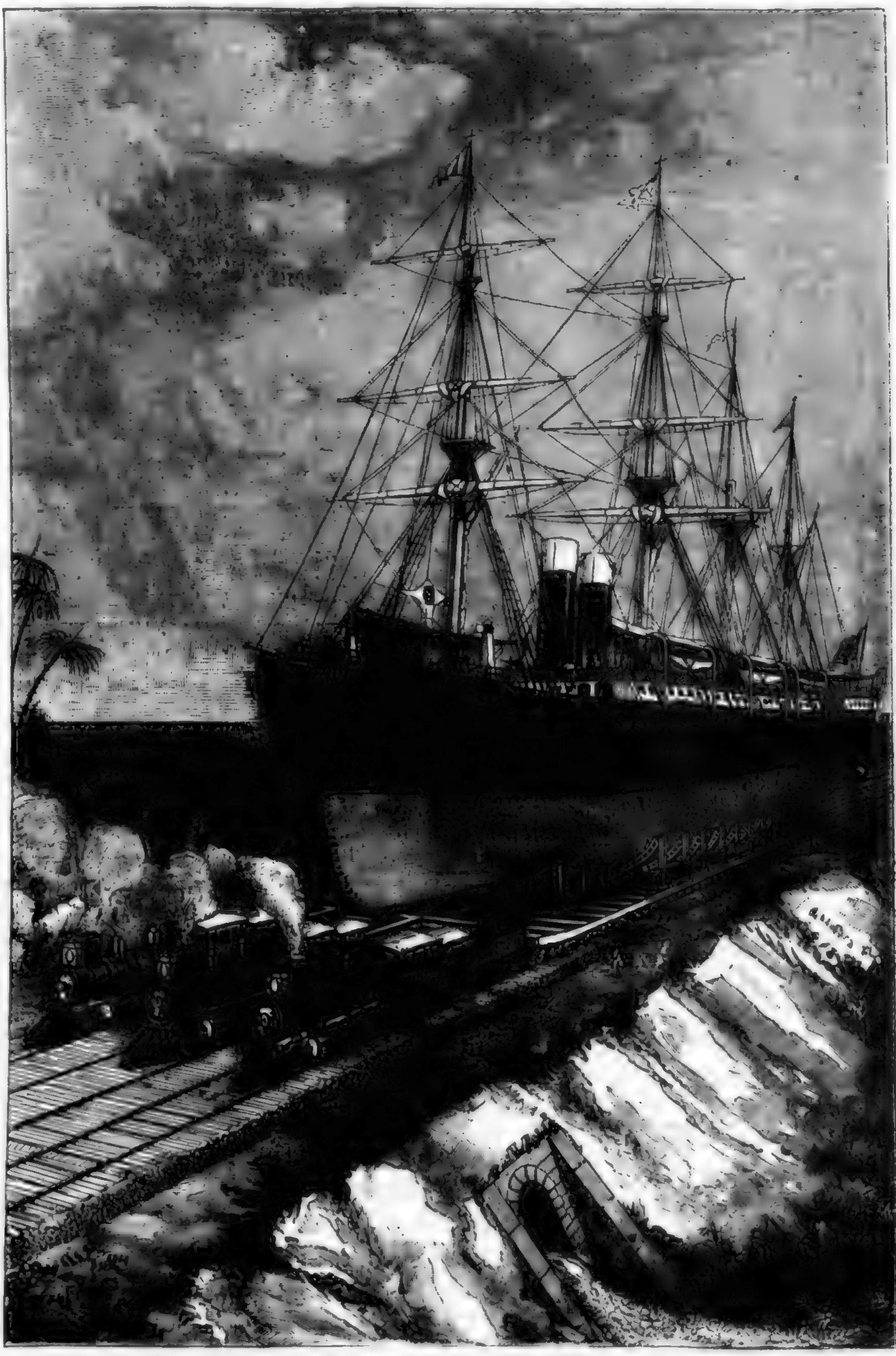
From that time until the present the strip of land which connects the two great continents of America has been regarded as one of the greatest obstacles that stand in the way of the world's progress and enterprise. "Is the transportation of ships across the Isthmus practicable?" was the question which long occupied the minds of statesmen, of engineers, and of merchants engaged in ocean commerce.

To settle this question, surveying and exploring parties under able and experienced engineers have been sent out at different times by half a dozen different countries, by mercantile corporations, and even by private individuals. Every narrow part of the Isthmus has been closely examined. More than twenty routes have been projected, each of which has its advocates and its detractors, many influenced more or less by personal interest or by a desire to render the line of transit especially advantageous to their own country. But all have united upon one important point, viz.: *That the natural obstacles opposed to the passage of ships across the American Isthmus are not insurmountable.*

Of the various proposed routes for an Isthmian ship-canal, five have met with especial favor. They are:

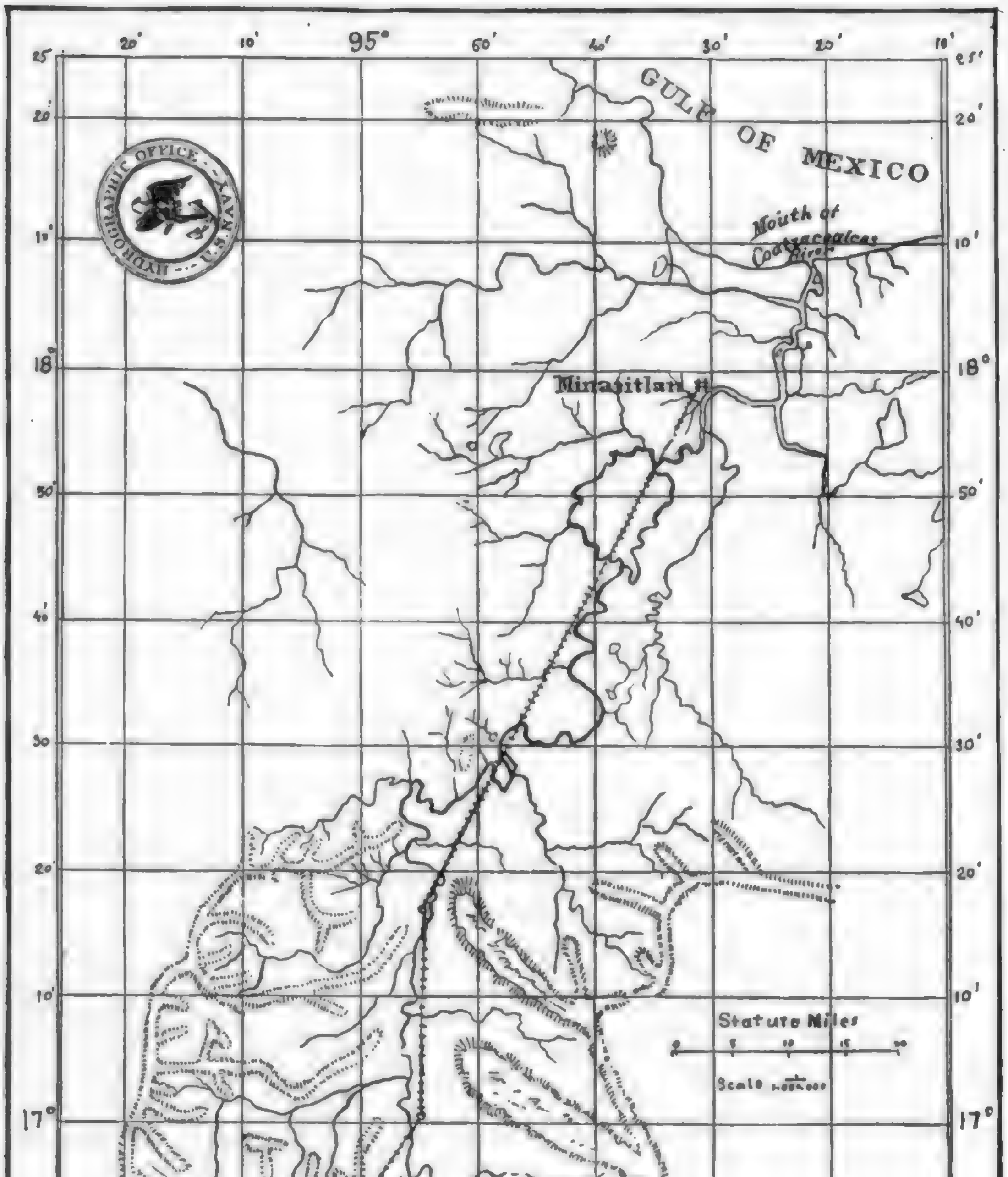
1. By the Isthmus of Panama.
2. By the Isthmus of Darien.
3. By the Lake and Isthmus of Nicaragua.
4. By the River Atrato from the Gulf of Darien, running south through Choco until it reaches the River San Juan, which empties into the Pacific at the Port of Carambiro; and
5. By the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

The work of constructing a canal by the first of these routes, as is well known, has been already commenced by a French company under M. de Lesseps; and the present state of that enterprise, its future prospects and relative advantages and disadvantages, as compared with other favorite lines, have been described in the pages of this magazine (March, 1886). But, hitherto, in the consideration of this so-called "Inter-oceanic Problem," the question of its solution has been confined almost exclusively to the cutting of a ship-canal. Recently, however, an eminent American engineer has proposed a method of transporting ships overland, which is now attracting universal attention. This new method involves the construction of a ship-railway upon principles developed by Captain James B. Eads. Captain Eads is no stranger to the people of this country, or to engineers and scientific men throughout the world. His name is familiar to every American as the builder of the "hundred days" gunboats, which did such effective service on the Mississippi during the late war; as the designer and constructing engineer of the great bridge over the Mississippi, at St. Louis, where it was necessary to penetrate through more than a hundred feet of shifting quicksand before finding the solid rock foundation for the piers of masonry which support the magnificent structure; and as the builder of the famous "jetties" for opening and maintaining the ship-channel at the mouth of the Mississippi. Other countries, too, appreciate his services and ability, for both Brazil and England have sought his aid in surmounting engineering difficulties, and the latter country has recognized his merits by making him a member of her Society of Arts.



A STEAMER IN TRANSIT ON THE RAILROAD.

Captain Eads was born in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and is now about sixty-five years of age. In his early boyhood he attended the school of his native village, but when only thirteen years old the financial misfortunes of his parents forced him to withdraw from school and work his own way in the world.


GULF OF MEXICO
Mouth of Coatzacoalcos River
HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE U.S. NAVY
Minatitlan
Statute Miles
Upper Lake
Lower Lake
Salina Cruz
PACIFIC OCEAN
95°
17°
18°

MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE TEHUANTEPEC SHIP-RAILWAY.

He took passage in a steamer for St. Louis, Mo., but on the way a fire occurred in the vessel at night, destroying nearly all of his meagre stock of clothing, and he landed barefooted and coatless on the very spot where now stands one of the piers of that magnificent monument to his genius and skill—the St. Louis Bridge.

He engaged successively at St. Louis in the occupations of selling apples on the street, of serving as a clerk in a mercantile house, and as purser of a Mississippi steamer.

Though necessarily deprived of the advantages of school, he employed his leisure moments in the acquirement of knowledge, giving especial attention to studies bearing upon the subjects of civil and mechanical engineering.

By the great fire at St. Louis in 1849, twenty-nine steamers were sunk at their wharves. Captain Eads's inventive faculties were now for the first time called into play. He devised a pontoon-boat for raising the wrecks of these vessels, which proved so successful that he soon acquired a high local reputation as a mechanical engineer. His subsequent successes have extended that reputation to every part of the civilized globe.

As the crowning feature of his remarkable achievements, he now proposes to take from the water the heaviest merchant vessels, to transport them across the land by rail, and to lower them again into the water at their destination, and to do all this safely and expeditiously.

The vastness of such an undertaking makes it at first appear chimerical. But a careful study of the plans by which it is to be accomplished has convinced some of the most distinguished engineers of the world that such a feat is not only possible, but eminently practicable. Captain Eads has selected for the location of this ship-railway nearly the identical route suggested by Cortez—that by way of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. First among the considerations that led to its adoption is the patriotic one that Tehuantepec lies nearest to the United States, and hence would afford greater benefits to our commerce than would any other of the proposed routes.

Its nautical advantages are superior to those of the more southern routes, from the fact, well known to seafaring men, that a region of "calms, light, baffling breezes, and of storms of wind and rain" surrounds the American Isthmus, south of the Peninsula of Yucatan, on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and renders the navigation of the adjacent waters by sailing-vessels peculiarly tedious and dangerous; a consideration that assumes its rightful degree of importance when it is borne in mind that even at the present day, in this age of steam, *five-sixths* of the total tonnage of vessels employed in ocean traffic is made up of sailing-ships.

The distances of our principal cities from the most important seaports of the world are much less by way of Tehuantepec than by other lines, as will be observed by a glance at the following table:

COMPARATIVE DISTANCES IN STATUTE MILES.

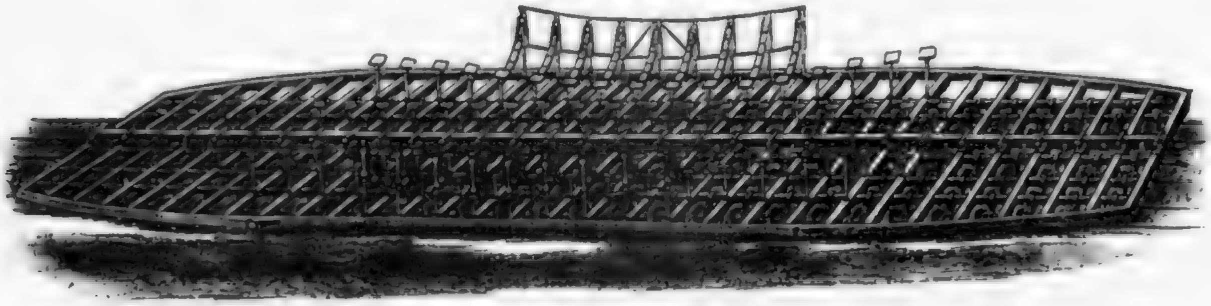
	Total Distance. Miles.	*Miles saved by Tehuantepec Route.*
From New York to China (Hong Kong):		
Viâ Cape Horn - - - - - -	20,379	8,777
" Cape of Good Hope - - - -	16,945	5,343
" Suez Canal - - - - -	13,596	1,994
" Panama Route - - - - -	12,953	1,351
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec - -	11,602	——
New York to Japan (Yokohama):		
Viâ Cape Horn - - - - - -	19,802	9,796
" Cape of Good Hope - - - -	18,085	8,079
" Suez Canal - - - - -	15,527	5,521
" Panama Route - - - - -	11,256	1,250
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec - -	10,006	——
New York to Australia (Melbourne):		
Viâ Cape Horn - - - - - -	15,215	4,150
" Suez Canal - - - - -	15,171	4,106
" Cape of Good Hope - - - -	15,019	3,954
" Panama Route - - - - -	11,826	761
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec - -	11,065	——
New York to Sandwich Isl'ds (Honolulu):		
Viâ Cape Horn - - - - - -	15,826	9,163
" Panama Route - - - - -	7,939	1,276
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec - -	6,663	——
New York to San Francisco:		
Viâ Cape Horn - - - - - -	15,687	10,797
" Panama Route - - - - -	6,063	1,173
" Isthmus of Tehuantepec - -	4,890	——

Great as these distances are in favor of the Tehuantepec route as compared with those of the projected Panama Canal, its most probable competitor, they, doubtless, will be made much greater in the near future by cutting a canal across the Peninsula of Florida. Although the ship-railway and the Florida Canal are separate and distinct enterprises, when both are completed, each would naturally become the complement of the other. "The country through which the line passes," writes Mr. Martin Van Bracklin, Resident Engineer of the Ship-railway Company, who has spent three years on the Isthmus, "has a fine, salubrious climate, with the exception of the immediate valley of Coatzacoalcos River, where malarial fevers are prevalent for a portion of the year. By reason of the peculiar topographical formation of the Isthmus, there is an almost constant interchange of air-currents between the two oceans. The inhabitants are a robust and healthful people." In the recent survey made for the Ship-railway Company, the surveying party was composed mostly of men unaccustomed to a tropical climate. They reached the Isthmus in the month of March, at the beginning of the wet season—always regarded as the least healthful period of the year—and remained during seventeen consecutive months engaged in the survey. It had been feared that the hardships and exposures incident to such a work would affect the health of the party; but, "no case of sickness occurred among them," continues the engineer before quoted, "and they returned to the United States, after completing their labors, in robust health."

In the important matter of harbors for the reception and protection of ships at the terminal points of the line, Tehuantepec is peculiarly favored by nature. It needs but a casual inspection of the map on page 218 to show that, on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, there is an excellent land-locked harbor just within the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River. Its entrance is protected from the sea by a bar, through which a ship-channel can easily be made of any desired depth; and once inside the bar, vessels find themselves in a broad harbor, thirty to forty feet deep, and thoroughly sheltered from even the most violent gales. On the Pacific Coast, the railway will terminate on the shore of a little lake, which connects with the ocean by a narrow channel, and furnishes for vessels every harbor facility that could be desired.

The total length of the railway will be 134 miles. It begins at the town of Minatitlan, on the Coatzacoalcos River, 25 miles from its mouth. The lower portion of the river, from Minatitlan to the Gulf of Mexico, can be made, with little trouble or expense, navigable for vessels drawing as much as 28 feet of water. From the town, where a bend in the river forms a natural basin for the lifting-dock, which will be required to raise the vessels from the water to the level of the railway, the line of the road runs for 35 miles through a nearly level plain which furnishes a solid foundation for the road-bed. The surrounding country remains almost untouched by the hand of man; but where any attempt has been made to till the soil it yields an excellent quality of tobacco, rice, cotton, coffee, cocoa, and other valuable articles of commerce; while oranges, bananas, guavas, and in fact most of the delicious fruits peculiar to the tropics, grow in profusion without the aid of cultivation. Much of this alluvial plain is covered by thick woods, the trees, often five or six feet in diameter, comprising several species of the oak, and other excellent building timbers, in addition to a great variety of the more costly woods, such as lignum-vitæ, mahogany, acacia, and the *Siphonica elastica*, or "india-rubber tree."

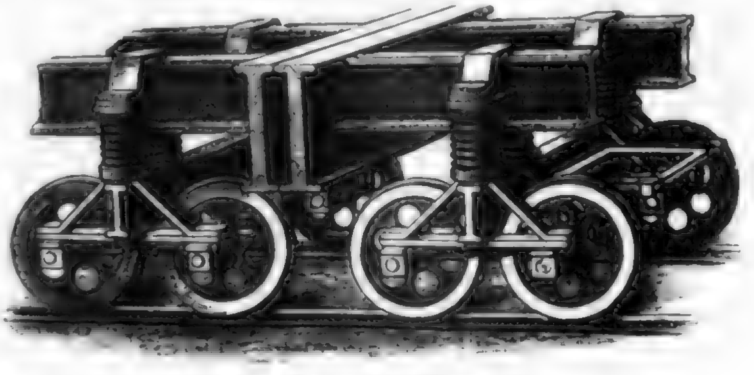
Though apparently level, the plain really rises along the line of the railway by a grade of 10 to 20 feet per mile. Leaving this fertile region, the road follows the valley of the Coatzacoalcos for 20 miles, then branches off into a succession of broad valleys inclosed by ranges of hills and mountains. By a gentle and imperceptible grade the line rises to the summit-plain of Tarifa, 736 feet above the mean level of the sea. Crossing this plain, it enters the Cordilleras by the Tarifa Pass, the lowest depression



FRAME OF THE CAR.

on the Isthmus, and located at precisely the point most convenient for the railway, as if nature itself had sought to encourage the enterprise of man.

Emerging from the Pass, the railway traverses a series of narrow valleys, descending by an easy grade of 1 per cent., or 52 and 8-10 feet per mile, until it reaches the Pacific plains, whence, without encountering any serious obstacles to its construction, it continues on to its terminus on one of the small lakes connecting with the ocean. The accompanying map, on page 218, though necessarily greatly reduced in size from the original, is the result of the recent survey of the route made for the Ship-railway Company, and will give the reader a clear idea of the general course and location of the line.



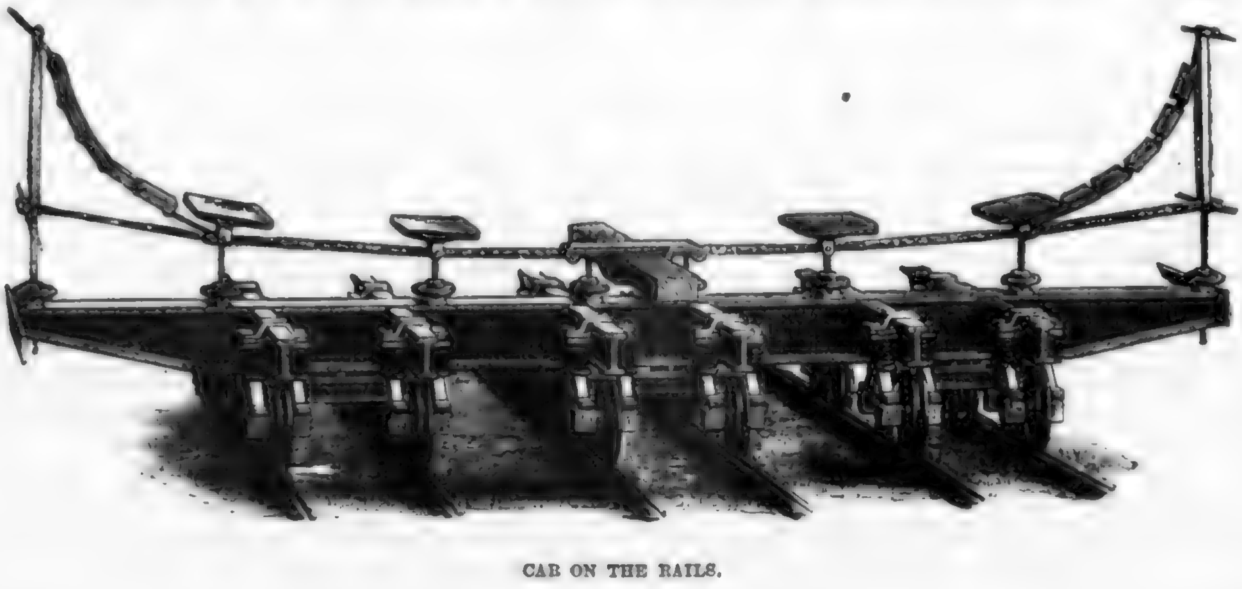
WHEELS OF CAR.

The roadbed or foundation for the railway will be nearly fifty feet wide, or five times that of an ordinary railroad. It will be built in the most substantial manner, and ballasted with a thick layer of stone or concrete. Upon the surface will be laid six rails, 4 feet 8½ inches apart, so that the two outside rails will be separated from each other by a distance of 29 feet, and the railway will have the appearance of three ordinary railroads side by side. The rails will be twice the size of those used in an ordinary railroad, and will be securely bolted to broad steel sleepers or "ties," extending under the whole six and projecting several feet beyond the outside rail on each side. These wide sleepers present a larger bearing-surface to the roadbed, and in some places, if found necessary, additional support will be obtained by securing them to heavy longitudinal timbers.

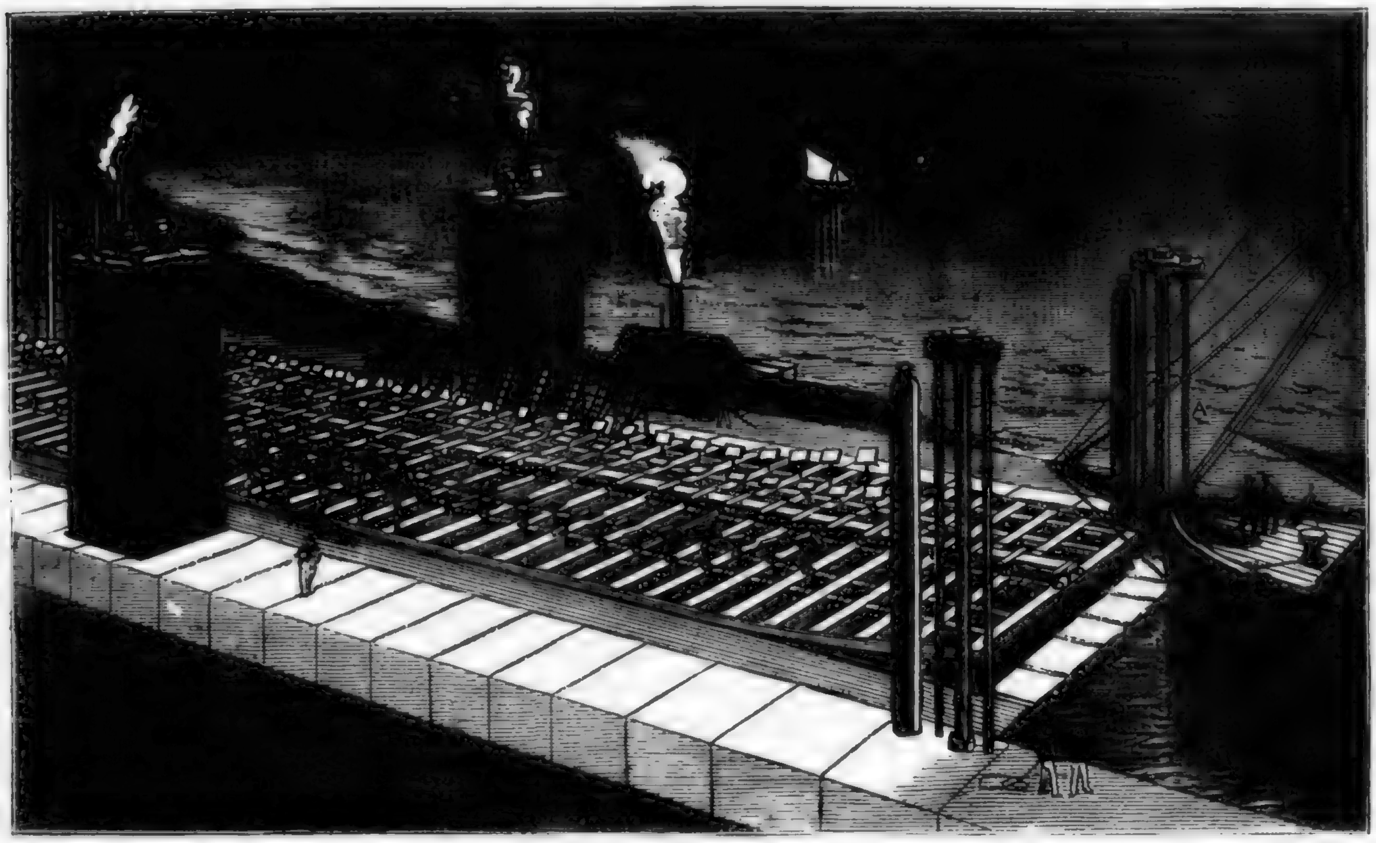
The car or "cradle," upon which the vessel will rest in its transit over the railway, will be built wholly of steel. An inspection of the illustrations on this page will convey to the reader a good idea of its general appearance and the details of its construction.

The whole number of wheels under the car will be about 500, and the blocks or supports under the vessel's bottom are arranged so as to bring the weight of the vessel directly upon the trucks. At each terminus of the railway, at Minatitlan on the Atlantic side, and at the lake on the Pacific coast, a rectangular stone basin will be built, one end of which will be left open to the surrounding waters. Within this basin will be placed the lifting-dock or pontoon, for raising the vessel to the level of the railway. The lifting-dock will be about 450 feet long, 75 feet wide, and from 12 to 15 feet deep. It will be virtually an immense air-tight caisson or pontoon, built of steel plates, and divided into water-tight compartments. On the upper surface or deck of the dock six rails will be laid, corresponding to those of the railway.

In the process of transferring a vessel from the water to the railway, ready to start on its overland trip, the car or cradle will be run from the railway to its place on the deck of the dock. The valves of the dock will then be opened, and the compartments filling with water, the dock sinks to the bottom of the basin. The ship is then

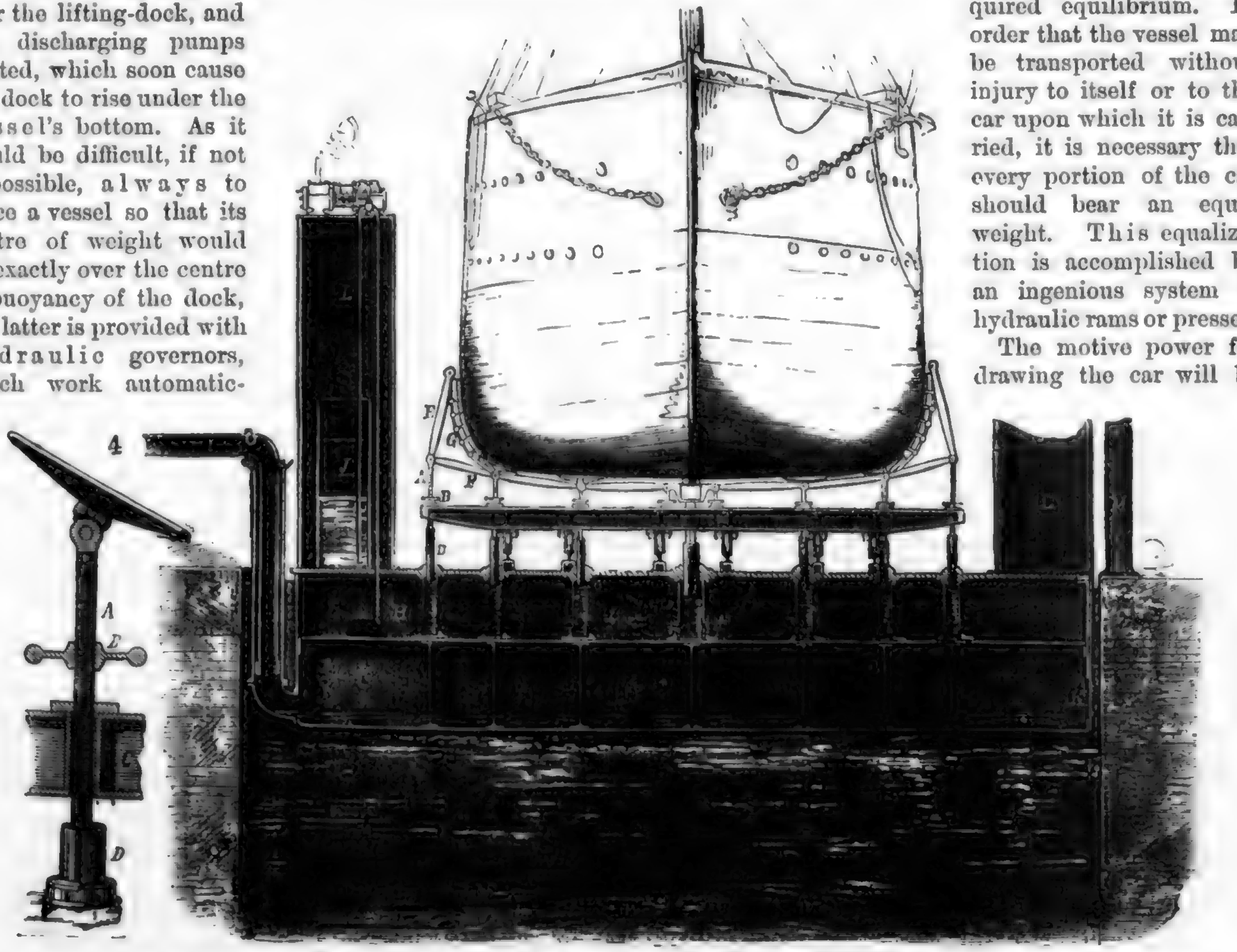


CAR ON THE RAILS.



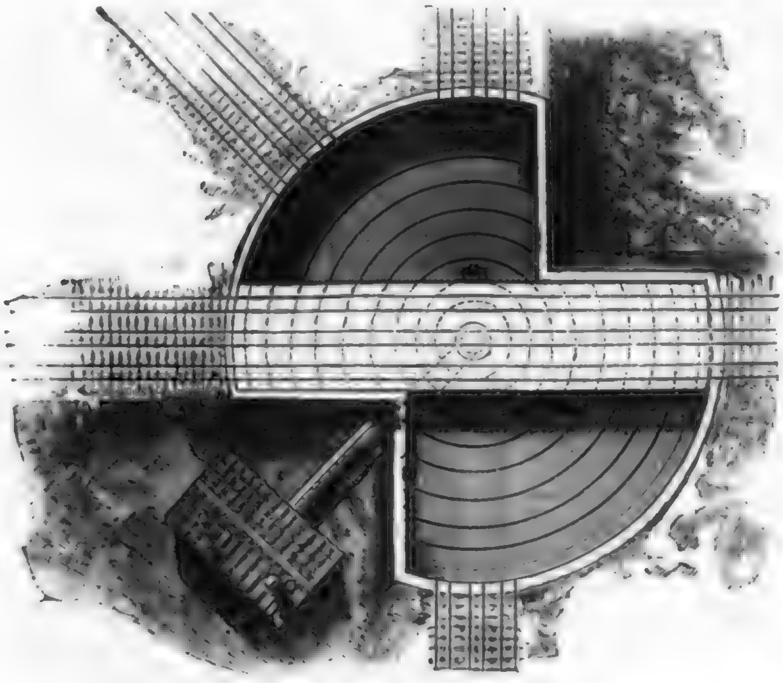
PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE DOCK AND CAR.

floated into its place over the lifting-dock, and the discharging pumps started, which soon cause the dock to rise under the vessel's bottom. As it would be difficult, if not impossible, always to place a vessel so that its centre of weight would be exactly over the centre of buoyancy of the dock, the latter is provided with hydraulic governors, which work automatically, and preserve the required equilibrium. In order that the vessel may be transported without injury to itself or to the car upon which it is carried, it is necessary that every portion of the car should bear an equal weight. This equalization is accomplished by an ingenious system of hydraulic rams or presses. The motive power for drawing the car will be



Cross-section of the pontoon, towers and carriage. *A* is a side support; *E, G, F,* the adjustable hinged girth; *D,* the ram; *L, L,* the towers for the pressure pumps which are on the top of the towers; *I* is the pipe through which the water is withdrawn from the pontoon by the centrifugal pump; *J* is the reservoir from which the water is taken to force a pressure through the pipes to the rams; *K* is one of the cylinders for the hydraulic governors.

THE LIFTING-DOCK.



FLOATING TURNTABLE—VERTICAL VIEW.

furnished by locomotives of the ordinary type, but much larger and more powerful than those in common use on our railroads; and as many of these giant engines as may be found necessary will be employed, some in front and others in rear of the car.

Nature has divided the length of the railway into six sections, each of which is practically a straight line. At the ends of the sections the required change in direction will be made by the use of floating turntables. These turntables are in themselves not the least ingenious mechanical feature of the railway. They consist of a segmental excavation or basin, walled and floored with masonry, partially filled with water. Inside the basin there will be a pontoon or caisson somewhat similar to the lifting-dock, arranged so that it may be revolved around a central column. An inspection of the illustrations will show clearly the manner in which they are used.

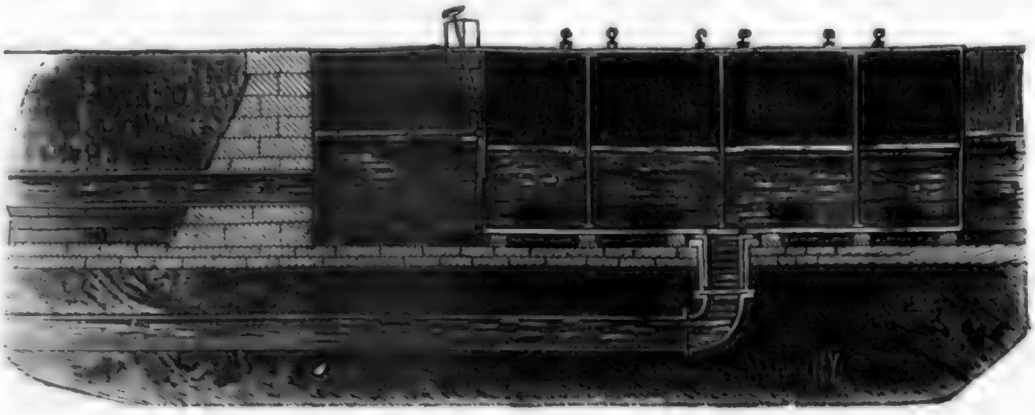
The turntables serve also as passing-points for vessels going in opposite directions, one of the ships being run out on a short track radiating from the turntable, while the other passes along the main line. Upon reaching the end of its overland journey the vessel is lowered into the water by reversing the process employed in raising it.

Opponents of the ship-railway have asserted that the project is new and untried, and, hence, that there is a reasonable doubt of its practicability; that, as no such railway has been built, the estimates of its cost must be purely theoretical; and that the expense of keeping in good order such a road would be greater than that required for the maintenance of a canal.

While it must be admitted that no ship-railway on a scale such as that contemplated at Tehuantepec has been yet built, the idea of transporting vessels by rail is no new one to the scientific world. Before work was begun on the Suez Canal, English engineers of high standing advocated the building of a ship-railway in its stead. In 1874 an eminent engineer made plans for a railway to transport steamers around the first cataract of the Nile; and at the present time a similar railway, to carry ships of 2,000 tons, is being constructed across the Isthmus of Chignecto, which separates the Bay of Fundy from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Though built by private capital, the Chignecto Ship-railway is under the patronage of the Canadian Government, which guarantees to the stockholders, for a period of twenty years, an annual profit of seven per centum on their investments. The railway is but seventeen miles in length, yet it saves a dangerous voyage of 600 miles. At the head of the Railway Company is Sir John Fowler, one of England's most distinguished engineers, whose name alone, as the advocate of the enterprise, would be a sufficient proof of its feasibility.

The plan of the Tehuantepec Railway is on a scale much larger than that of the Chignecto line, and contemplates the handling of the heaviest merchant ships.

It is not possible for even the ablest and most experienced engineers to determine in advance the cost of vast enterprises like the Ship-railway. The best estimates can scarcely be called approximations to what will be the actual expense of construction. A good example of this is shown in the experience of the Panama Canal Company. When the "International Scientific Congress"—consisting of delegates from the United States, and from all the prominent European Powers, excepting Russia—met in Paris, in May, 1879, to select a route for a Ship Canal across the American Isthmus, a committee of engineers was appointed to calculate the cost of a sea-level canal at Panama. The committee, after making a most careful detailed estimate, and *adding one-fourth* for contingent expenses, reported that such a canal could be constructed between Aspinwall and Panama for, in round numbers, the sum of $144,000,000. A few months later, a committee of engineer-experts, called a "Technical Commission," after a personal examination of the route, increased the amount to $166,000,000. At the present day the best authorities place the probable cost of the Panama Canal at from $250,000,000 to $400,000,000. That of building the Ship-railway—based on a thorough knowledge of the ground over which the road runs, and on the known (approximate) cost of building an ordinary railroad over such a route—has been estimated at $75,000,000. Some idea of the cost of operating the Ship-railway may be obtained, also, by comparing it with an ordinary road. The estimates of keeping in good order



THE FLOATING TURNTABLE.

a first-class double track railroad—including switches, yards, buildings, etc.—is in this country about $1,700 per annum for each mile of its length. On the Ship-railway the speed of the rolling stock will be slower, and hence the wear of the rails will be less, while none of the heavy expenses ordinarily resulting from snow and freezing will be incurred ; but there will be greater rainfall at certain seasons of the year, and, probably, a more rapid decay of all wooden structures, and also three tracks instead of two. It has been considered a fair estimate to place the expense of keeping the Ship-railway in good order at $2,500 per mile. We will then have :

First.—Cost of maintenance (134 miles) at $2,500 per mile	$335,000
Second.—The cost of operating the terminals, from a careful detailed statement of cost of labor, materials and repairs, will be $350 per day, or for 365 days, $127,750; and for two terminals, per annum	255,500
Third.—The cost of operating the five ship-railway turntables, at $300 per day	109,500
Fourth.—The motive power for hauling vessels, per annum	278,720
Fifth.—Telegraph expenses	20,000
Sixth.—Incidentals	40,000
Seventh.—General expenses	50,000
Total annual expense	$1,088,720

In contrast with this sum, the estimate for maintenance and operating the Panama Canal is $2,000,000 per annum. In point of fact, the amount that will be required is likely to be much greater. We have not the figures for more recent years, but in 1883 the cost of keeping in repair and working the Suez Canal was $2,784,869 ; and the annual expenditure at Panama will be greatly in excess of that at Suez, on account of the heavy rainfall (averaging 120 inches per year) to which the former place is subjected. Flood-like rain showers occur at Panama daily, and almost hourly, during the wet season ; and the filling-in effect of these violent, torrential rains, on the high, sloping, clay-banks of the canal, would be certainly very great.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, however, is comparatively free from these tropical inundations ; and the road-bed of the Ship-railway is everywhere above the high-water level of the streams.

Great interest in the Ship-railway has been recently manifested throughout this country—especially in St. Louis and New Orleans, where public meetings have been held and resolutions passed to adopt every means for the encouragement of the enterprise.

That ships, sooner or later, will cross the Isthmus, every thinking man now fully believes. The Tehuantepec route is essentially the American one ; and every citizen of the United States must feel that the honor of first uniting the two great oceans should belong to America. Our people are at last beginning to realize that a European company is already at work on the American Isthmus, and that the coveted honor may be wrested from us.

From whatever point of view the Ship-railway may be considered, it must be regarded as in a great degree a national enterprise.

It is proposed to build it wholly by private capital. But in order to encourage capitalists to invest their means, the Governments of the United States and Mexico have been asked—*provided that when the railway shall have been built, it shall prove to be a practical success*—to guarantee to the investors an annual profit of five per cent. on the estimated cost, for a period of fifteen years. Should the net revenues of the railway fall below this amount, one-third of the deficiency is to be made up by Mexico, and the remaining two-thirds by the United States. Mexico has already accepted the proposition, and, in addition, has granted the Ship-railway Company the "right of way," and a belt of land, nearly a half mile wide, across the Isthmus. That part of the proposition which relates to the United States is now under the consideration of Congress.

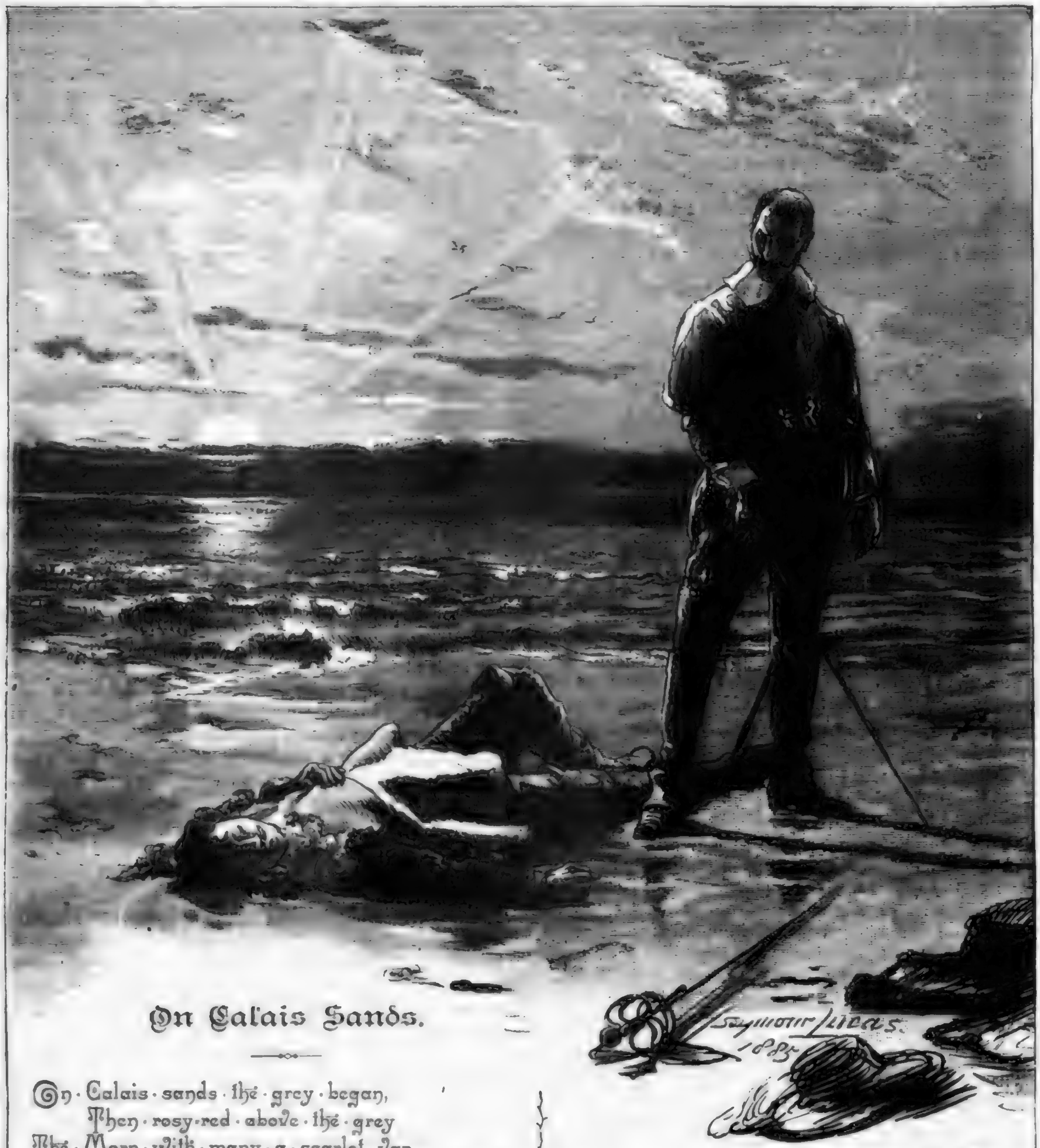
CHEAP ALUMINIUM.

It has been reserved for a German-American chemist in Philadelphia to produce aluminium metal of the average quality and purity usually dealt in and at present ordinarily used in commerce, in sufficiently large quantities to make the new process of general commercial value, and at a probable cost of not over $1.25 per pound, one-twelfth of that now ruling. The discoverer of the new process is William Frishmuth, a chemist of Philadelphia, and a pupil of Wohler, who discovered the metal. He has been working for twenty-eight years to solve the problem of making cheap aluminium in commercial quantities.

Aluminium is made only from its oxide, alumina. This is found everywhere, there being more in the ground than there is of iron. The French clay, bauxite, and the English and Irish alum clays, all existing in inexhaustible quantities, contain very high percentages of alumina, which can be extracted at a very low cost. Bauxite contains sixty per cent. of alumina, and can be laid down in New York at $8 per ton.

The uses of the metal are almost illimitable. Being only about one-quarter the weight of other metals, it will be substituted for these in countless ways. For lightning rods, telegraph and electric light wires it will come into use, as, with the exception of silver, it is the best conductor of electricity known. Already, notwithstanding its cost, it is adopted for the metal buttons, buckles, and, in fact, all the accoutrements of the uniform of the soldier, the weight of these being lessened so greatly that he is enabled to carry from thirty to forty additional cartridges without increasing the load hitherto borne. It is non-corrosive, and will not tarnish, and must eventually supplant other metals for domestic uses. It will also be used for subsidiary coins. Specimens after handling for months show no signs of wear, and are as bright as the day they were struck. As an alloy, however, it will prove of the greatest value, especially when combined with silver and copper ; giving to these metals its non-corrosive and non-tarnishing qualities, and greatly increasing their tensile strength. Aluminium bronze, which is made from ninety parts of copper and ten parts of aluminium, has a tensile strength of three tons per square inch more than Bessemer steel.

A Parrot Story.—A clergyman says : "A parrot belonging to some friends of mine was generally taken out of the room when the family assembled for prayers, for fear he might take it into his head to join irreverently in the responses. One evening, however, his presence happened to be unnoticed, and he was entirely forgotten. For some time he maintained a decorous silence, but at length, instead of 'Amen,' out he came with 'Cheer, boys, cheer.' On this the butler was directed to remove him, and got as far as the door with him when the bird, perhaps thinking that he had committed himself, and had better apologize, called out, 'Sorry I spoke.' The overpowering effect on the assembly may be more easily imagined than described."



On Calais Sands.

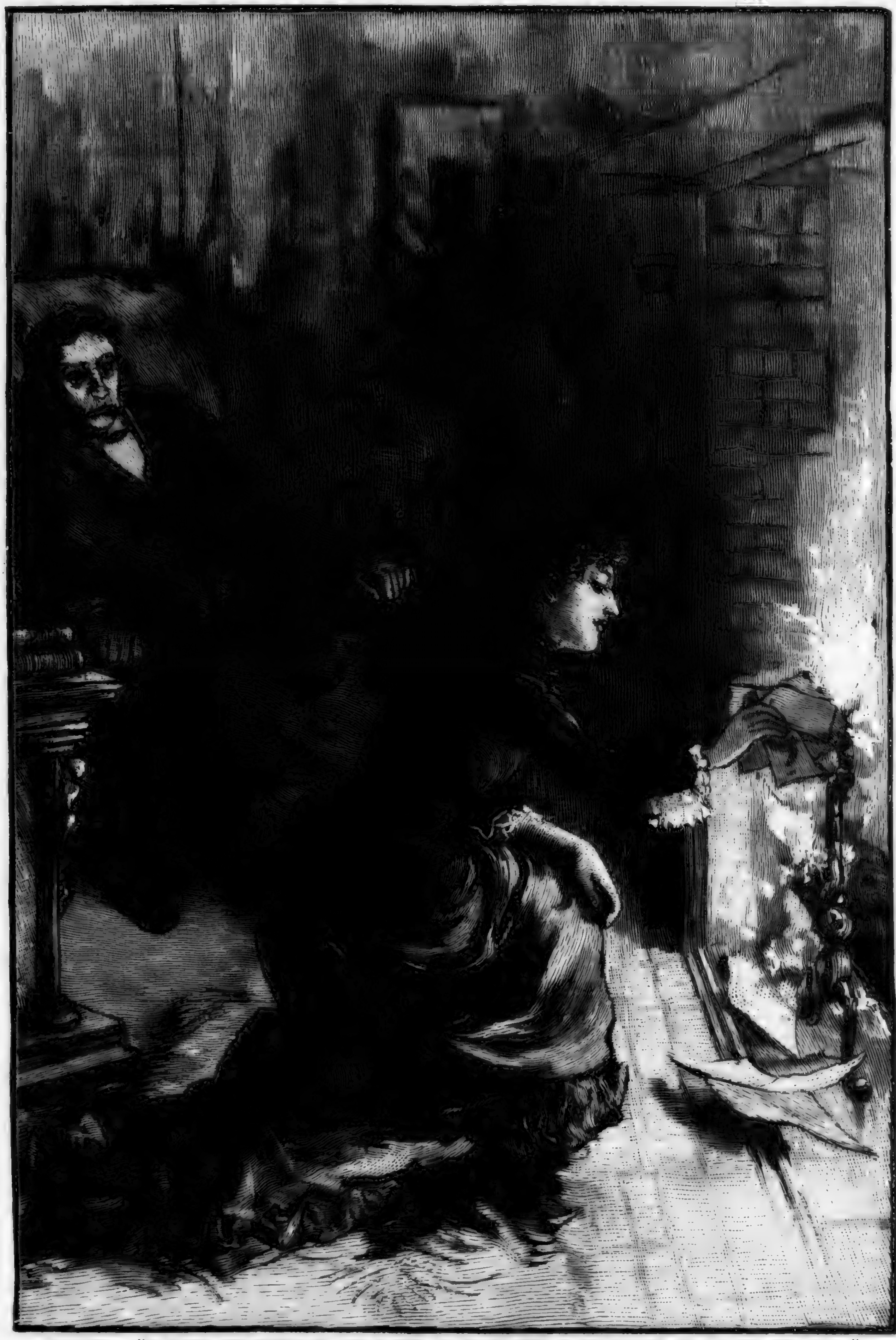
On Calais sands the grey began,
Then rosy-red above the grey
The Morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May.
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flitted white as they
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands must man with man
Wash honour clean in blood to-day;
On spaces wet from waters wan
How white the flashing rapiers play,—
Parry, riposte, and lunge! The fray
Shifts for a while, then mournful stands
The victor; life ebbs fast away
On Calais sands!

On Calais sands a little span
Of silence, then the plash and spray,
The sound of eager waves that ran
To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
To touch the lips that ne'er said "nay,"
To dally with the helpless hands;
Till the deep sea in silence lay
On Calais sands!

ENVOY.

Between the lilac and the May
She waits her Love from alien lands;
Her Love is colder than the clay
On Calais sands!



ATALANTA.—"NAN TOOK THE BUNDLE OF LOOSE PAPERS AND FLUNG THEM ON THE BLAZING COALS IN THE OPEN GRATE." SEE NEXT PAGE.

ATALANTA.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"Don't you think I might go, David?"

"The morning is too dark, sir, and gusty. I think you had better not try it."

"Ah, well then, I will not."

An outer door, opened from beyond, somewhere, lets in a gust of misty, moaning air. Wide hall and narrow passage are filled with the cold sound; doors start ajar, windows rattle, and a wild flare of smoke and flame whirls up the chimney.

Herrick Bell's pale, thin face flushes slightly, as he draws a step nearer to the fire.

"A bad day! I should think so. And it gets worse, doesn't it? Well,"—his clear, low-toned voice showing an inner revolt—"there's no help for it. You will have to go in my place, David."

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir, in the village?" asked David, while he buttoned his fur collar tighter about his throat, and drew his cap closer over his brows.

"No, nothing," said Herrick, slowly.

He was watching the other man, so strong and firm and reliant—a man not lettered like himself, ignorant of Greek or Hebrew lore, ignorant of Southern song and Eastern art, study a sealed book to him, save as Nature taught; yet, on the other hand, a study in himself—so blue and clear his eyes, so fresh his laugh, a quick, glad health stirring every pulse within him.

"No, there's nothing," he said. "Only be sure and bring my cousin safe with you. She'll think me a poor creature," he said, in a different voice.

"Miss Herbert will know you could not go out such a day," was the sturdy reply to this, as David went his way.

When he was left to himself, Rick sat by the fire and dreamed some pleasant dreams. After all, perhaps, he had done well—better than he knew. For when he wrote to a far, dying kinsman, "Send your sister to me. I will be a brother to her now; and as I deal by her, God deal so by me, and more," he felt a dim recognition of the fact that he was putting his name to a bond of whose utmost purport he knew nothing.

Visions of a gentle shape near, of a voice that echoed his thoughts, of eyes that smiled and wept as his eyes would, of they two reading the same page, bending cheek by cheek over the words he had written. What could be more innocent than these.

He was scarcely conscious of the waning day till, of a sudden, the door burst open, and something like a brisk current of southwest wind, strong and sweet, blew through his airy dreams.

"Oh, you are in here!" This was not the voice of a virago exactly, but there was the stamp of the foot in it. "Do you know there were two children out there—a brute of a big boy who was teasing a little crying child that had stumbled and broken her milk-pitcher?"

Rick rose from his seat in bewilderment. Here before him was a vision of a girl, tall and straight, with rose-flushes in her round cheeks, and soft, fawn-like eyes, and with the sunlight in the splendid mass of her glowing ruddy hair.

He had seen something like her before, but where? "Oh, indeed!" was all he could say in his wonder.

"It was a fine performance, oh, yes! but I don't think he will try it again." And she laughed, triumphantly. "He must have thought a whirlwind was after him. I shook life enough out of him to keep him still for a week," she affirmed, gravely.

Then the door behind her opened, David appeared.

"Oh, here you are, safe!" David glanced at Herrick with a hidden laughter in his face. "I beg your pardon. I only came to see if you were safe."

When he had shut the door again, the girl turned to Herrick with some abashment in her manner.

"It is I who ought to beg pardon for coming in this way. But I jumped from the wagon and left him." Then she continued, shyly: "I am Nan, and—you—you must be Rick—my cousin Herrick."

She never forgot the gentle courtesy with which this man with the scholarly face took her hand, saying:

"Yes, I am Rick. I am glad the old homestead is going to be a home for both of us now. Welcome home, dear Nan!"

That was all; and Nan was home.

It was after she had rested and taken some supper that she began to look about her.

"So many books!" she said, with those fawn-like eyes wide open. "My brother used to say you were a poet. You—you did not write them *all?*"

"No," said Rick, laughing. "You have much too grand an opinion of me. These are my friends, my comforters and teachers."

He drew Nan's arm in his, and leading her up, laid her hand upon a range of books against the wall.

"Love them, Nan; be very good friends with them, for my sake."

"Yes," she said, awed by his solemn tone, "I will try for your sake, dear Rick. You must teach me."

She took a small copy in Parian marble of "Atalanta"—Rinehart's "Atalanta"—standing with free, wind-stirred hair and wind-blown skirt, every limb alert with strong, untutored mountain grace, eager for the race.

Rick started, glancing from the lovely thing cut in stone to the one who held it.

"Ah," he cried, "I was wondering all this time where I had seen you before, Nan! There it is, there you are—you and your ancestress!"

"This?" cried Nan. "Did you know her? Is it—is it—who is she?"

Rick's face flushed.

"It is Atalanta!" was his answer. Then, more gayly: "The first Nan Herbert."

"Am I like her?" Nan went on, innocently. "I should like to run a race with her! And her dress—I like that!" She put the figure down, looking at Herrick with rather a puzzled air.

"Yes," said Rick, recovering his temper, and inwardly hoping that Nan would not try any innovation of costume there. "It most likely suited the conditions of life in those days."

And then he was silent, standing with bent brows frowning by the fire.

Truly, this was a strange wildwood note, coming fresh from furzy dell and cold hilltops, brightening with its clear sound the student's recluse life. Sometimes in listening to the voice he forgot the words it framed, and so was compelled to ask the question it had asked.

That, too, was a fresh delight, and there were many questions; for, to Nan, the old house, with its buried treasures, was a mine to be explored from the top to the bottom.

XUM

One day, rummaging a fragrant closet, sweet with stored boxes of forgotten relics, she brought out a—what was it?"

"Oh, look!" she cried. "Rick, what is this?"

Herrick glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, my beech bowl! Is it there?" He came and stood at her side. "I had forgotten it. Pan used to drink out of it."

"But what is it for? Why is it hidden in here?"

Miss Pan examined the thing curiously. Just an antique wooden bowl carved from beech, and, when it was new, sweet, no doubt, with young spring-juice and bud-breath. Time had now touched it with a soft, gold-brown tinge; it was hard and smooth-polished, while about the edge was cut, with a not wholly unromantic hand, a wreath of vine and beech-leaves, making it seem fit for meadow waters.

"It is my beech bowl—my bowl of inspiration," said Herrick, smiling a little.

"But it's empty," quoth Miss Nan, tapping it with her soft, white fingers.

"Yes, it is empty. Time emptied it long ago."

Rick's pale forehead showed a passing flush. He took the bowl from Nan and stood looking into it. Empty!

"It hath a story," he said, rousing himself a bit. "Once on a time an aunt, or grandcousin of mine——"

"Pan's daughter?" asked Nan, interrupting just because she liked exact reporting.

Herrick glanced at her, but her face was innocent.

"She was old Pandrake Bell's daughter—a girl of ten or twelve—and fond of following her brothers in the wood. They drew the life-blood of the trees in those days, making every springtime vast quantities of maple-sugar and syrup, and the girl was fond of drinking the fresh dripping juice; so, one day, old Pan, her father, cut this bowl for her use. The work was all his, done with his knife while he watched the boiling liquid in the night."

"Yes," said Nan, breathlessly. "Oh, why was I not there!"

She clasped her hands together in fierce excitement.

"Maybe you *were* there!" said Rick, looking at her. He gave the bowl back to her.

"How fond they were in those old times of Nature's nourishment! The water drawn from birch and maple, that strange drink termed metheglin, made from honey, with a sting in its sweetness—my grandmother used to make gallons of it. Men and women drank the very life of Nature then, fresh from her strong veins."

He was growing pallid with his sad fervor. Nan drew her arm in his.

"I love the bowl, too. See, I'll put it up here, and I will keep it always filled with leaves and berries and fragrant sprigs from the wood, just to tell you of that beautiful wild world out there. Oh, Rick, dear Rick, I love you! I wish I could be like you! Help you—help you to *enjoy* life!"

Her arms were round his neck, her tears falling as she turned her cheek away.

Rick gently unloosed her hold.

"See," he said, with his gentle smile, pointing to the bottom of the bowl where a drop of water shone. "You said the bowl was empty, dear Nan, but to me it will always be full after this—always filled to the brim with that dear tear-drop."

* * * * * * *

"I am a Shade!"

If Herrick Bell's eyes sought ofttimes than was usual that picture hung above his desk—a picture of Life half emerging from, half fading into, vaporous mist—it might not have been that his thoughts were more than usually sombre.

Still, he did dream of his work. His consolation had ever been that nothing which held the seed of life in it should die. Why, then, this picture?

"I am a Shade—a Shadow thou!" If life was truly a shade, what was love, or fame, or happiness, more than a shadow that the shade pursued?

The next day he was working feverishly at his desk, when he heard Nan's merry voice without. He pushed his manuscript sheets aside, and, going to the window, stood and watched her. How filled with joyous health she was!

The sunlight stirred all the glancing light in her yellow hair. Her cheeks glowed; her eyes flashed, as with lifted arms she caught the great bunches of mountain-ashberries David was breaking.

Something in the look, the manner of these two in the sunshine in their glad, strong grace, touched the ire of the pale student. His face grew dark.

"David is one of Nature's true born sons," he said to himself. "He is a wooer, and he speaks in the old-time simple words; the true note rings in them. Most likely he will win her—she likes dumb things. But what am I, to interfere?"

He pushed the window open and stepped out, strolling, with careless feet, over the smooth, hard ground.

The air smelled sweet, the sunlight had drawn a few bees from the hives under a group of pine-trees.

As he approached, the young people turned, David with pleased eyes leaping from his perch aloft.

"Sha'n't I get you your wraps, sir?" he said to Herrick. "It's rather cutting when you have been out here a while."

Rick turned his shoulder.

"Let me alone," he said, roughly. "I'll take care of myself."

David stood still a moment, not stirring from sheer surprise; then he moved off, his cheek burning.

Nan, with alarmed looks, began gathering up her treasures, wondering what had happened.

But Herrick had been too sure of his footing. There was a cry. David turned and saw his master wavering, his face white, the cold air sending the chilled blood backward in its warm courses, leaving him helpless. In a second David was by his side, with strong arms supporting him.

Rick made a last effort.

"Leave me alone!" he cried, writhing away from the other's grasp. "I tell you I can take care of myself. I don't want your help."

Then David carried him in. It was over in a few minutes—nothing but a chill, a sudden faintness, leaving perhaps a hollow under the eyes, a painful blue spot in the cheeks; it was nothing.

Mrs. Blair, bustling about with flannels, camphor, hot brandy, was laughed at and sent away. It was nothing.

And then Nan stole in, subdued and pale.

"I am sorry you are ill, dear Rick."

She knelt by his chair on the hearth, stretching out two pink hands to the blaze.

"Oh, I'm not ill." Herrick moved impatiently. "It was only a faintness. I slipped on the ice. But I don't believe I can write any more to-day. I am sorry for that." He glanced at his desk.

"Oh, Rick, let the writing go. Try to get well." She took in her own cool grasp his hand, so feverish. "Don't study so much. Play more—do!"

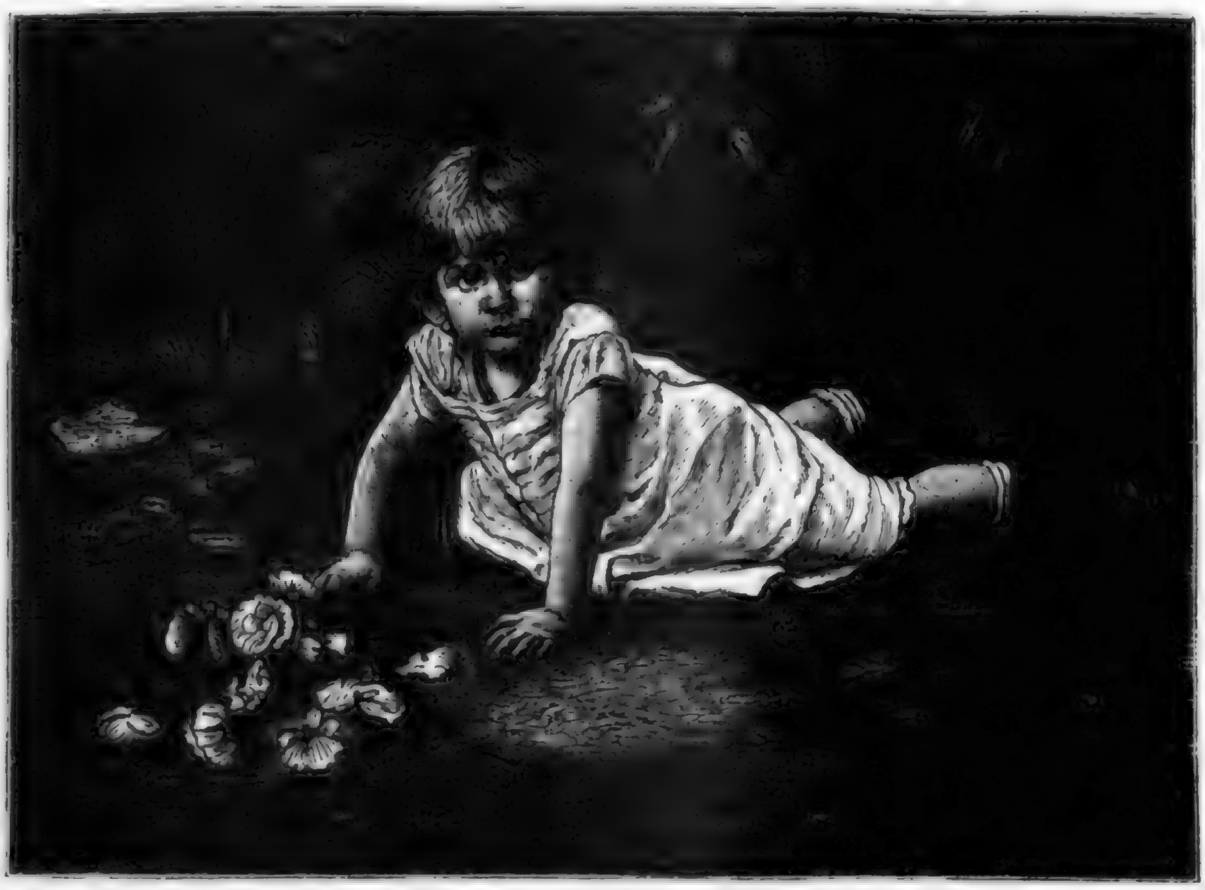
"If you would only study a little more, Nan," was Rick's gentle answer.

"I! For what? There is too much of studying—there are too many books in the world. What good could they do me?"

He moved uneasily, his face flushing warmly, but with a curious tenacity he held to the subject.

"You think the world would be better without books, then?"

"Ah, yes; there would be too many if half of them were thrown into the sea and no more written. I wonder why people go on writing—what more is there to say? But, oh, to live one day of my life, to run and sing, to feel the blood warm in your body, to drink the chill wind and watch the birds and boughs, oh, Rick! write a book like that, and the world will be better for it."



FOUND AT LAST.

Harsh cure, bitter and black to the taste of the sick man; but how unconscious she was of hurting him.

"Yes, dear Nan, in another world—in another life," was his answer, gentle as ever.

Then the girl became conscious of what she had done.

"Oh, Rick! dear Rick! what have I said to you—to you of all beings in the world? Oh, how could I? What must you think of me?"

He put his thin hand on her bowed head, just touching the bright, ruffled hair.

"Physician," he said, softly, "why should you not cure me?"

A sudden violent fit of coughing seized him; later a drop of blood fell on his hand, and he bent to the light, examining it. Arterial blood!

* * * * * *

He had not spoken with David since the morning, when rough words passed, of which we know.

He left his room and went along to a certain door, where he knocked.

"Come in," a voice called, and Rick went in.

Some one stirred in bed in the darkness.

"David!"

"Yes. Am I wanted?"

"David, I came to say I am sorry. Forgive me."

The two men clasped hands, silent.

* * * * * *

The next day Herrick took care to say to Nan, in his ordinary, indifferent manner:

"If I were to be called away, you would stay here and look after things for me?"

"Yes, Rick," she said, with some wonder. "Of course I would do that! But are you going away?"

"It seems probable. Yesterday—last evening—I got a message . . . but I could leave you—and David; you two would take care of things."

His face was turned away, but she fancied his tone was sad. Most likely, he not being strong, the very thought of a journey was distasteful to him.

"Of course, Rick, we will do everything; but you had much better take David with you. He can be of use to you, and I could manage here well enough," she urged.

"We will see when the time comes."

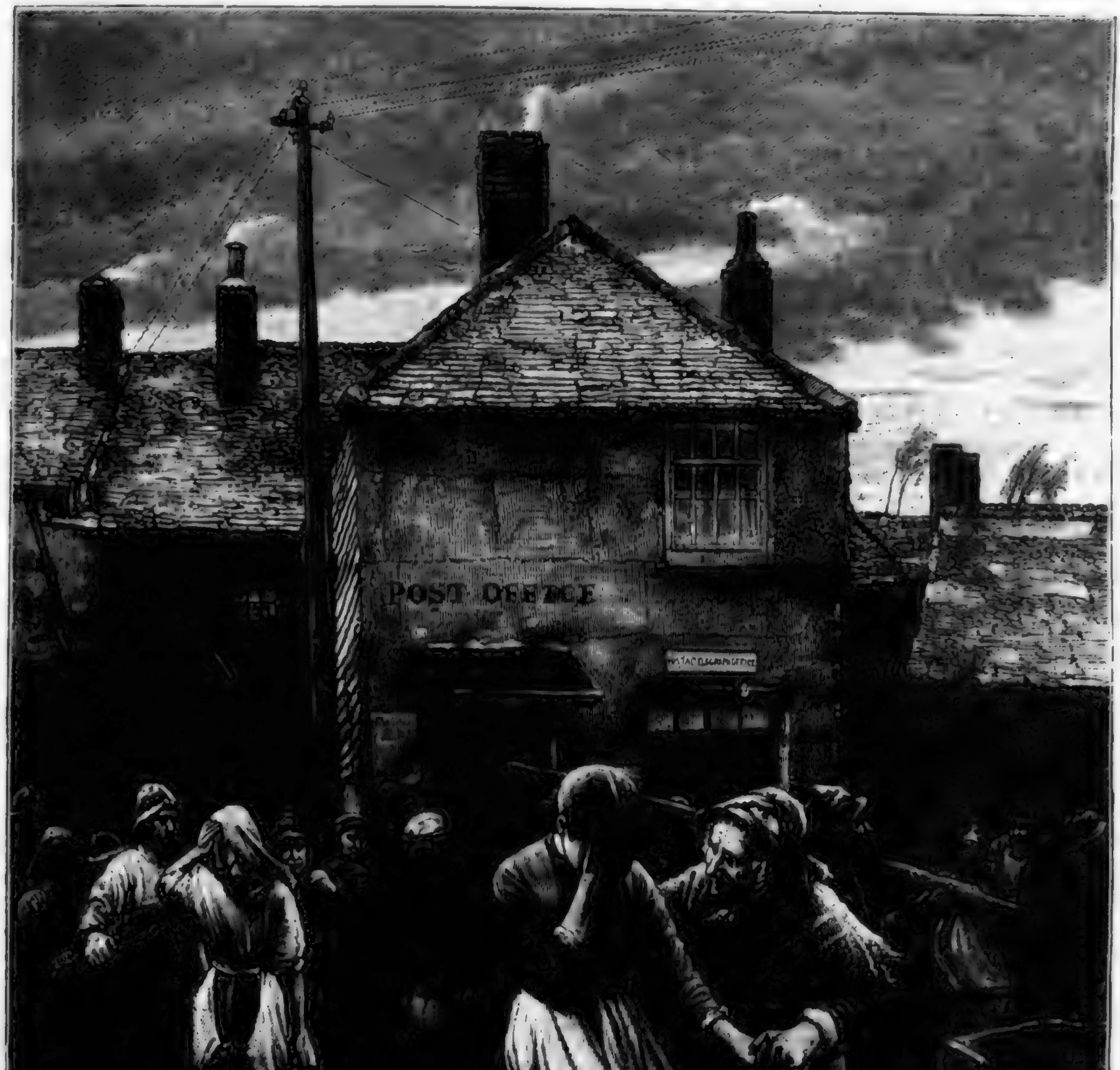
The subject dropped here; but Rick had smiled on her with these last words, and Nan's heart felt warmer for the smile.

And now, how was she to know the struggle through which he passed, the ambition that beset him, the doubt, the lifting toward light, the downward plunge into despair.

Writ in water, writ in water!

Many times he opened and read from a letter he had recently received.

"We will most gladly accept the task of carrying out your posthumous wishes. As you have planned the work, the expense will be no inconsiderable item. But


POST OFFICE

AMONG THE MISSING.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANGLEY.

you have no one besides yourself to provide for, and can doubtless afford it. For ourselves, we promise to do all in our power."

Then Herrick would fold the letter up, frowning and heavy-hearted.

"No one but himself."

And there was Nan—homeless, penniless, but for him. And his writing, his beloved poems, the pages where he had writ his soul out in his very life's blood!

Writ in water, were they now?

In these days his Bible was by his side, in his hand. He opens it now and reads. Oh, awful mandate for the weak, earth-fettered soul: "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*" Thy neighbor! That to Herrick meant—*Nan!*

And she was such a gentle nurse in these sick days of his. She was so watchful and tender, this young Atalanta whose laugh was so quick and speech so fearless, whose footsteps were so soft and whose limbs so strong to run upon the hilltops.

He must love her even as he loved himself—this sweet young handmaid who was his neighbor.

"Nan, are you there?" he said, in the dusk.

"Yes, Rick. Can I do anything for you?"

"Here are some papers that have been littering my desk. They are useless. Will you throw them in the fire for me?"

Nan took the bundle of loose papers and flung them on the blazing coals in the open grate. The fierce flame caught at them and licked them up—a moment and nothing but soft gray dust was left.

Writ in water.

"What were the papers, Rick?" asked Nan, turning her fascinated eyes from the sight. "The fire seemed to moan as it took them up."

There was no answer to this question, and going up to him, she found him lying back in his chair, his eyes half-shut, his forehead cold, no consciousness left in him now of this cruel thing that had been done.

With a loud cry she sprang to the door, flinging it open.

"David! David!" she called, and when David came hurrying with his mother they thought, too, with Nan, that Rick was dead.

It was a long time before he recovered from that deathlike swoon, and the first movement he in his consciousness made was to turn with a sick shudder from the warm light of the fire on the hearth.

"Monster!" he whispered, fiercely.

Nan knelt by him with streaming eyes. He turned his look on her in affectionate intent.

"Tell them," he said, faintly, "it was writ in water."

"What! Oh, Rick, dear Rick! What do you mean?"

"My name, my work. All—all, was writ in water?"

Nan gazed at David with a terrified inquiry in her look.

"Dear," continued Rick, "you remember the other day I told you I had a message—that I was going away." He paused. He stretched out a thin hand for David to take in his strong, life-giving clasp. "Dear friends, I think I am going soon—*now*."

It was strange how, after that, in those last pale, fading days of his, he fancied the sound of running water all about him.

The soft, unceasing murmur of the wind among the boughs outside his window, the low whisper of the flame upon the hearth, the stir of birds pecking in the sheaf of grain David had bound above the porch roof—all took one melancholy meaning to his tired sense.

"The water is always running," he would say, in weariness; it is always running—it never stops. It will wash everything out. My name, my work—all will soon be washed away!"

He turned, always with that same sick impatience, from the fire.

"Put it out! Hide me from it!" was his prayer. "There is nothing so cruel as flame—nothing! See how ravenously it crawls and eats all things that it can find! There is no harvest for what is sown there—no reaping of sweet grain from the seed given to it. David, David, see—see how it eats up my toil, my youth, my tears—all my very life's blood! It has no mercy."

David, the sad tears streaming from his eyes, took his beloved master's wasted hand in his.

"No seed—no seed," continued the very sick man; "nothing but dead, gray ashes on the hearth!"

David glanced at Nan uneasily.

"She, too, was hearing these words with scared eyes.

"What does he mean?" he asked.

"I don't know. He has been like that since the night I burned the papers for him—the night he fainted. He talked like this for the first time after that."

A curious pallor grew on David's face. He looked steadily for a moment at Nan's unconscious face.

"Papers! What papers? You had no right to burn papers without others knowing it. Why did you?"

"He asked me to burn them. He said that they were almost useless," said Fan, a little frightened.

David turned roughly away, his teeth pressed hard on his under-lip, that he might not speak the angry words rising tumultuously within him.

After all, the girl was innocent of doing harm. If she had really destroyed what was dearer than life to Herrick—as he half-guessed she had done—she did it, "not knowing."

Not knowing! Why, *his* keen love for the sick man, even were it asleep or dead, would have taught him better!

Herrick touched his hand.

"Do you remember," he said, slowly, "how fine we thought that phrase was about insect labor—how strange it was to do the insect labor—

——'While the throng
Of gods and men wrought deeds that poets wrought in song.'

You remember it, David?"

"Yes," was David's answer, stifled, but given with a soothing affection in the tone.

Herrick was silent for a moment; then suddenly he sat up, stretching his long, thin arms upward over his head.

"Great heaven! what throng of pale spirits was it stood by and saw me do *that* deed? No poet—no poet, I; but I wrought the deed. Remember, it, angels!"

He lay back, breathless, on his pillows. The fatigue of that pang of fierce, inward agony left him panting.

Then he slowly lifted one pallid hand and pointed to the western heavens, down which a rain of golden glory washed from the sinking sun.

"Writ in water, writ in water! But life is a plant of wandering seeds."

He paused for strength to whisper a last few words to those who listened there.

"It shall live, O David, my brother—it shall live! Life is eternal."

All were silent, awe-struck by these sad, parting gasps of wandering thought. Only David buried his face in the pillows by that other blonde face, and sobbed:

"Why did you do it? Oh, my master, why—why did you do it?"

It seemed strange to Nan after that, in the days and years coming long after that, that David should be so changed.

Sad and stern and silent—not harsh to *her*, his always loved and loving wife—oh, no! but sad and moody, doing his work well, and cherishing, with a fierce, grudging remorse and tenderness, all things Herrick had left.

Sometimes, even, when it occurred to Nan that the little child, Anne, who had come to them, might with propriety be given this or that of the dead man's treasures, David would speak wild and bitter words.

These he would atone for by some later deed of gift and tenderness. But it was always the same.

Still, he was changed—sadly changed, she thought.

Once she recalled to her mind, not easy to imagine things, a print she had somewhere seen—a sketch of a scene where two old people look toward the sky, and try to find a human form amid the glory of the setting sun. It seemed to her that David was like that now, trying to find some shape he watched for for ever in the passing clouds of heaven.

But at last a little boy was given them—a child with large, sweet, gem-like eyes and face of seraphic beauty.

When this son grew old enough, David took him into that inner room where Rick had lived and done his work.

This boy stretched out his arms toward the books and the shrouded desk, and made sweet, cooing sounds that seemed song-like to the father's ears.

David fell on his knees. Tears washed that long look of fixed sadness from his face.

"Oh, my master!" he sobbed, "will it atone—will it atone? You shall live again in *him*. *Your* name shall be his, and he shall do *your* work for you again!"

And the "Atalanta" stood there, hearing, smiling still.

THE MOCKING-BIRD'S SONG.

Most Southern people are familiar with the habits of these birds, but it will be news to many to be told, as in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that they go to New England in the Summer to breed and return in the Fall. Audubon's statement was that some of them "go north," and this term, applied to the migration of birds, means with him northward.

In Maryland and Virginia the bird can be found in Summer, but he comes southward in the Autumn. I am inclined to think that some pass us and go to Florida in very cold weather. I have seen them late in the Autumn flying southward, high in air, and northward early in the Spring. Audubon says that the stay-at-home birds of the family fight these migratory birds upon their return.

Mocking-birds can be taught almost anything in the way of tunes. Macon used to boast of a bird that whistled "Dixie," and years ago a Frenchman traveled about the country playing airs upon the piano which his bird would follow accurately. At the Pulaski House, in Savannah, a negro used to keep a bird that would whistle a good alto to tunes his master whistled.

One of the most popular errors concerning the mocking-bird is the belief that he has no song of his own; that he adapts and blends only the notes of other birds into a song. This is pure nonsense. The young mocking-birds reared in the garrets of great cities and beyond the reach of the songs of others sing as do the natives in their freedom, though not as strongly, since they lack the inspiration of mates, the mellow sunlight and liberty. Their song is, in fact, a number of songs, but entirely original. No man ever heard the divisions of the mocking-bird's song in any forest. That he intersperses them with catcalls, the hawk's screech, the whirr of the bull-bat, and chicken's melancholy "peep," and notes from other birds is true, but these are only characters in his recitative ballad, features in the romance of his Summers. That he sings his parts backward and forward and combines them anew is also true. The mocking-bird's song is to the ear what the kaleidoscope is to the eye, and the combinations of his songs are as endless as the glass forms in the toy. But the song-notes are the same.

This bird is probably the most continuous singer in the world, but there are two weeks out of every fifty-two when nothing can tempt him to sing, and that is when he is molting. At such times he may be found moping in a secluded spot, lost in rayless melancholy. He looks then hot and sick, and the only note he utters is a short, low whistle, not unlike that which the fat man makes as he removes his hat and mops his brow. Perhaps during this season the bird lays aside mockery, repents and makes good resolutions.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

Tangled ivy creeps and twines
   Where once bloomed my Lady's flowers;
And the twisting wild woodbines
   Weave o'er all their clustering bowers;
And the fruit-trees from the wall
   Droop forgotten and forlorn,
And the rose-trees, thick and tall,
   From their trellis-work are torn.
Dewy paths—once velvet-smooth
For the dainty steps of youth—
Weedy now, and overgrown
With the rank grass all unmown.

Here and there, amid confusion,
   Gleams a berry, scarlet-hued,
And pale bindweed in profusion
   (By the Summer breezes wooed),
Creeps, where once verbenas grew,
   Or the myrtle flowered so fair
   In the warm and scented air;
And the speedwell—deepest blue—
   Shakes its frail flowers everywhere.

So, amid these paths—all haunted,
   By the memory of old flowers—
Grow these wild-wood blooms undaunted,
   Through the glowing Autumn hours.
Ah! how long ago it seems
   Since bright faces glowed and smiled
In this garden of our dreams,
   Now so desolate and wild!
They will come again no more,
And no time shall e'er restore
Golden days and fairy flowers
To these wearied hearts of ours.

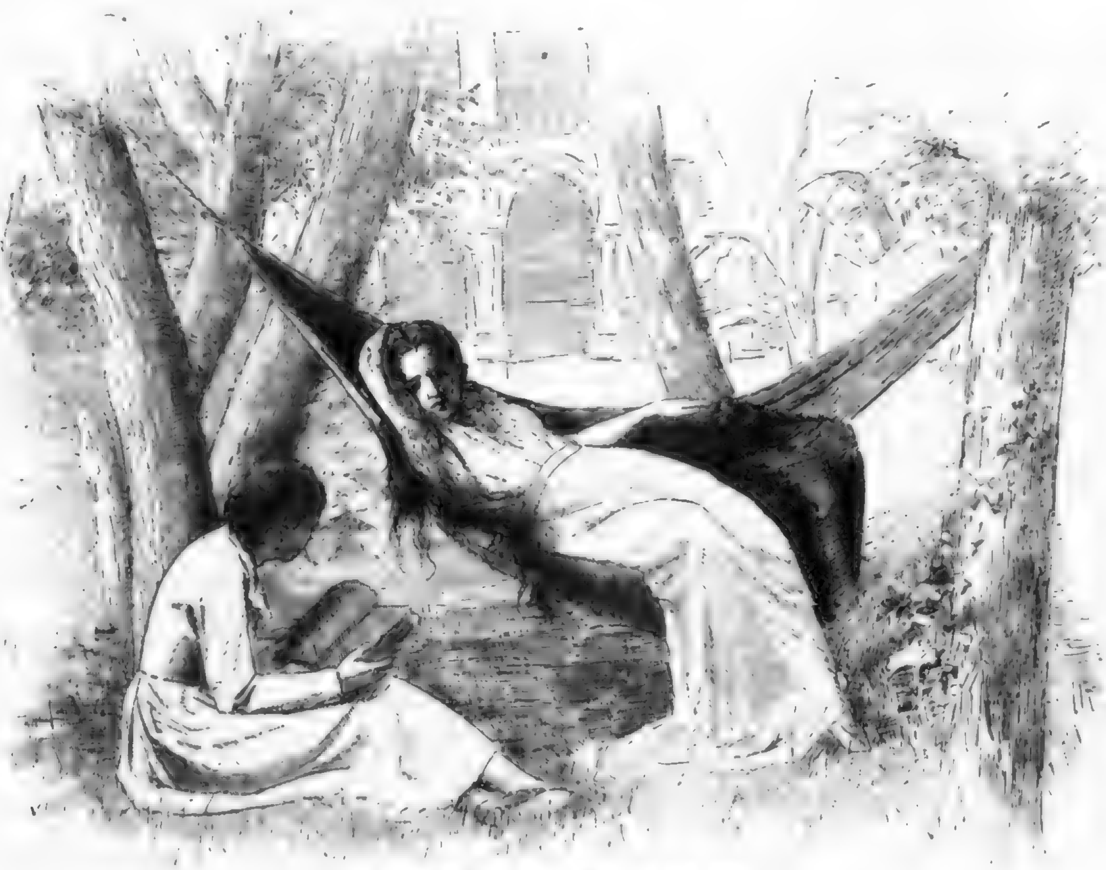
Comstock Underground Forests.—No person unfamiliar with mining on a large scale can form an idea of the amount of lumber daily consumed in timbering on the Comstock. The interior of the Consolidated Virginia hoisting works resembles a lumber yard in the morning, before the timbers are sent below. At least 10,000 feet are piled around the shaft, ready framed for lowering. The present daily consumption of lumber used in timbering in the various mines on the lode exceeds 100,000 feet, and requires the destruction annually of a small forest for that purpose; to say nothing of the vast amount consumed for fuel in driving the hoist and pumping engines.

XUM

CENTRAL AMERICAN WOMEN.

By Ferd. C. Valentine.

Just within the courtyard of a white marble palace, in the leafy shade of a mango grove, hangs a silken hammock lined with the brilliant plumage of tropical birds. In it reclines a creature whom to call divine would be base flattery to the gods. Note the classical features, the delicate, very light olive tint of her skin; see the long, black, silken tresses, in which an immense diamond-headed pin holds a rose; see the long lashes, half shading those lustrous orbs, which give forth all the varieties of expression of refined thought as she listens to her maid's reading from Espronceda's poems. Her shoulders, arms and bust are covered, but not concealed, by the finest of lace, and a long white skirt trails the ground, but allows one microscopical foot to peer forth, just enough to show the point of a gold-embroidered slipper. The gentle breeze gives ever so slight a motion to the hammock, and each little movement of its ravishingly beautiful occupant reveals thousands of new charms. What wonder that men, especially those possessed by a tropically inflammable temperament, become inspired with the divine afflatus—sing of her, rave about her—ay, kill for her?


AN IDEAL CENTRAL AMERICAN SCENE.

The traveler from the cold North who has visited the tropics, upon reading the preceding lines, will continue the perusal of this sketch, to ascertain how outrageously I can disregard truth; for the foregoing imagery can be found only in ideal descriptions of Central American women: the real ones are of a far different type. But they certainly merit a description, for the status of woman is the unequivocal key to the social status of a country.

I may be pardoned if I adopt the trick of many describers—that of classification—under the pretext of making the subject-matter more clearly comprehensible; while, in reality, it frequently is only a convenience for the writer. Yet, as I purpose to spare the reader the invention of erudite terms, she or he will not be inconvenienced thereby. If I require a justification for this course, it will be found in the fact that Central American society divides itself into *los Indios*, the Indians who are not savages; *la gente del pueblo*, composed of artisans and petty traders, and *gente decente*, or society people.

The lowest type of the Central American human female, "la India," is a barefooted drudge, wrapped from her waist to a little below her knees in a coarse native cloth in lieu of a skirt,* and a sort of short sheet, with a large hole in it, through which the head is passed, and then it is folded down the front and back of the body and held fast at the waist by a belt of similar material. Not even a pin is added to these garments. As simple as her vestment is her mind. She is barren of ideas—knows nothing except how to make *tortillas*—the principal food of all classes—and to practice a sort of routine which constitutes her religious observance. She has numerous children, and no hopes or aspirations save to see her family increase. She rarely smiles and never dances. Her only diversions consist of occasional visits to the nearest town, and if she is at all susceptible to agreeable impressions, then she manifests a little less of her placid stoicism, especially when on her way home; for then her pack is lighter and her system has been stimulated by the flowing bowl—probably "chicha" in her case.

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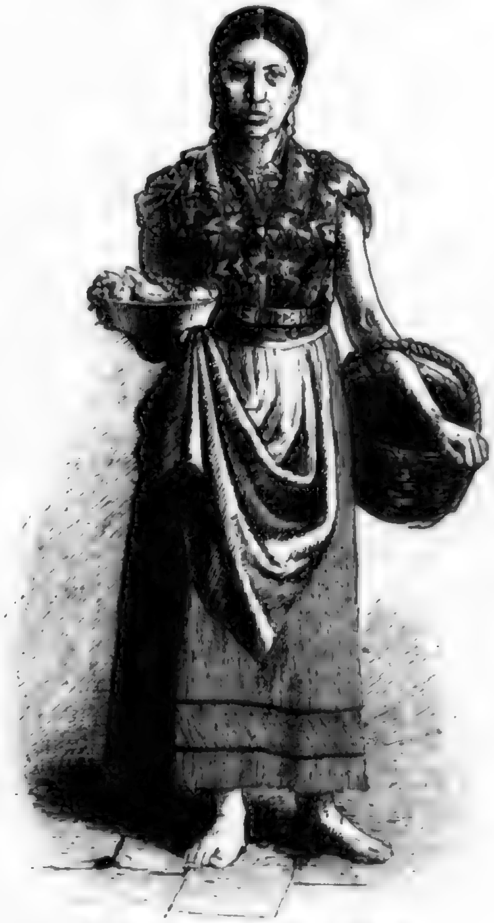
* Several tribes distinguish the married women from the single ones by means of this garment. The unmarried ones wear it short, covering only the upper half of the thighs, while upon marriage it is lengthened to reach half-way between the knees and the feet or down to the feet.

At home in her "choza" (generally a tumble-down reed hut, indifferently thatched with palm-leaves), she is, as everywhere else, her husband's slave, making his *tortillas*, toasting his bananas while he basks in the sunlight, or lies in the shade if the day be warm. Still more frequently he is found sleeping off a debauch, the liquor for which he bought with the fruit of her labor, and in gratitude for which he recompensed her with cruel blows.

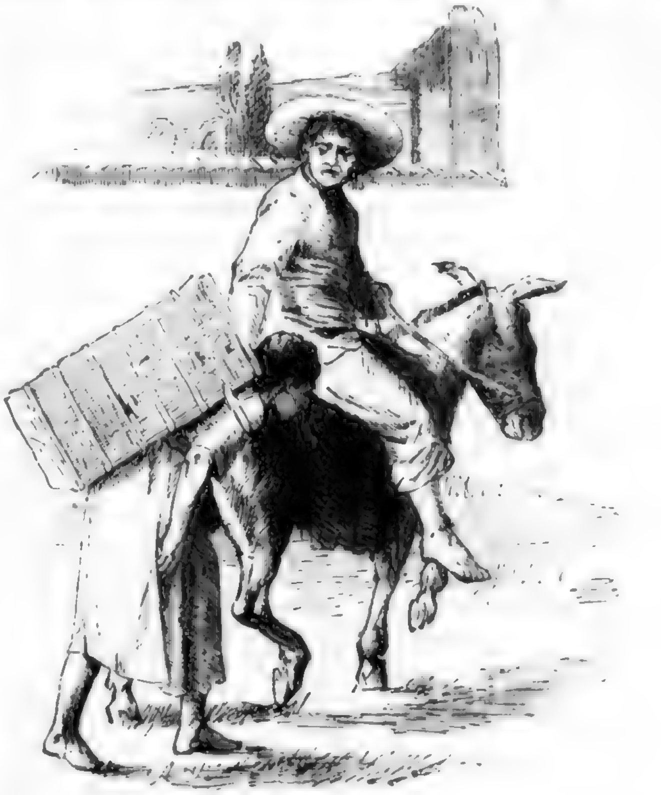
It is only when on the road that a semblance to humanity spreads over her ugly face, as, heavily-laden with a bag of corn and a sort of wooden cage (called "kekéshke"), which contains live chickens, turkeys and eggs, all the result of her care and labor, she trots at the side of her husband, who, empty-handed, is mounted on a horse or mule, and vouchsafes her no look or word. When their wares are sold, and he begins to feel the enlivening effects of the first few drinks of "chicha" (a fermented drink, composed of spoiled fruit, apple, potato, pineapple and mango-peelings, with water and pieces of sugar-cane), he gives her drink also, which perhaps obtunds her senses in a measure by the time her lord and master gets thoroughly drunk. Then he beats her unmercifully. This is the only exertion he ever makes.



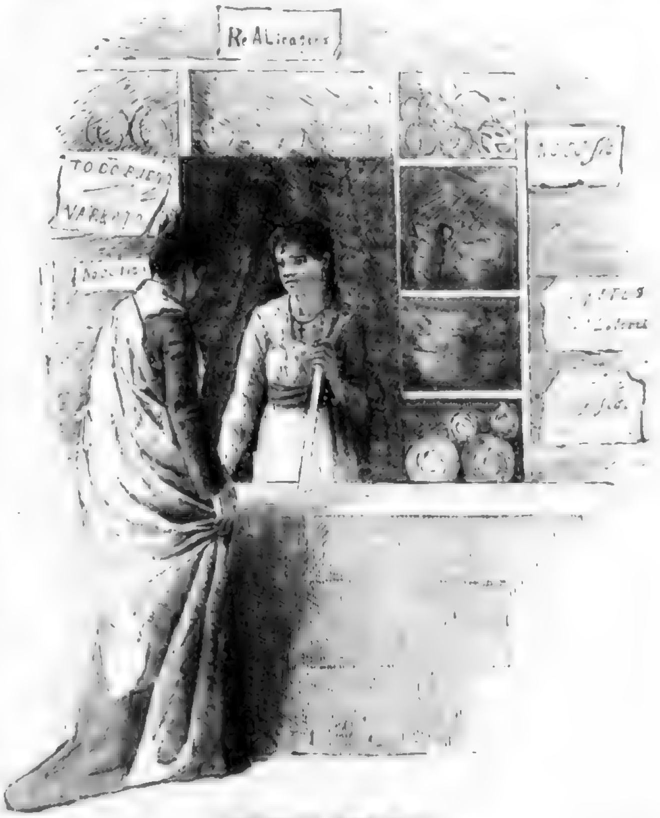
AN UPPER-CLASS INDIAN WOMAN.

These delicate attentions, like her maternities, she seems to consider the natural consequences of marriage. Coupled with her lack of ideas, instruction and hopes, she has but a vague comprehension of virtue. She will readily sell her daughter for a trifle to any stranger, and will part with her without a tear. She will give her husband the blood-money thus obtained, which he will spend for liquor, except the few coins which she will steal back from him. These she invests in a candle and burns it before some saint, to be rid of some present or future bodily ill.

And yet she is not absolutely the lowest type of Central American humanity. Her sister of the Lacandones, or Lacantunes, as partly described by Professor Edwin Rockstroh, limits her garments to a breech-clout at most, and practices polyandry—that is to say, she will have as many husbands as she can support in idleness.



GOING INTO TOWN.



DRYGOODS MERCHANT.

A higher type of the Indian woman is found among the tribes which have come in contact with civilization. She speaks a little Spanish; she is sometimes bright intellectually; her "*güipil*" (skirt) is clean and in good

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repair, and she attempts some personal ornamentation; yet her general habiliments are similar to those of her lower sister, except that her sheet-like bodice has wide sleeves, her hair has a vari-colored strip of cloth braided into it, and she aspires to jewelry, generally not less than eight or nine finger-rings, huge earrings, and a shell or coral necklace is used to suspend an immense cross of copper, and among the rich tribes sometimes silver, or even gold. She has no vices, and rises to the dignity of being her husband's helpmeet. He is to her a sort of deity, and, no matter how badly he treats her morally and physically, she saves the best morsels of their food for him, and the lighter tasks are his.

Another step upward, and we have the female servant in towns and cities. As her duties, mode of life and other special characteristics form an essential part of Central American existence, she is entitled to a detailed discussion in a paper on servants. For the present it will suffice to say that the female servant of Central America is rarely of pure Indian blood, and, if her origin is doubtful, so too is her moral position. She is almost invariably a good, loving mother, but very, very rarely a wife. Seldom can two children of a servant boast that they are full brothers or sisters, and the majority of servants feel no shame in speaking of the different surnames of their ten or twelve children. Worse than all—because in it lies the cause of this sad state of affairs—the men upon whom the charge should rest incur no moral, and barely a financial, responsibility, unless they take the trouble legally to adopt their offspring. This is done by a limited number of men, who vaunt their morality, but they are either laughed at as fools or admired as shining examples of virtue.

In adopting his own flesh and blood, a man takes care so to arrange matters that the child shall henceforth be removed from the corrupting influences which surround the mother, who then becomes a stranger to her child except when her extraordinary good conduct is such as to merit respect. She is then permitted to visit her child occasionally, and is treated with the grateful kindness which we, in the North, are apt to bestow upon the nurse of our childhood, whose kindness has caused us to bear her a sort of affection through which with times he has assumed a petty authority over us. This never inconveniences, because it is not obtrusive; nor does it ever become disagreeable, because she knows her station, and does not go beyond its limits.

A case in point will serve to illustrate this: The first female servant I employed in Central America was Jesús (pronounced Hay-soos in Spanish, and then does not sound sacrilegious); a not ugly half-breed, perhaps thirty-five years of age, a most able cook, and an extraordinarily well-behaved and intelligent woman for one of her class.

Shortly after she had assumed authority in my bachelor household I was invited to a party at the house of one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in the town and state. As I was about to go to the entertainment my cook wished that I would enjoy myself very much, and requested that I should not neglect to dance with her daughter. I did not heed the remark, as I considered it one of those little impudences which in these countries employers allow their servants.

Early in the evening my host introduced me to his daughter, just arrived from Paris, where she had been educated. She consented to waltz with me, and after a few general remarks, she asked me, in excellent French, to repeat my name, "as papa is so indistinct in his introductions." Upon my telling her, she said: "Why certainly, Don Fernando, I should have known you by my mother's description of you and her many praises of your kindness to her."

"Madame votre mère, mademoiselle?" I asked, in surprise; "I have not the honor——"

"Of course you know her, Monsieur le Docteur; she is your cook."

To confound me still more, my entertainer interrupted us, and before I could employ the least tact to cover my confusion, the young lady said: "Just think, papa, is it not odd that the first gentleman who asked me to dance, is my mother's patrón (employer)!"

"Indeed?" said Don Juan de Dios, with nothing more expressed in his tone than in his words: "You can rely upon it, doctor, she is a very good woman. But pray pardon me; I have neglected to introduce you to my wife."

During the general conversation that followed, the accomplished young girl again referred to the matter, and her *step*-mother showed not the least annoyance. While I felt ever safe in asking about one's father afterward, I thought it was wise to refrain from speaking of mothers. Was not I right?

The cause of this state of affairs can be partly explained by the poverty in which, formerly, continued political revolutions kept the country, and the great expense then attendant upon ecclesiastical marriages; but it seems as if the main explanation lies in the almost entire lack of education under which women were allowed to grow up.

Let a vail be drawn over the proximate past, and let us console ourselves with the reflection that the public schools, which are extending their usefulness even to the female sex, will eventually reach women and elevate them above their present position.

The seamstresses may be next considered. Many of them can write their names; some can even indite a letter which would fall far below the efforts of a child of six years in the United States when viewed from an epistolary or chirographical aspect; yet the ability to write at all, and the financial justification which this class finds for indulging in the luxury of wearing shoes, form their distinctive characteristics. I have never met a married seamstress, yet all of their children bear the same surname, and are all adopted in legal form by one man as soon as they are old enough no longer to require a mother's care.

The market-women, female street peddlers, keepers of small stores and bar-rooms occupy an intermediate position between the two preceding classes, except that their morality is perhaps superior to that of the former, while their education and intelligence are inferior to that of the latter.

We now have to consider a type of woman whose characteristics can be discussed with greater freedom. This is the wife of the mechanic and smaller tradesman. She is invariably a wife and often a shrew. A model mother, a careful housekeeper, she is wofully ignorant, but she is inflexibly virtuous. A study of the home revelations of this, which might be called the middle class, would show that the husband's conduct is not such as would be an incentive to his wife's good traits; yet when such a woman marries she views her husband, with all his faults, as a sort of demi-god, whom it is her duty to follow and care for uncomplainingly, even if his steps lead into crime, or he requires care as the result of his debaucheries. She certainly manifests the purest, most disinterested love for her lord and master—for this the Central American husband always is—and pardons his occasional digressions, although her forgiveness is never asked. Among these women, no matter how white they may be, the peculiar Indian expression is habitual. However, to guard myself against the charge of excessive sentimentality, I will modify this by calling their usual expression an appearance of sadness. They are patient sufferers, and usually, as age creeps on, they become fat, but never jolly. The only song I heard among this class was a monotonous lullaby, which, I daresay, was as satisfactory to the babe as could be any civilized air.

Their education is limited to an ability to read, or, perhaps, recite from memory, their only book—the well-thumbed prayer-book. Some can sign their names mechanically. Their sole amusements consist in witnessing an occasional Sunday afternoon bullfight, and their daily meetings at early Mass.

Their characteristic dress—and in no republican country are garments as distinctive of "caste" as in this—is usually a very stiffly starched, highly colored, plainly cut calico, with an immense train. A sack of a dull, dark color, with large buttons, the buttonholes, as a rule, well frayed. The sleeves of this sacque are generally long and very wide. No cuffs or collars set off this upper garment. Bracelets are quite rare, but earrings, breastpins, and seldom less than fourteen finger-rings, all of them of a colossal size and of antique and tawdry type, are the rule. The sacque is usually cut very low, and whenever the large, highly colored silk kerchief which covers the neck and chest is thrown aside, the inevitable rosary and scapulary, variously soiled from long wear, are brought to view.

The women never wear hats except when they work in the sun, and then they cover the head with a man's hat. Their home-dress, when they leave their homes, is amplified by covering themselves entirely with highly-colored, and sometimes quite expensive, silk shawls, the heavy fringes of which trail on the ground.

Their names also are peculiar. The ordinary designations are frequently masculine: thus, she who was baptized Juana (Joan), calls herself Juan; Pedrona (female Peter), mentions her name as Pedro; Tomasa (Thomasine) says she is called Tomás; Jorja (Georgine) speaks of herself as Jorge, etc., etc. Still more frequent are names, which to the Anglo-Saxon ear would, if translated, sound extremely ridiculous and even sacrilegious; some are Eucarista, Tránsita, Dolores, Redención, Concepción, Trinidád, Candelária, Cruz, Circuncisión, Jesús, etc.

Men of this middle class grandiloquently speak of their wives as "mi Señora," while the women address each other by prefixing Señora (Mrs.) to their baptismal names. Among the higher classes, the custom is to address a lady, no matter what her age or social condition, as "Niña" (a female child, colloquially Miss), except in cases where the person spoken to is one of great importance, or merits marked respect, then the term used is Doña. Señora and Señorita (Miss) are only used in addressing letters, or when at all in a conversation, only to emphasize, or when the name is not expressed. Gentlemen of the higher classes rarely speak of "mi esposa" (my wife), but say "*la* Teresa," "*la* Epifánia," "*la* Antonia," etc.

The highest social grade of women in Central America affords far more pleasant food for discussion than their humbler sisters, yet in many ways suffers much by the contrast when compared with women of other countries.

Those who take a delight in railing against modern institutions (I beg pardon, ladies, for classing all of you among them) assert that the women of to-day indulge only in "twaddle" in lieu of conversation. This "twaddle," if such it be purely, is interlarded with bright and sometimes brilliant repartee, with classical quotations, with citations from the fair "twaddler's" reading and references to a clear insight in life. Would the railer, forsooth, have his fair partner in the "lancers" delight him with a dissertation on precession of the equinox, so as to bridge over the intervals of rest in a manner suitable to his high taste and culture?

The society woman of Central America is quite a different being. At a "sociable" or any other reunion for amusement, she says—nothing, simply nothing. She does not even disparage her dearest friend's dress. She does not smile until several glasses of wine have asserted their influence, and then she becomes almost hilarious.

It has often afforded me amusement to hear recent arrivals of the "stronger" sex speak of the conquests made at a ball. They soon learned that they had only conquered wine. The free use of wine at all entertainments has its result on the weak little heads. They flirt mildly at other times, but when "the wit's out," and they dance, they cling to their partners, almost embrace them, and whisper protestations of affection, which may be summed up in, "Oh, why did we not meet before I married?" (Note: There are no divorce laws in Central America) or "God forgive me for loving you, knowing that you are not a Christian!" In these, as in parts of our own country, only communicants of the prevailing creed are called Christians.

The following day Romeo seeks his Juliet at the place appointed by her, but she appears not. If, some time later, they should meet, his very marked bow is answered by a cold, expressionless, yet graceful courtesy and a very calm and undemonstrative "Adios, caballero," (good-day, sir).

Her erratic conduct at the ball can be explained by the fact that it is when a woman is dancing that she enjoys her only liberty. At all other times her every glance and gesture are watched with a suspicion which, to the purest and best, is almost an incitement to abuse of privilege when the opportunity occurs.

Unfortunately, nearly every Central American will confess that he trusts no woman. What a sad commentary upon Central American education!

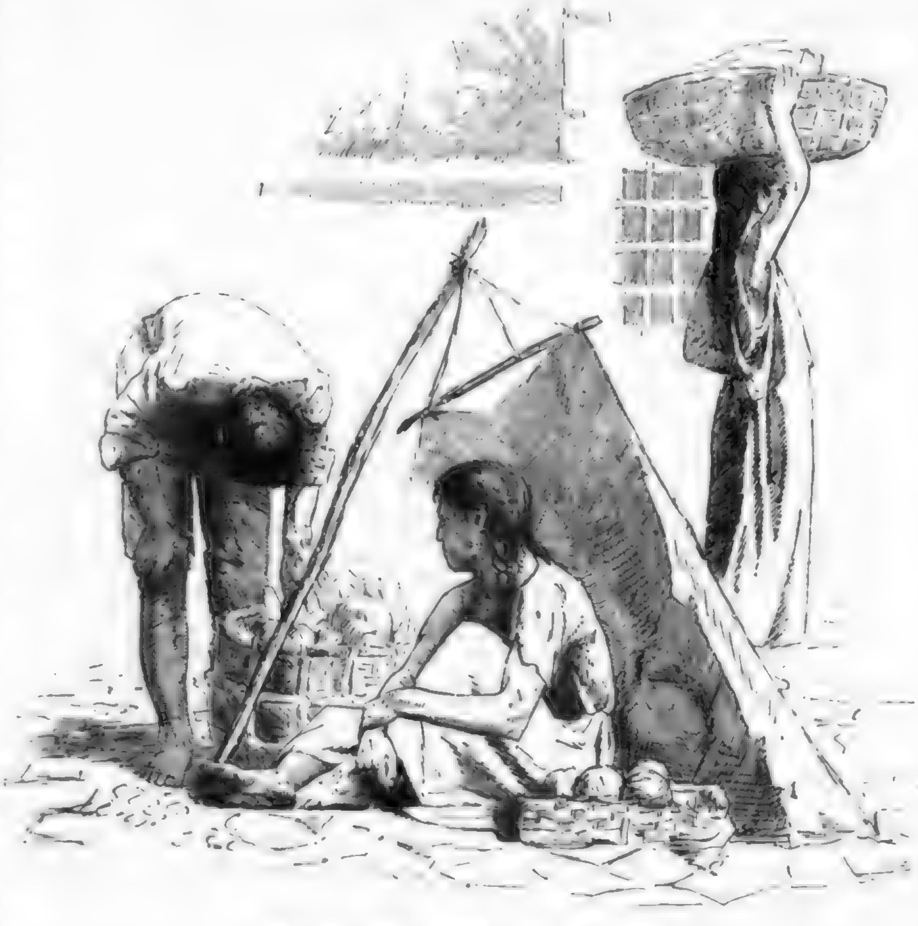
The lot of a young woman of to-day is scarcely an enviable one. From earliest childhood she has daily been told that life in a cloister is vastly preferable to matrimony. Her education is limited, though superficially it is of an exquisite polish. Her gestures and general behavior are extremely courteous, but her grammar is often woful, and her few epistles, though frequently chirographically beautiful, are labored and hideously unorthographical. She sometimes becomes a brilliant but unfeeling performer on the piano, and her song "before company" is, as a rule, but a poor performance.

They, withal, make most excellent wives for selfish men, and if suspicion were removed from them, and they were treated with confidence and respect, they could be trusted.

Sanitary statistics are not kept in Central America, and therefore I cannot quote figures any further than those furnished by my own "case-book," and from what other physicians have told me.

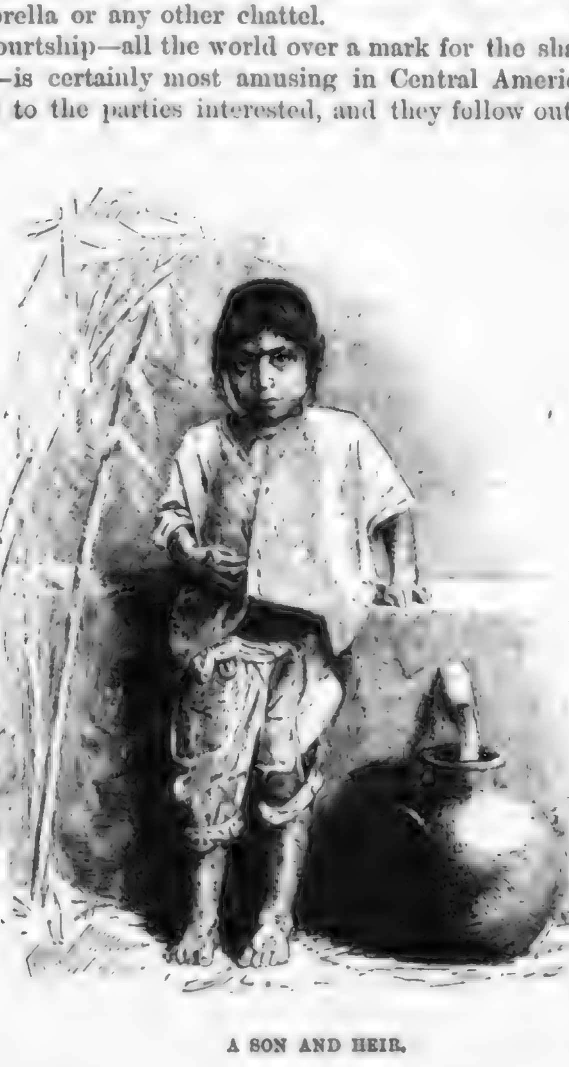
Suicide by women is extremely rare, and then only provoked by religious mania, while in men *felo de se* is common, and "because of unrequited love" occupies the first place numerically.

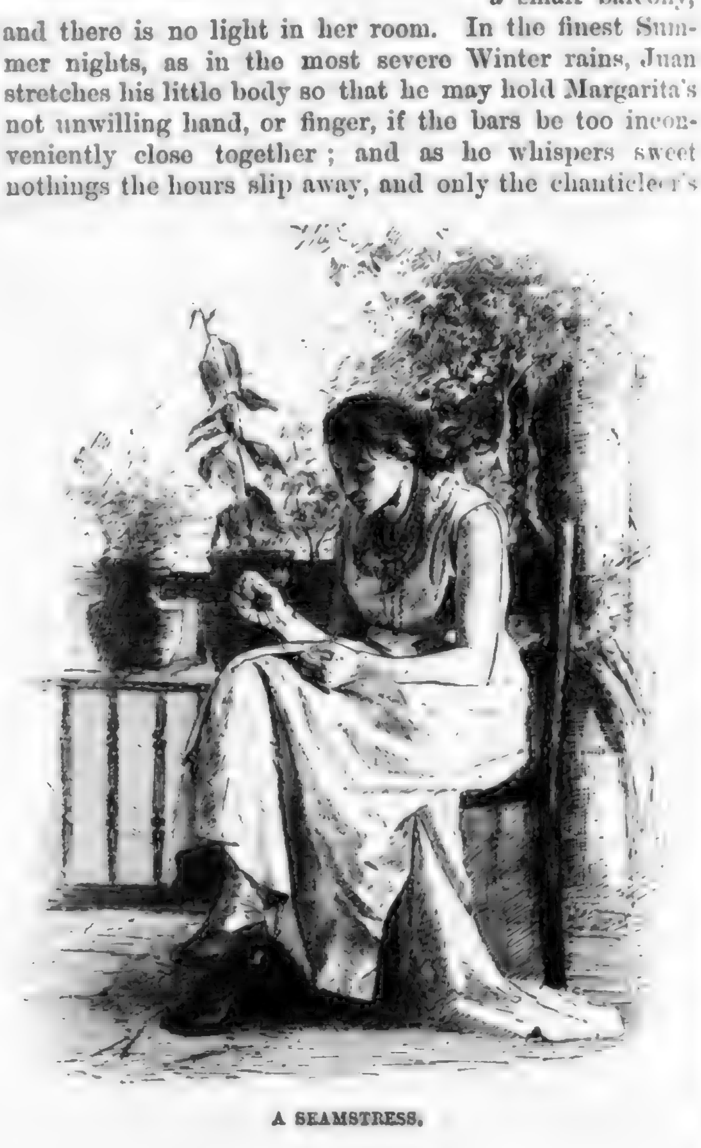
Men and women agree that the latter are socially and intellectually inferior, and thus it is that, until recently, the girl's education has been more limited than that of her brothers. This idea of inferiority finds one good exemplification in their post-nuptial designations. Anita Plumas, when she marries Pantaleon Tintero, does not become Mrs. Anita or Mrs. Pantaleon Tintero, but henceforth she is known as Anita Plumas *de* Tintero, that is, Anita Plumas (the property) *of* Tintero! And when he speaks of her as "*la* Anita," he means *his* Annie, as he would say *his* plantation, *his* horse, his umbrella or any other chattel.


FRUIT-SELLERS AND STREET PEDDLER.

Courtship—all the world over a mark for the shafts of wit—is certainly most amusing in Central America, except to the parties interested, and they follow out their ridiculous method, as did their forefathers, apparently unconscious that they are at all observed.

A young gentleman never visits young ladies, but manages to pass the residence of the object of his affections shortly after nightfall. She, by intuition, appointment or a smuggled letter conveyed by a suborned servant or other intermediary, is "watching the southern cross," although she has but a faint idea of astronomy, as she leans from her heavily barred window, which looks like a small balcony, and there is no light in her room. In the finest Summer nights, as in the most severe Winter rains, Juan stretches his little body so that he may hold Margarita's not unwilling hand, or finger, if the bars be too inconveniently close together; and as he whispers sweet nothings the hours slip away, and only the chanticleer's


A SON AND HEIR.

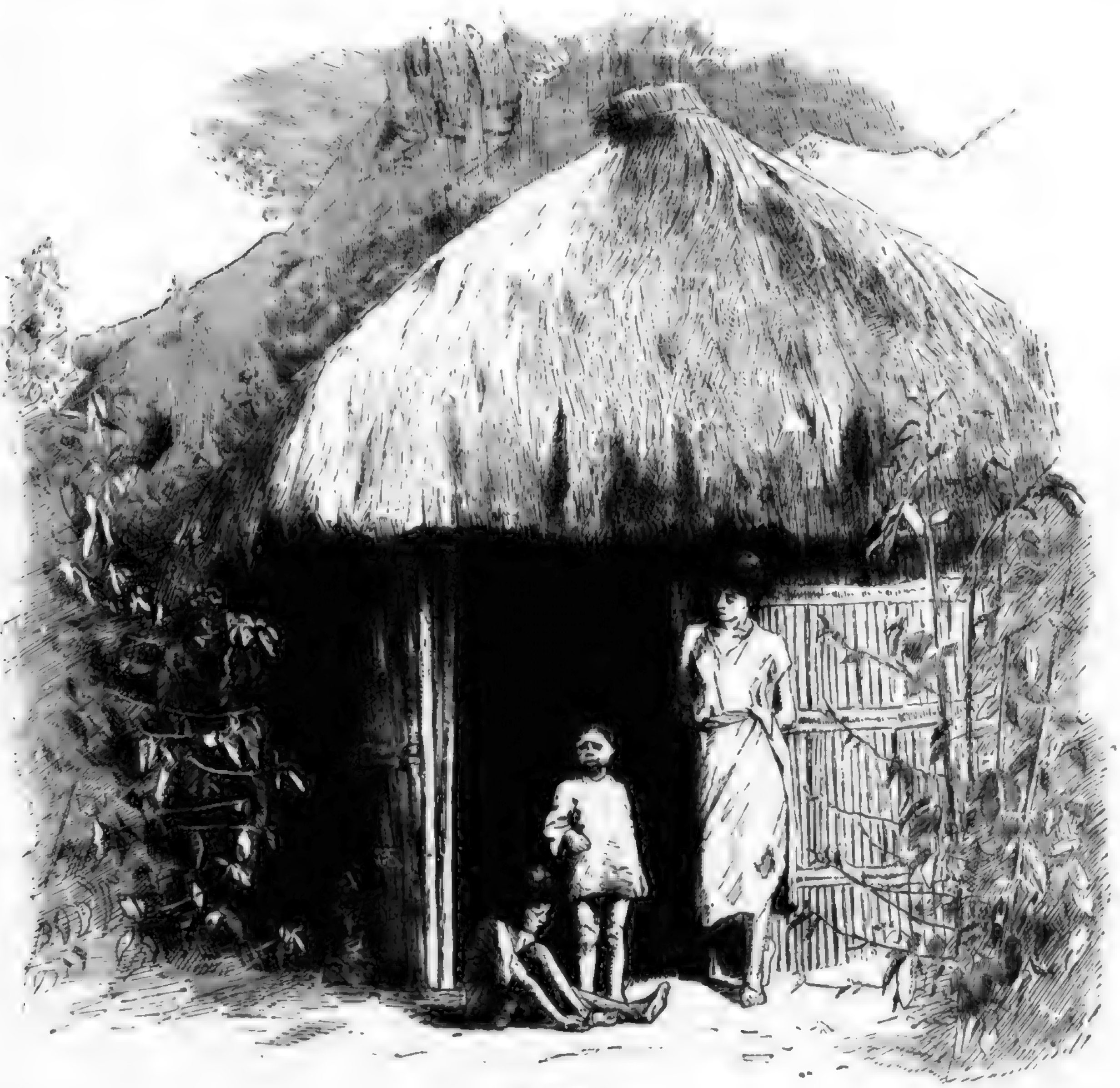

A SEAMSTRESS.

early crow, which she assures him is the nightingale, warns him that he should be gone.

Although the parents of the young lady and gentleman cordially approve of the match, he is never admitted to the house, except on rare occasions, and then only with a large number of other guests, to whom all attention must be shown. The feint of surreptitiousness is kept up, although all the town knows of the courtship. Foreigners call this the "iron-chewing period," perhaps because of the bars against which lovers may have been seen to press their faces. During this period, which undoubtedly is fraught with interest and catarrhs to the young people, the parents do not hesitate to insult their daughter by double-locking, barring and chaining up all possible entrances to their house. Is it not almost natural that a girl whose contact with the men has ever been suspiciously watched should sometimes become a party to the manufacture of false keys, which burglars in Central America as yet rarely use? This lack of confidence goes even to the extent of opening the lover's letters, if, during courtship, he should be called away. Only the least lover-like ones are given the young lady. Yet, if it be remembered that in most parts of Central America it is nothing unusual to open a suspected person's correspondence, this is not so suprising, especially when the suspicion with which lovers are viewed is considered. The adored one rarely, if ever, answers her future husband's letters.

A week, or at most a month before marriage, all romance ceases. The friends of the family receive cards in which the parents announce that their daughter is soon to marry Mr. ———. After this he visits his affianced bride, but never is left alone with her for an instant.

In due time marriage, with all possible and frequently bankrupting pomp, occurs, and henceforth real marital happiness is the exception. A peculiar feature in Central American marriages is that the groom provides the entire trousseau, even to the minor details. Marriage for a woman means that she has only her husband to watch her suspiciously, and the consoling consciousness that as soon as age and ugliness relieve her of attractiveness she is her own mistress. Her independence comes early, as these tropical flowers fade very soon.



AT HOME.

And this brings me to speak to young ladies of other lands in response to the natural question, What do our Central American sisters wear?

Ma chere (pardon the familiarity of an old physician of not yet forty), have you a sister or friend who is somewhat taller than you, yet whose waist is shorter? Has she preserved a dress which was fashionable two years ago, when it was made by a wholesale modiste in Paris? Have you stays (the English word sounds nicer) which you dislike because they do not fit you comfortably? Have you gilt, bronzed, red or blue slippers, with immense heels which project downward and forward toward the toes, and are they cut so very low as to fully display embroidered or highly colored silk stockings? Then dress yourself in these things, put on slightly specked kid gloves, which neither match your dress nor fit you well, partly cover your badly arranged hair with a large, flaring hat, and then in the mirror you may have the Central American señorita in her promenade and visiting costume. The hat is an innovation which has become universal during the last three years. The first few who cast off the pañolón (shawl) on dress occasions were superciliously designated as "extrangeras hechizas," which cannot be translated otherwise than by the slang term, "snide foreigners."

But, as you value your good name, do not go out unaccompanied by a female servant—better yet, persuade mamma to go with you, and she, too, must dress for the occasion. Braid her hair into one or two switches, which you must tie with a string or dark ribbon; with bandoline remove any suspicion of those curls which it may yet possess, and which, before you were born, drove papa into writing silly verses and singing ridiculous love songs, in which he accompanied himself with a guitar; remove all restraints with which she would modify her *embonpoint;* put on her a dark dress—preferably of a dull black, with a very long train. By the way, neither mamma nor you must lift the trains of your dresses, but must drag them through the muddiest streets if you walk. A large shawl with a long fringe must be worn by mamma, in somewhat of the manner in which she draped herself when she was as young and graceful as you are now. Comfortable but shapeless slippers or gaiters, several large rings on her fingers, jewels in her ears, and a painted miniature of papa in her huge breastpin, and then both of you are ready for your promenade or visit.

Yet one thing I forgot. Unless your complexion is very good, you must thoroughly kalsomine your face, but mamma must not, under any circumstance, "improve" hers, be it ever so blotched and freckled. Your picture of "Style in Central America in 1882" is now complete.

Is it not odd that when you are in the street, or are listening to really excellent music in the park, he will be there? And, stranger still, if, when mamma is profoundly interested in some local gossip, you should *accidentally* happen to drop your handkerchief, he will pick it up and hand it to you with inimitable grace and *such* a melting look? But what change has occurred in the fabric? When it *slipped* from your hand it was soft and pliable—now it seems to have been stiffly and awkwardly starched. Do not examine it now, but, when you are secure from observation, take it forth and remove from it a piece of paper. Let us read it, for it contains no address nor signature, yet you have seen that writing before. "Divine idol of my soul! Have you no pity, sweet angel of my existence? Why must I suffer the torture of not being allow to embrace you? Oh, cruel, cruel fate! I will pass your house at half-past seven. If I cannot see you then, my cold corpse will, before morning, cry to Heaven for the life you have ruined of him who adores you!"

"What a remarkable document!" you say, and you wonder how it came among the folds of your handkerchief!

In the preceding lines I may appear unjust to some, and lest all of the women of Central America be classed alike by those of my readers who do not know them, I must add that there, as in all other lands, women are found who combine intelligence, education and brilliancy with all of those charms which make women the link that binds men to the angels, yet are human enough to dress in exquisite taste in the style of to-day, as well and as elegantly as their American and European sisters of the highest social ranks.

A BIRD'S SONG.

The sinking sun had streaked the west
With flecks of gold and crimson bars;
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,
And in the cold east rose the stars.
The evening chimes, like gladsome psalm,
Pealed loud from out the old church-tower;
And o'er the valley fell the calm
Which broods upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale
From humble bower of eglantine,
A blackbird trilled his mellow tale,
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange, and hall around,
Enraptured listeners lingered long;
All heard the selfsame fluting sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold,
And surging strains of holy hymn,
In that sweet land that's brighter far
Than shining shores in emerald seas,
Where glows the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pitcher lingered long,
Her soul inthralled with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song.
For oh! to her it ever sings
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad the twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair,
That bird made glad the closing day;
But dame and sire with silvered hair
Drew sorrow from its roundelay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the mellow strain,
Waking the songs of long ago,
And made them sigh for youth again!

A RESOLUTE ACTION.

By Hart Ayrault.

Some men seem formed by nature for the out-of-the-way modes of making money. Such a one was John Dudley, who chose the calling of diver, where perilous situations are bravely faced for the sake of higher remuneration.

A bright, honest, and brave young man, his sense of fear seemed entirely blunted by constant companionship with danger, and in any undertaking of unusual importance one was sure to find that he led the van.

The adventure I am about to narrate took place some years ago, when a large vessel, laden with a valuable cargo from a South American port, struck on a sunken reef off the dangerous coast of Florida, and was completely wrecked, although her passengers and crew were fortunate enough to escape in the boats.

The owners lived in New York, and wishing to secure any part of her cargo that the salt water had not damaged

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—much of it being in specie—they fitted out a large yacht, and engaging the services of two divers, one being John Dudley, to whom they promised gain only on condition of success, they set sail for the scene of the wreck.

Dudley, with his usual adventurous disposition, was prompted to hazard the speculation, but another man equally brave—or equally reckless—was not soon found.

At last, however, Dick Turner, a diver, whose bad character was fully borne out by his villainous person, was induced to take the risk, sign the articles, and ship himself.

He was a coarse, brutal, drunken rascal, as great a contrast as could be found to Dudley's frank, clear, honest nature, and cool determination, and from the moment they saw each other an antipathy seemed to spring up between them, causing the younger man, Dudley, to shrink from the other's society as though he were some loathsome reptile.

This antipathy was shared by all the yacht's crew, and seemed justifiable in view of the physical as well as moral repulsiveness of the subject.

This Turner had the jaw and profile of a baboon; his eyes, peering from under his heavy brows, seemed to look all ways at once and twinkle with satanic wickedness, and when he laughed his satanic majesty himself might have envied his ugly and cunning grin.

The voyage was fine, and the part off the coast of Florida where the wreck lay was soon reached. There it could be dimly seen, far down in the depths of the blue sea, over which sharks and strange-looking monster fishes pursued each other in lack of better prey. No pleasant sight for the divers.

Dudley faced it with his calm strength and resolute will, that knew no flinching in the face of duty, while the other, uttering fearful curses, took many a long pull at his brandy-flask; muttering that he had been swindled and would "pay off that other —— land-shark when he caught him alone."

This threat certainly did not tend to increase the younger man's confidence in his companion; but, knowing there was no help for it, he encouraged himself by thinking "the more danger the more money," and busied himself in preparing his things for the attack on the sunken vessel.

After about two days' cruising, the spot was chosen and the yacht anchored. The bell was swung for the plunge, and the two divers went below to dress for their descent.

Turner was in his usual evil mood, swearing and drinking and lunging about with a huge knife that he stuck in his belt for "water-sharks or *land* ones, either, as the case might be," said he, with an evil leer at his companion.

This conduct caused Dudley some suspicions that all was not right; so, providing himself with a sharp knife, he stuck it unobserved down his long leathern boot, at the same time resolving never for a moment to be off his guard.

With such reflections he took his place in the bell, and, amidst the hurrahs of the crew and the general excitement, they dipped into the sea.

Common life had passed away, and beneath the blue wave a new life and fresh scenes, ever-changing and novel, opened to the two men. The coral-reefs, like grand architectural structures, covered with beautiful weeds, and various and gorgeous shells of every possible variety of color clinging to them, rose on every side, while fish, great and small, of curious shapes, flew at the approach of the bell as before the sweep of the sharks—those monsters of the deep, who seemed to grin with their long jaws at the prospect of a feast on man.

Down, down, down, till the light was dim and uncertain, and then they struck the wreck. Armed with crowbars, sharp at one end to repulse the sharks, the two men quitted the bell and separated.

Turner burst open the cabin door, while Dudley went in another direction, though never losing sight of his companion for a moment. And so they spent their first journey, and, after lading the bell, gave the signal and were hauled on deck.

The sailors crowded around and various things were discussed and gloated over; many having been attached to ropes were hauled up afterward, and the success was so good that all were exultant over the possible money-prize to each, the master dreaming of a princely independence.

Several days passed over, and the greater part of the cargo, uninjured by salt water, had been hauled on deck, till the schooner was pretty heavily laden. The last day of working arrived, and the two divers were down in the wreck for the last time. Turner again wended his way toward the cabin, and Dudley—although by this time his suspicions regarding the evil intentions of his companion were quieted—still kept him in view. About half an hour's groping about and then Dudley plainly saw the other shuffling something beneath his diver's clothes, which he guessed to be a bag of money. He quietly asked Turner what it was.

"What is it? Why, nothin'! What in the deuce have ye to do with it, anyway?" growled the thief.

"Well," remarked Dudley, keeping himself as quiet as possible. "You must tell me what it is!"

"The deuce I will!" shouted Turner, savagely.

"Then you shall be forced to when we get on deck," replied the other, resolutely.

"Ha! ha! Forced, did you say?" sneered the villain, as, with a cunning, wicked look, he drew his long knife.

Quick as thought Dudley's was out of his boot, and he stood on the defensive.

The other scowled heavily, but, nothing daunted, answered Dudley's quiet "Now, you must tell me what it is!" with a "I'll see you dead first!"

The young man recognized the mighty strength and desperate recklessness of his antagonist, but he relied on his sense of what was right in face of all danger, and thought if worse came to worse, he was the more skillful and agile of the two.

Presently Turner said, in a confidential, wheedling way, his whole demeanor changing:

"Say, mate, this 'ere is a bag of gold I found in yon cabin, and if ye'll hold yer jaw I shall gi'e ye one-third o' it."

"Never!" answered Dudley, resolutely. "You'll never tempt me to be dishonest."

Let the reader imagine the scene, in a bell fathoms deep under water, where it would take at least twenty minutes to pull up. A fierce fight might end in death. Suspicion could be hushed by flinging the body to the ravenous sharks, and the murderer get off scot free.

But the younger man never flinched. The two stood eyeing each other, the one for attack, the other for resistance. Once Dudley offered to pull the alarm-bell, but Turner clutched it from him.

After a pause, which seemed a century to Dudley, the other said:

"Will ye go shares?"

"Never!" was the firm reply.

"Perhaps it's not large enough. I'll gi'e ye half."

"The whole of it is too small."

"Ye won't gi'e in?"

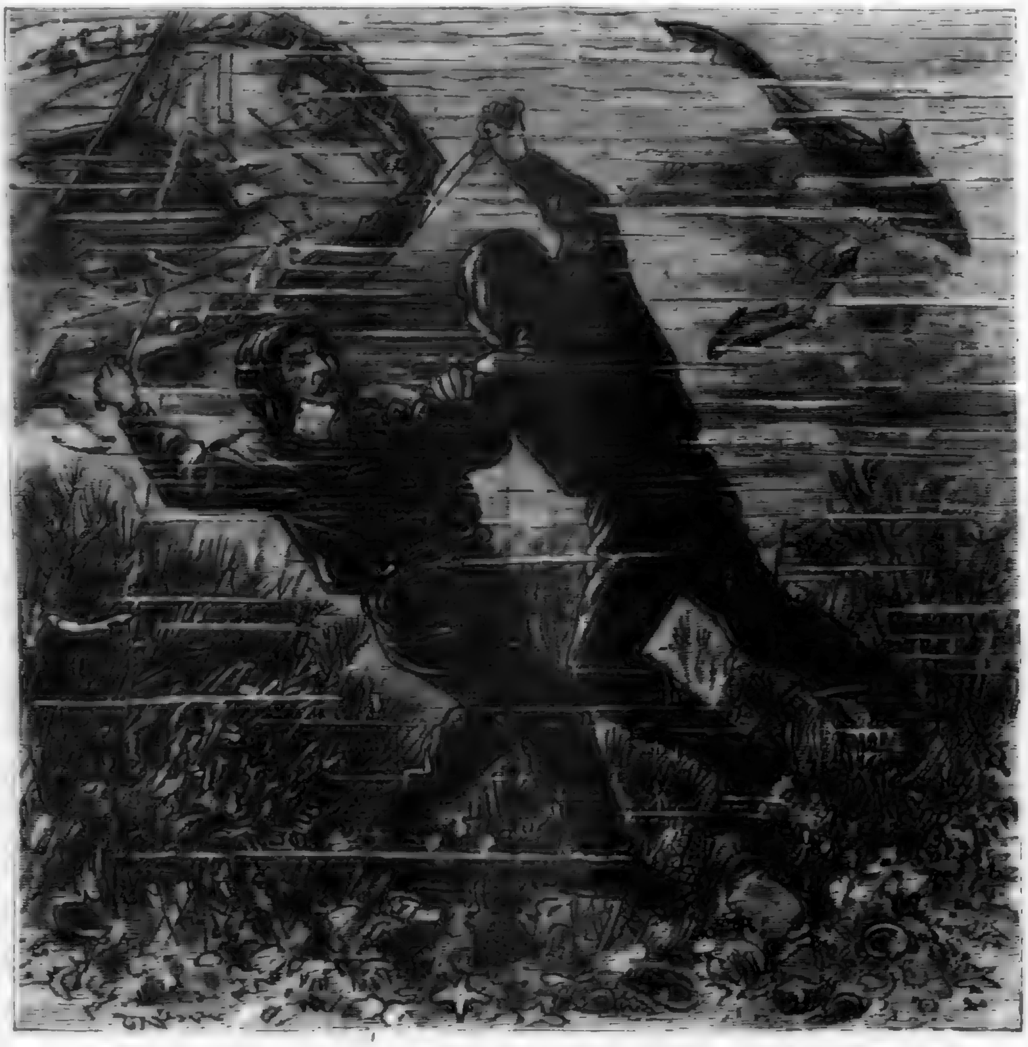
"Not an inch."

"Then to death and —— !" screamed Turner, springing at his courageous adversary.

Quick as thought Dudley caught at the upraised arm, poised in the air for a shot, at the same moment making a lunge at the other, his blood boiling with indignation at the fiendish attempt on his life.

The lunge was parried by Turner and caught on his shoulders, foam bursting from his bloodless lips, and his face black with evil passions.

Amid oaths and curses he attempted to free his arm, held as in a vise by the younger man; but he could not. And so they wrenched and swayed, facing each other, neither giving an inch, and no sound save the muttered curses of the one and the panting of both, as their excited chests heaved and swelled with deadly intent.



A RESOLUTE ACTION.—"QUICK AS THOUGHT DUDLEY CAUGHT AT THE UPRAISED ARM, AT THE SAME MOMENT MAKING A LUNGE WITH THE OTHER."

At last Dudley succeeded in loosing the other's grasp and stabbing him in the hand. The villain's knife fell, but, with a yell, he grasped the younger man in his gigantic clasp, and, struggling and shifting against the bars of wood, they gave way, while, locked in a deadly grip, the two divers plunged into the sea beneath.

Down, down, they sank, no effort being made by either to loosen the hold on the other. Tighter and tighter they gripped, till they fell on a coral reef.

Death seemed but a trifle where passion and hate were the consummation of both hearts; and, under the influence of the demoniacal struggle, the strength of a Hercules was exerted on either side.

But the want of air began to make itself felt. Dudley heard a roaring and surging, as of a mighty cataract in his ears; fires flashed before his eyes; the disk of unconsciousness crept over him; and, as his antagonist loosened his hold, his nerveless fingers also unclasped themselves, and he had but the one thought—that of reaching the surface.

With a dying effort he struck out, being a splendid swimmer. He was choking, stifling strangling.

The water whizzed past him, and, reaching the surface, he gasped in the revivifying air, and, shrieking, "Help! help!" fainted away.

It was several days before he regained consciousness, after having been rescued and tenderly cared for by his companions aboard the yacht; then he asked for Turner.

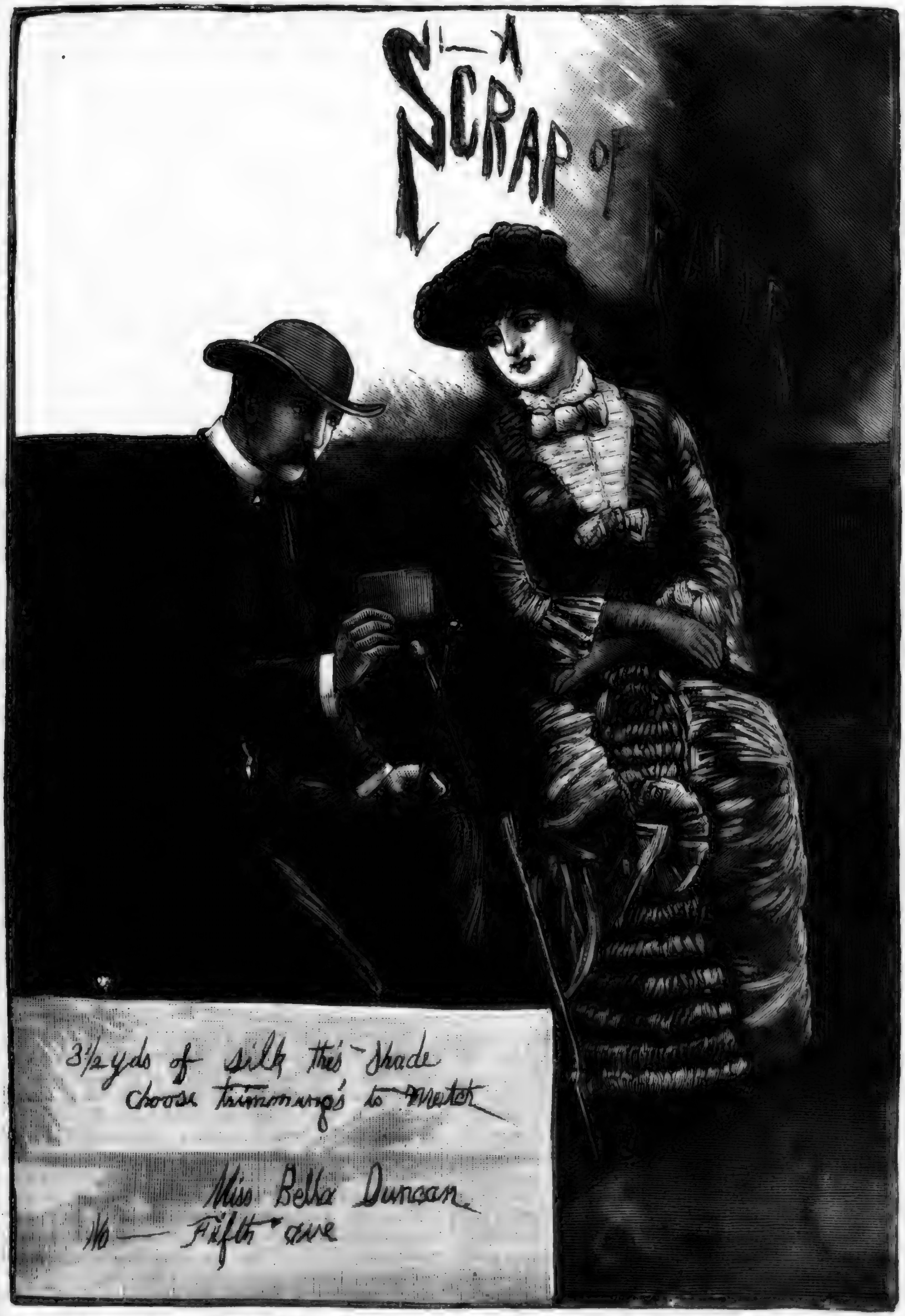
He had been drawn up in the bell, but too far gone to resuscitate. He was found lying against the bars, grasping the bag of gold in both hands—the ill-gotten wealth that had proved the cause of his death.

* * * * * *

John Dudley was handsomely paid for his honest toil, and further remunerated and commended for his honest resistance; but he never forgot the struggle that so nearly cost him his life beneath the blue waves of the coral-formed shores of Florida.

A CEREAL STORY.—The wheat-plant is one of the oldest in cultivation. The Chinese recorded its culture as early as 2,700 B.C., and it is one of the prehistoric plants, remains of wheat seeds being found in the ruins of the houses of the lake-dwellers. While there are several races of wheat, and while these have been crossed, producing hybrids, it has retained its true character, and been entirely independent of other plants since its culture began. Compared with wheat, rye is a modern plant. It is not figured on any Egyptian monuments, and seems to have been first cultivated in the Roman Empire about the beginning of the Christian era, though it may have been known somewhat earlier in Russia and Tartary. While these two commercial plants have been cultivated side by side for centuries, the first plant appearing to be a true hybrid between them has borne seeds in the United States. Wheat and rye may have been crossed before, yet there appears to be no record of anything like the results here obtained.

INDOLENCE is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue.


A SCRAP OF
3½ yds of silk this shade
choose trimmings to match
Miss Bella Duncan
No — Fifth ave

A SCRAP OF PAPER.—"HE PULLED OUT OF HIS POCKET THE WORN SCRAP OF PAPER AND SHOWED IT TO BELLE." SEE NEXT PAGE.

TAKE THY LETTERS BACK AGAIN.

Give back thy letters? Take them—there,
I've done with them, and thee!
They're hollow as the empty air,
And worthless now to me.

I prized them only while I deemed
Thy heart was in each line;
I worshiped truth, and never dreamed
I bowed at falsehood's shrine.

Ah, life's illusions are so sweet,
An age in them are told;
Years are outstripped by visions fleet,
Which pass and leave us old.

Like rose-leaves scattered on the wine,
The poisoned draught to hide,
So did each written page of thine
Conceal deception's tide.

Then take thy letters back again,
And read them if thou wilt;
And let them shame the treacherous pen
Which love's false fabric built.

Take back the memory of the past—
I have abolished all;
'Tis sealed within thy packet fast,
That thou might it recall.

I cast it from me, and am free,
For now I know thee not!
Unasked, I find thou art not she
Whom I had ne'er forgot!

The semblance only dost thou wear;
The intellectual face
From nature stolen, or elsewhere
It must have found its place.

And thou dost ask thy letters now,
The missives of thy art!
A scornful frown is on my brow,
And lightness in my heart.

Take back, take back thy written words,
They have no power for me;
Truth only has the power that girds
A lasting memory.

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

Chapter I.

That Frank Parker, junior partner of the firm of C. C. Carter & Co., Dress Goods, Worth Street, should ride down-town that morning in an omnibus was itself remarkable. He had a low opinion of that old-fashioned means of conveyance, and expressed himself concerning it with his customary vehemence.

"A stage," he would say to his usual table-companion at his noonday meal in the restaurant—"a stage, Jack, is the most ingenious contrivance of the Evil One. It is as difficult to get on board of as an ocean steamer, and as dangerous to get out of as a theatre in a panic. If you sit toward the front, you knock your head against the cash-box, and have to act as conductor to pass the fares of all the passengers. If you sit near the door, you are trod on by every one who comes in, and are liable to be pitched out of the door any minute. If you sit in the middle, you have to act as conductor for half the passengers, and doormat for the other half. If you stand, you crush your hat against the top, and poke your cane in some one's eye while you try to get your fare out of your pocket. The stage is as cold as a horse car, and as damp as an oyster."

And so he would go on with his tirade, while John Hatton, across the table, would smile and eat his lamb-chop in silence, until Frank's stream of eloquence had fairly run dry. Having this prejudice against an omnibus, the young man was accustomed every morning to walk from his apartments in Thirty-fourth Street to the nearest station of the elevated railroad. But on this particular Spring morning, having left his umbrella at home, just as he was crossing Fifth Avenue, a sudden sunshower began to descend, and threatened damage to his neatly brushed silk hat; and a stage passing by just then, and the jolly driver looking at him expectantly, as if to say, "I am sure you must want to ride with me," Frank nodded, and almost before he knew it found himself the sole occupant of an omnibus.

He had ridden but two or three blocks when the stage stopped again, and a neatly dressed young lady climbed in as gracefully as it is possible to do an ungraceful thing. And just here—even in front of the lady—comes in another of Frank's theories, and on which he would dilate when in a sentimental mood.

"True love," he would say, "must be love at first sight. Second love is like skimmed milk; and as for what is called love after long acquaintance, it is like milk that has grown sour from long standing. If I meet a man in business, it does not require more than one interview for me to tell whether I like him or not. When I meet *her*, as I shall some day, I shall know *her* among a thousand; I shall recognize *her* at a glance. And if we should not see each other again for years, we will yet at some time surely come together; she will be my wife. I may meet *her* but for a moment on the street, but I shall never forget *her*, and will love no other."

Meanwhile, the young lady, whom we left mounting the steps of the stage, had accomplished that feat, and seated herself on the opposite side from the young man.

She wore, to protect her from the shower, which was now at its height, a waterproof, which, being open at the throat, showed a bit of lace and a gold pin. A blue vail wrapped around her hat partly concealed her white forehead.

Her hands were neatly gloved, and as she unbuttoned her cloak to get out her purse, a well-fitting street costume became visible. Finding in her purse only coins of larger value than the required fare, she rose in an independent way to get the change from the driver.

Frank, who was watching for an opportunity of assisting her, rising at the same time, and both being a little quick in their movements, their heads came in contact for a moment, and both sat down again.

The young lady blushed and smiled a little, showing pretty teeth; and Frank, much embarrassed, begged her pardon, and, receiving the coin from her hand, proceeded to obtain the change.

Now, whether it was the young lady's blush or her smile, or the touch of her gloved hand, or the hearty way in which she said "Thank you!" or whether it was really the inspiration which Frank had expected at the proper time, certain it is that no sooner had he taken his seat than the conviction came to him that this was *she* whom he had hoped to find.

He looked at her again, and, if the truth must be told, quite stared her into blushing again and looking out of the opposite window. As he looked he imagined himself more and more in love, and had already gone through the several stages of courtship in an omnibus, had visited at her home, had proposed and been accepted, and was just leading her, blushing deeper than ever, through a church full of admiring friends to the white-robed clergyman at the altar, when he was startled from his reverie by seeing his companion rise again, this time too quick for interruption, pull the signal-strap, alight from the stage and pass from his sight.

He attempted to follow her movements with his eyes, but she was quickly lost down a side street.

He was dismayed for the moment at this sudden ending of his dream of an acquaintance with the fair stranger. His gaze settled on the place where she had lately been, and then wandered to the spot where her feet—he had noticed they were small and prettily arched—had rested, and there he saw a folded piece of paper that had evidently dropped from the young lady's purse.

"Surely," thought our friend, "the god who favors first love must have interposed in my behalf, and given me some chance of meeting *her* again!"

He picked up the paper, and found it to be a scrap torn from a sheet of fine note-paper. As he opened it, a piece of brown silk dropped out, and on the inside was a simple memorandum:

"Three and a half yards silk, this shade. Choose trimmings to match."

On the other side of the paper was a name and address:

"*Miss Belle Duncan*,
"No. — Fifth Avenue."

The writer of the memorandum had, as Frank saw at once, picked up a part of a note addressed to herself to write some memoranda for her guidance, and so her identity was revealed.

A less romantic man might have returned the paper to the writer, by mail, or, had he been very bold, might have written a note that would have required some acknowledgment. But the present finder, who loved mystery after a fashion, and was too bashful to make his name known in so irregular a manner, after puzzling his brains awhile, decided on a course of action, which he carried out after reaching his store.

He selected a piece of brown silk of the required shade, and then picked out trimmings such as he found most in fashion, and, doing them up in a bundle, directed it to the address he had found, and sent it off by one of the clerks, telling him to say nothing, but to leave the parcel at the place indicated.

That day at lunch Jack Hatton's ears were fairly wearied with the most extravagant and eloquent discourse on the theory of love at first sight, with eulogies on female loveliness, and even descriptions of newly discovered advantages in stage-riding.

Frank related enough of his morning adventure to let his friend understand the cause of his outburst, but said nothing about the scrap of paper or the lady's name.

For some weeks he kept up his enthusiasm, and took many furtive glances at the house in which the young lady lived, and took occasional stage rides up and down that part of the avenue in the hope of seeing her again.

But he found his efforts useless, and being a busy man, with much to carry on his mind, I am afraid he began, after a few months, to think less frequently, though not, perhaps, less earnestly, about his first love.

When he passed the house on Fifth Avenue he would still look up expectantly, and when he came across the bit of paper which he kept in his private desk at home, he would sigh and pity his hard fortune, though he never despaired entirely.

Having only seen the lady on one occasion, and not having been so much impressed by particular features as by an indistinct impression of her good looks, he did not retain, as several months and then a year went by, a very clear idea of her appearance, and at the times when she was recalled to his memory, he would say:

"How beautiful were her eyes—of blue, were they, or were they brown? I really forget—and her nose, I particularly noticed her nose was beautiful, but I don't seem to recollect its shape either. I think she was rather tall, though, as she was seated most of the time, I couldn't exactly tell, of course; but any way she was the only woman I can ever love, and I wait for Fate to bring us together."

CHAPTER II.

AN event that occurred nearly a year after his adventure in the omnibus caused Frank Parker a little uneasiness. His friend, John Hatton, was married, and, as they had been accustomed to pass many of their evenings together, Frank feared their intimacy would be brought to an end.

The worst of it was, John had married, in direct contradiction of his friend's theory, a girl—Ida Gilmore—whom he had known all his life, and had never thought of falling in love with until she had come back the Autumn before from a Summer in Europe, when, going one night to call on her, he happened to see that she was pretty and attractive, and, she not objecting, in a few months had her for his wife.

Frank refused altogether to understand such a procedure on the part of his friend, protesting vigorously that if she possessed all the good qualities that were claimed for her, they must have been apparent before; that he knew Jack was not blind, and ought to have been able to tell immediately whether the young lady were suitable for him, and he very much feared that policy and not true love had caused the marriage. So, when Jack, who took all his comment in good part, invited him to come home with him one evening shortly after the marriage, Jack at first demurred—being also, as I have said, rather bashful—but at last consented and went.

He found Mrs. Hatton rather plain-looking, in his eyes, except that she had a pleasant smile. She was a small woman, with brown hair and bright eyes, and very pleasant and sociable, as Frank had to confess, though he was prejudiced against her.

I, who know his faults as well as his virtues, am willing to acknowledge that this young man was very obstinate in his opinion, and apt to like or dislike without reason, and sometimes far from agreeable with his outspoken opinions and forcible expressions, though as honest a fellow as ever lived and as good-natured.

He went to his friend's house several times after that, and found his visits always pleasant, though he persisted that Jack's wife was very, very different from the one he would choose, or, rather, from the *one* he had chosen if he could ever find her.

One evening, when it had been arranged that Frank was to come to the house in the evening, his host told him that there was in the parlor a former schoolmate of his wife's, who had come to spend some weeks at her friend's home.

Frank noticed, as he came into the room, a young lady talking to Mrs. Hatton, whose appearance impressed him at once.

She was tall and almost stately, with a wealth of light hair, and eyes a darker blue than most blondes have.

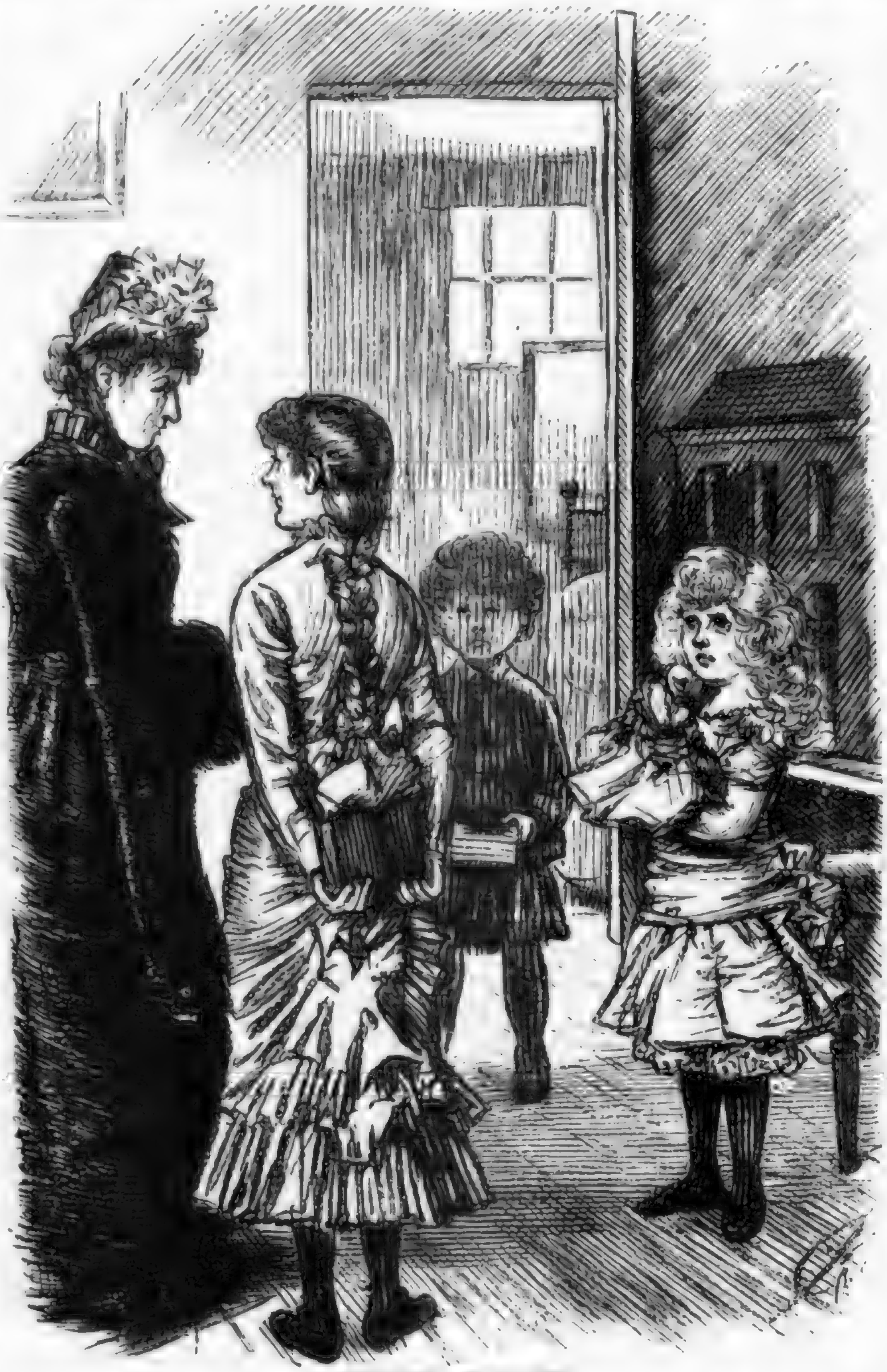
"Belle," he heard Mrs. Hatton say, "here comes Mr. Parker." And then, "Mr. Parker, my friend, Miss Duncan. Mr. Parker is a great friend of Jack's, you know."

Frank was fairly bewildered when he heard the name, which he recognized as that which he had on the slip of paper in his desk at home.

He was sure, however, he told Jack afterward, that he would have known her any way, for the very first look he gave her had made him conscious that his chosen one was there.

Fortunately his embarrassment was not noticed, and the evening passed pleasantly, with music and conversation.

Frank went home at the close of the evening with his mind fully taken up with thoughts of the fair Belle Duncan. He took from his desk the paper containing her name and looked at it for a long time, musing over the strange chance that had brought him for the second time into her company. He did not wonder that she had forgotten his face, having no clew to his name, and yet he wished she might remember that former meeting.



A THRIFTY THOUGHT.

Aunt—"AND HOW WELL YOU HAVE KEPT THE DOLL'S HOUSE YOUR UNCLE GAVE YOU!"
Niece (who has taken to story-books lately)—"OH, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL HOUSE; BUT I HAVE LET THE APARTMENTS, FURNISHED, TO MABEL AND GERARD FOR TEN CENTS A WEEK!"

Before he went to bed he had persuaded himself, if he needed any persuasion, that they were formed for each other.

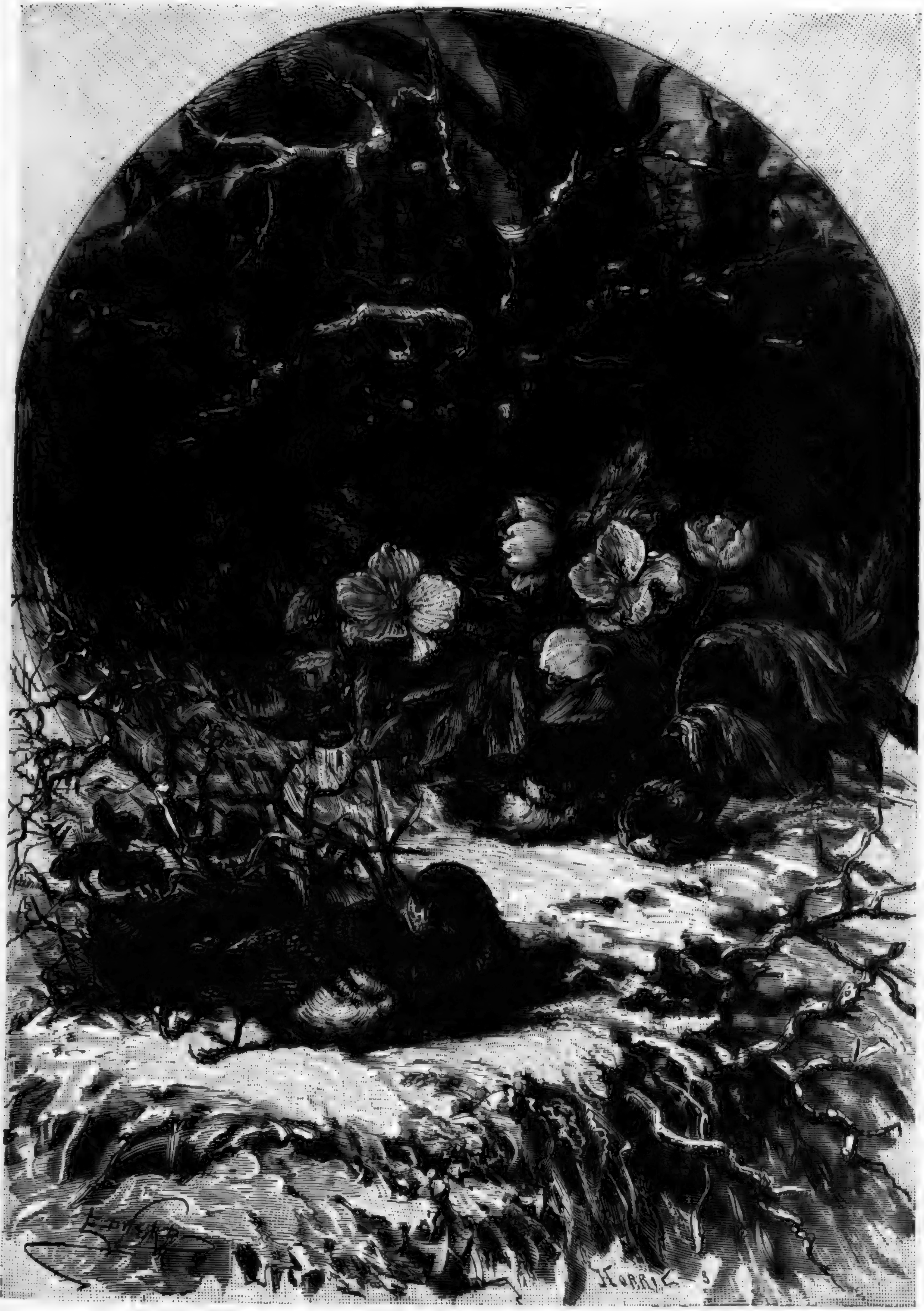
The next day at dinner he was more quiet than Jack had seen him for a long time, but made a few inquiries about Miss Duncan that soon brought from his friend all the facts he had about his wife's acquaintance with her. She was a Hartford girl, and had attended the same school with Ida, Jack's wife, in New Haven, and they had there formed a schoolgirl intimacy, rooming together, and sharing all each other's secrets. John remembered that she had friends living on Fifth Avenue whom she had visited a year ago, just before she and Ida went with a party on a tour through Europe. He believed she was going to visit these friends after she had finished her stay with Ida, and so she might be two or three months in the city.

He thought her a very pleasant girl, and hoped Frank liked her.

Yes, Frank found her quite agreeable—though, to be sure, he never had thought much of young ladies' company. And, so saying, he thought he had shown great diplomacy in hiding the real state of his feelings. But if ever a man in love succeeded ill in concealing that fact the man was Frank.

The most mysterious bouquets that could have come from nowhere else were left for Miss Duncan.

He, who had never had a free pass in his life, began to



NESTLING AMONG THE FLOWERS.

have the greatest number of visionary friends who were fairly throwing at him boxes for the opera and theatre, and he would feel so much obliged if they would only make up a little party just to have the box occupied.

Miss Duncan being an Episcopalian, he bought a prayer-book and studied up all the order of service overnight, so that he might creditably deport himself in accompanying her to church.

He found a large number of places which it was absolutely necessary she should see, and neglected his business with all the cheerfulness in the world that he might show them to her.

In all this companionship he found her to develop more and more attractive traits of character.

He had thought her difficult of approach at first, but as they became better acquainted, she was at times friendly and even confidential in her manner.

At other times she would appear to treat him coldly, and he, with an ingenuity of self-torture common to modest-minded lovers, would construe ill to himself out of either course of conduct.

If she were friendly, it was evident that, while she might be able to look on him as an agreeable companion, she could never have thought of him in the light of a lover. If she received him without warmth of manner, it was apparent that she could think little of him.

I should be sorry to say how many sleepless nights Frank passed during this period, and how many business mistakes he made in consequence.

He took much melancholy pleasure in taking out continually the bit of paper that reminded him of his morning ride in the omnibus, so that, with folding and unfolding, the paper became quite worn.

It was at this time, too, that Frank lost much of his obstinacy of character, as well as some of his flesh, and became quite meek and gentle, and so quiet that Jack missed his daily lecture at the lunch-table, and had to do most of the talking himself.

But he stood a firm friend to Frank all the time, and frequently of an evening—those were red-letter days to Frank—Ida or Jack would be taken with a convenient headache, and both would remain at home, while they would insist upon the others going out together to some entertainment.

And then Frank would be fairly overcome, now with pride and now with humility, at having alone in his care so precious a charge.

But after this kind of pleasant companionship had gone on for some weeks, Belle left Jack's house to visit her friends in Fifth Avenue, going to the very house Frank had often watched.

And now Frank saw how much he had been favored before, finding that he could meet Miss Duncan only in a formal way, and much less frequently.

While he had not been happy before, he was completely miserable now, even torturing himself with the thought that she could not love him now, and he would have no opportunity to win her love in the future.

But his despair had at least the good effect of making him bold enough to determine to bring to an end his suspense and discover the real state of her feelings toward him.

CHAPTER III.

"WOULD you like to go with us to-morrow on a sort of family picnic?" said Jack Hatton to his friend, one day.

But Frank—who was in a rather savage humor, and had, besides, decided opinions, which he frequently expressed with emphasis, on the subject of picnics in general—began to talk about "hornet pie" and "spiders in the butter," and "rheumatism," and absolutely refused to consider the invitation, until Jack said:

"All right. I am sorry, though, for, you see, Ida and I thought we would take a little excursion up the river, going in the morning, so that nobody would disturb us, and coming back before the crowd began to gather. We only invited Belle to come with us, and thought you might like to go, too."

Then Frank, regretting his too great haste, protested that he desired above all things to be permitted to go, and became as humble as he had been disdainful.

So they took the trip, going up the grandest of rivers, past the heights of Mount Washington on the one side, and then by the overhanging Palisades on the other, to a pretty little island much frequented on Summer afternoons.

There were but few parties on the boat that morning, one of which, consisting of a mother, a child about four years old and a nurse, occupied with our friends the upper rear deck of the river steamboat.

The mother, a languid-looking woman, reclined in a steamer-chair, reading a novel, while the restless child, but carelessly watched by the nurse, played about the deck, climbed upon the seats, and then looked through the railing.

The two young men and their companions chatted gayly, now looking on the noble scenery through which they passed, and now watching the child.

When the boats had proceeded two or three miles up the river, they were startled in the midst of an animated discussion by a cry of horror from the nurse, and, looking up, they were witnesses of a terrible spectacle.

The child had wandered from its nurse's side, and, getting on to the seat that ran around the side of the deck, had climbed over the railing, and then, terrified by its own boldness, had let go its hold and was rolling toward the edge of the deck.

The startled mother and the frightened nurse ran to the railing and endeavored to catch the child, while both the young men sprang over the railing.

But it was too late.

The child, without time even to utter a cry, rolled over the edge and fell toward the muddy waters beneath.

But the anxious eyes looking over the side of the steamer saw that a hook projecting from the railing of the lower deck had caught the dress of the child, and retarded for a minute its fall into the water.

There was no one visible on the lower deck, and the child's dress appeared as if it might any moment give way.

The waters, dashed into foam by the steamer's wheels, flung themselves up expectantly for their prey.

There seemed no hope for the child and its agonized mother, except one which, to a trained athlete, might not have been difficult, but to any one else was hazardous in the extreme.

This method, which presented itself at the same time to the minds of both the young men, was to swing from the edge of the upper deck, endeavoring to fall inside the railing of the lower deck.

Jack started to attempt the experiment, but his wife clung to him, and would not let him go, while Frank, with but one glance upward at eyes which he hoped were looking at him, threw himself over the side of the steamer, and, clinging to the edge, made the very dangerous leap.

He landed inside, the impulse carrying him against the side of the steamer. Instantly recovering his footing, he reached over the railing and grasped the child just as the dress gave way.

He took the child to its mother, who now refused to let any one but herself care for it, and almost overwhelmed with thanks its preserver.

As for Frank, he was happy—not, I fear, alone because he had made the mother happy, or because he had accomplished well a very difficult undertaking, but for an entirely different reason.

I have said that he gave a glance upward as he threw himself over the side of the steamer, and it was what that glance had taught him that made him happy.

He saw in that moment by the look in the eyes of the one he loved that the life he risked was more precious to her than that of an ordinary friend—that mingled with admiration of his bravery was an affectionate regard which rendered him certain of her love.

He could scarcely wait till their destination was reached, and then, when they had wandered apart into one of the paths in the grove of the almost deserted island, he told her of his love, and received the sweet assurances of its return. Had Frank known that on the same bench on which they sat Tom Burton, the porter of his Worth Street store, had whispered, the Sunday afternoon before, words of love to his sweetheart Mary, a pretty girl out at service, I think the young man had so much of the common pride that he would doubtless have been quite offended at the thought.

And yet, true love is the same everywhere, and for my own part, I believe just as much of pure affection and just as good a promise of happy lives might be found in the hearts of Tom and Mary as in those of Frank Parker and Belle Duncan, though this latter couple was very simple and heartfelt in affection for each other.

Frank, especially, beamed all over with joy and pride, and was fairly exultant when he took his friend Jack aside to tell him of his good fortune, while the girls exchanged like confidences.

On the return trip down the river the boat had still but few passengers, and the two lovers sat in an out-of-the-way corner on the front deck.

Their conversation turned naturally to the time when they had first known each other, and Frank exultingly declared that his love had begun long before their introduction to each other.

So saying, he pulled out of his pocket the worn scrap of paper and showed it to Belle, who soon remembered it and asked how he got it.

Then he told her how he had met her one morning in the stage, and had been attracted by her, had sent her the package she had so mysteriously received, and had ever since loved her alone.

"And are you sure," she said, slowly, looking at him in what he thought a strange way, "that you have always loved the one you met that morning?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"And always will?"

"And always will."

"Oh, Frank!—I mean Mr. Parker—you cruel man to tell me this!" said Belle, hiding her face in her hands and speaking in a choking voice, "I must say good-by to you for ever; and, besides, I really think I ought to tell Mr. Hatton."

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I'm not your dear," she answered, still trembling. "To tell me that you love another woman and that woman your friend's wife!"

"What do you mean?" cried he.

Then he set to work to comfort her, assuring her that he loved her only, and never had and never could love any one else.

But Belle pretended to be mightily offended, although, in my opinion, she was laughing all the time, and refused for a long while to be persuaded to say anything more. It came out finally that the young lady who rode in the stage that morning, and who had dropped the bit of paper was no other than Jack's wife, who had called to go out shopping with Belle, and the latter, not feeling well, had undertaken to order some goods for her friend. And Frank, who had really forgotten the features of the stranger, had been deceived by the name into fancying that the one to whom he had declared his love was the one whom he had met before.

Belle forgave the mistake and they were married; but, having visited at their home many times, I am decidedly of the opinion that Frank's wife rather rules her husband. And especially when he begins to declaim with much emphasis some favorite theory of his, I have seen his wife quiet him with a look. For he first learned his wife's name in an omnibus, his first love proved to be no love at all, and a picnic was the occasion of his crowning happiness.

THE CASE OF PIERRE DUBOIS.

The case of Pierre Dubois is a shocking, deplorable one. Madame Féron was the aged, miserly relict of a prosperous farmer, living alone at a solitary farmhouse about three leagues distant from Rennes. A charwoman came for an hour or two daily to do the scrubbing and coarse work of the house.

Madame Féron was not only known to be possessed of a considerable annual income, but of a large sum in *rouleaux* of Napoleons, which she kept under lock and key in the house.

This last fact was at least known to Jeannette Morlaix and Pierre Dubois, an itinerant clockmaker, whose poor home and shop were at Rennes.

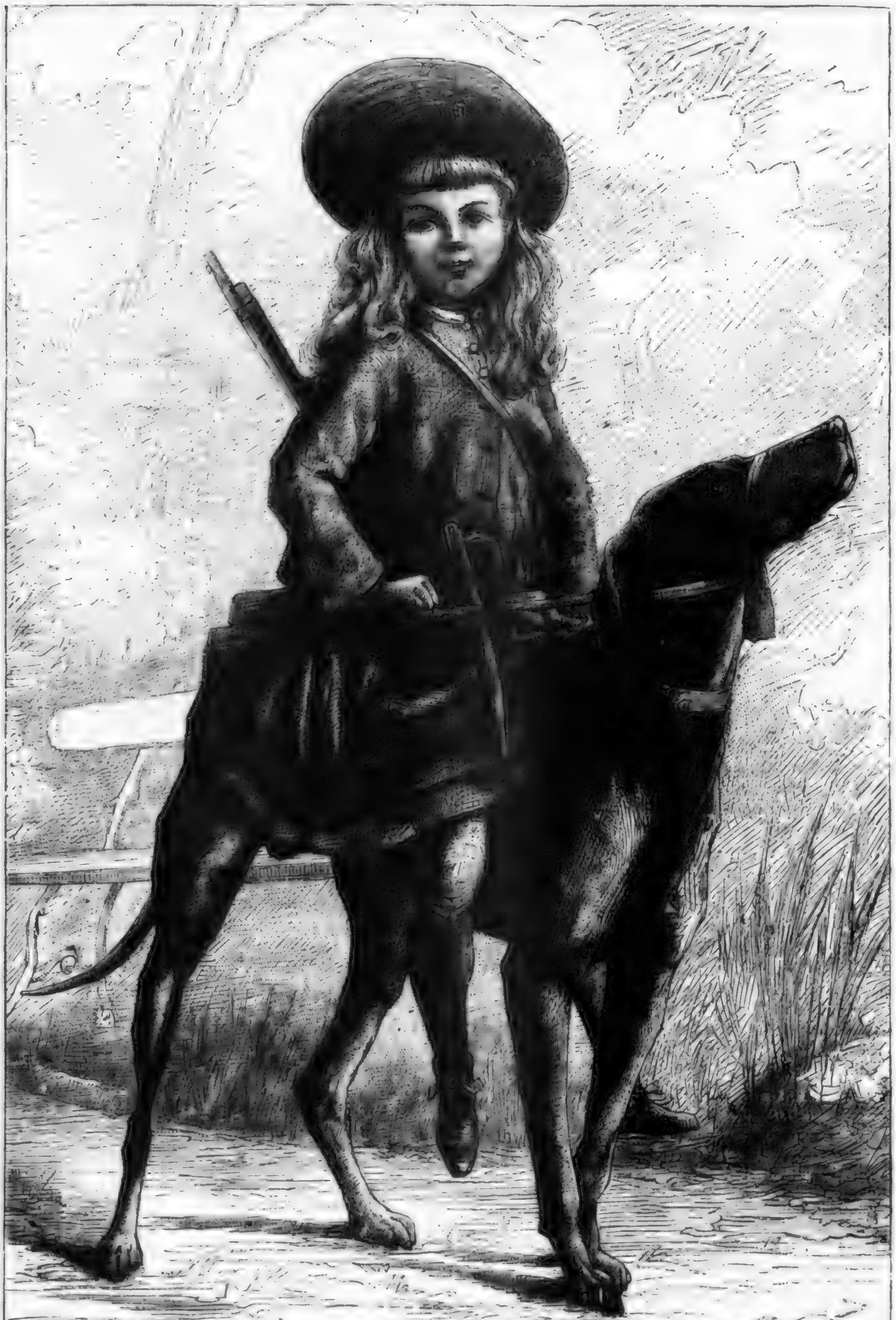
He was given to tattle when in the least excited by drink, and had been more than once heard to gleefully relate how frightened Madame Féron looked when he, one day entering her house suddenly, without knocking, surprised her kneeling before an open chest, gloating over her golden treasure.

It was Pierre's custom to call at Madame Féron's regularly, when returning from his rounds, on the first Monday in every alternate month, to see to the correct time-keeping of her clock. Now, early on the day following the Monday in August, when he should have called at Madame Féron's—did in fact call, it was asserted and fully believed—the aged lady was found stark-dead!—murdered—and mangled in a dreadful manner.

Though considerably above sixty, she was a strong-limbed, powerful, courageous woman, and had, it was evident, struggled fiercely for her life. The chest was plundered of the *rouleaux* of gold, and some silver spoons and other articles of plate were missing. The alarm was given, a commissary of police arrived, and a vigorous investigation of all the circumstances was commenced on the spot.

Jeannette Morlaix deposed that soon after Madame Féron returned from church, late in the afternoon—she had been to vespers—it being the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin—she, Jeannette, left the house and proceeded homeward. Her dwelling was about half a league distant from Madame Féron's.

XUM



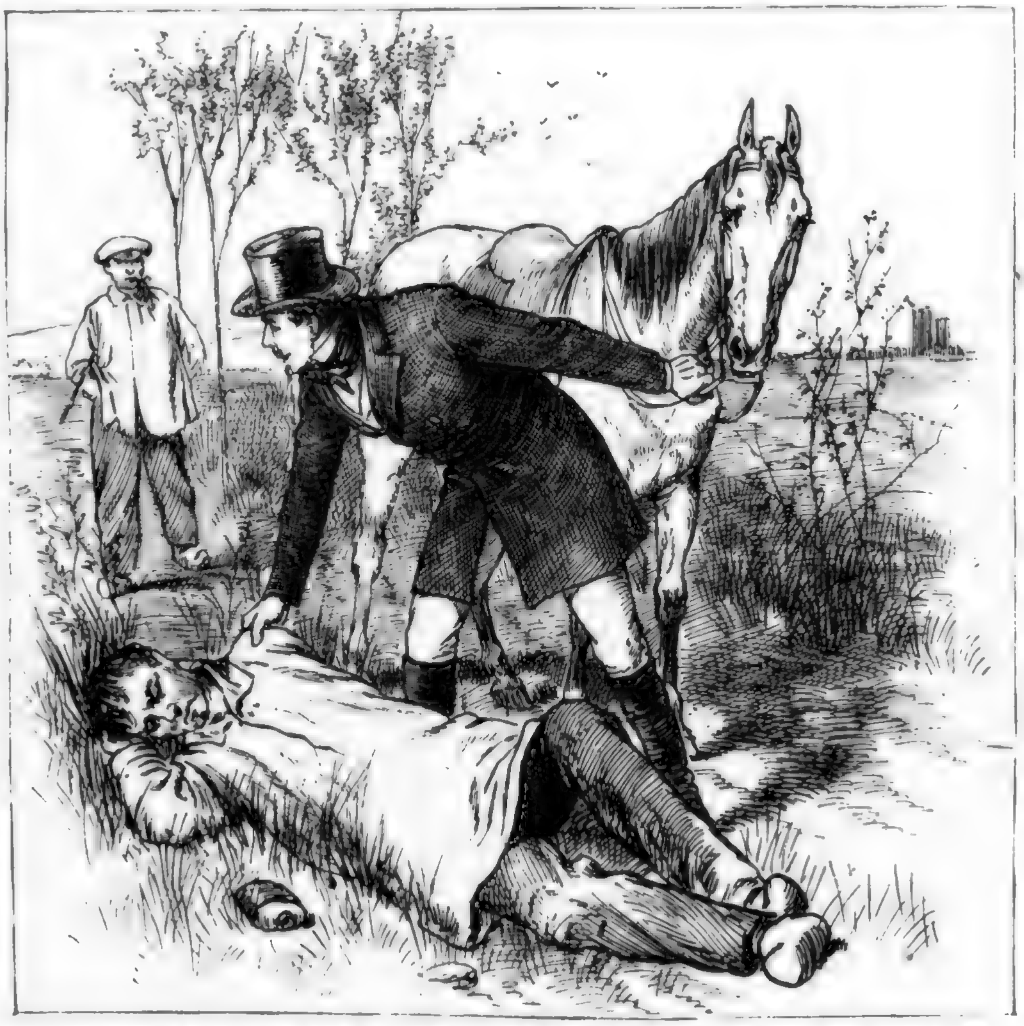
A YOUNG BAYARD.

She had not proceeded very far, about ten minutes' distance, perhaps, when she saw Pierre Dubois walking toward the house. He did not pass near to her, and from the direction in which he came she did not see his full face, but she was positive it was he. He was dressed as usual, and carried under his arm a tinkling German clock, as he always did. Jeannette also saw him lift the doorlatch and pass into the house. That was all she knew.

In reply to the questions of the commissary, she said that Pierre Dubois usually arrived at about the same hour. Madame Féron's place was the last in his day's round, and when Dubois left he went straight away toward Rennes.

For Rennes the commissary and his men forthwith galloped off, and learned that Pierre Dubois had not been home all night; that his half-distracted wife had not seen nor heard of him since he left early the previous day to proceed on his accustomed round.

Leaving two gendarmes in the place to secure Dubois if he should make his appearance, and meanwhile to prevent the wife or either of the children from holding communication with any one, the commissary hurried away to organize a hunt after the absconded assassin and robber.



THE CASE OF PIERRE DUBOIS.—"MONSIEUR SAINT FOIN DISMOUNTED, AND VAINLY ENDEAVORED TO AWAKEN HIM."

The search, though vigorously pressed, proved fruitless; no tidings could be heard of the clockmaker, and it was beginning to be feared he might have succeeded in escaping from France with his booty, when, late in the evening, who should walk into the house but the culprit himself! His clothes were torn, dirty, stained with blood in more than one place—he himself seeming to be half-stupefied, like a person just recovering from a long-continued debauch. He was, of course, instantly taken into custody and hurried off to jail. No gold or silver was found upon him; but in one of his pockets several torn fragments of *rouleaux* paper were found.

When questioned the next day by a Juge d'Instruction, he delivered himself of a cock-and-bull story, in effect and substance as follows:

About noon on the day on which he left home he was on his return toward Madame Féron's, when, at about a couple of leagues from her house, two men in blouses came up with him in a solitary part of the road. They were riding, and offered to take him up. The day was sultry; he was tired, and gladly accepted the invitation. He was thirsty, too—his own flask of thin wine was nearly empty—and he almost emptied at a draught that which one of the men offered him.

An irresistible drowsiness almost immediately seized him; he lay down in the bottom of the *charette*, and remembered nothing more till, awakening to confused consciousness, he found himself lying on the grass in a place he could not recognize, with the moon and stars shining brilliantly overhead. He had a blouse on, and he could nowhere see his clock.

He had a dim recollection of some one trying, by shaking and shouting in his ear, to rouse him—vainly so. His throat was parched, and, feeling for his flask, he found it much fuller than he had supposed it to be, took a long pull thereat, and again fell into a sudden slumber.

When he next awoke the sun was high in the heavens; he had his own clothes on again—no blouse; but the clock and what silver money he had were certainly gone. The flask, too, was empty, and he was fain to slake his thirst at a rivulet close by.

Rousing himself by a great effort, making inquiry as he came along the road to Rennes, he managed at last to reach his home as before stated. He denied, with the most natural assumption of truthfulness, that he had been at Madame Féron's house on the Monday afternoon, or at any hour of the day, and when confronted with Jeannette Morlaix—whom he knew to be a singularly truthful, honest person, and who persisted she *had* seen him go into the house with the tinkling German clock under his arm—he affected to be altogether confounded, and assumed a manner and expression as if he bewilderedly half-believed that he must have been walking, talking—murdering folk, during a delirious drunken dream.

As to the spots of blood upon his clothes, that circumstance he could not in any way account for. Of course such a jumble of absurdities did not obtain a moment's credence. The general belief appears to have been that, after murdering Madame Féron and possessing himself of the *rouleaux* and plate—the German clock, I should have mentioned, was found in the room where the murder had been committed—he started across the country by unfrequented paths, intending to escape from France; that he had drank himself dead drunk with brandy, taken, as was known, from Madame Féron's, and in that state had himself been robbed of every valuable about him. Recovered from his debauch—finding himself stripped of everything, destitute of the means of escape—he had determined to boldly face accusation with those transparent lies in his mouth.

The result was Pierre Dubois's conviction, by a unanimous jury, of willful homicide and robbery, his condemnation to death by the guillotine, and the execution of the sentence.

* * *

The following Summer, Monsieur Saint Foin, a highly respectable citizen at Rennes, returned from Martinique, to which island he had hastily departed in August of the previous year. Pierre Dubois had been well known to him—had for years regulated Monsieur Saint Foin's clocks; and no sooner did that gentleman hear the story and tragic fate of the poor clockmaker, than he hurried away to the Procureur-Général.

Dubois had himself been murdered—judicially; there could be no doubt of the terrible fact. On the 15th of August, the grand Catholic festival, as previously stated, Monsieur Saint Foin, a bachelor gentleman, after attending High Mass in the cathedral, had left Rennes on horseback, his immediate destination being a friend's house about ten leagues distant.

He intended to remain there for the night, and early on the following day proceed by railway to Paris, thence to Havre de Grace, from which port he should sail for Martinique, where his only brother, also a bachelor, had recently died, and bequeathed to him, Monsieur Saint Foin, the whole of a considerable property.

He took a short cut, being in haste, to his friend's house, and at an out-of-the-way place, as described by poor Dubois, about seven leagues from Rennes and perhaps over that distance from Madame Féron's habitation, saw Dubois lying on the grass dead drunk, as it seemed. He had on a blouse, and neither the peculiar cap he was accustomed to wear, nor the German clock he usually carried about with him, were to be seen. A wine-flask nearly full was lying close beside him.

Monsieur Saint Foin dismounted, and vainly endeavored, by rudely shaking and bawling at the drowsy drunkard to awaken him. He was at a loss what to do—for he had a regard for honest Dubois—when fortunately a man of the laboring class and wearing a blouse of the same color as that which Dubois had on, came to view, walking toward them.

Monsieur Saint Foin asked him if he would, for a sufficent recompense, wait by the sleeping man till he should wake, and, if it was necessary to do so, see him safely to Rennes. The man willingly agreed. Monsieur Saint Foin presented him with a five-franc piece, remounted his horse, and proceeded on his journey. He had no correspondents except in Paris, and had not read or heard anything of the Pierre Dubois affair till his return that day to Rennes.

The time at which Monsieur Saint Foin had so fallen in with the sleeping Dubois was, as nearly as might be, upon the stroke of the hour when Jeannette Morlaix swore—honestly swore, no doubt—that she had seen him enter Madame Féron's house. The explanation of the mystery seems clear enough. The two fellows in the *charette*, whom Dubois had met with, were villains who had made themselves acquainted with the clockmaker's habits, opportunities and where he might be met with at about that time. The wine given to and left with him was no doubt drugged.

One of the fellows had exchanged his blouse for the clockmaker's coat, and, further disguised by Dubois's peculiar cap and the tinkling German clock, had proceeded to Madame Féron's, leaving his comrade in crime near Dubois to watch events.

It was to this fellow, no question, that Monsieur Saint Foin gave the five-franc piece. The actual murderer must have returned with the plunder; and as it was desirable to effectually put justice on the wrong scent, Dubois's coat and cap were restored, and the scraps of *rouleaux* paper placed in the unfortunate man's pocket. The incredible story he would have to tell would be, they well knew, treated with scoffing unbelief.

It proved so; everything turning out just as they had planned. Justice was betrayed, and to this day no clew to the discovery of the murderers of Madame Féron—and, indirectly, of Pierre Dubois—has been found.

A MARKET FOR WIVES.

A REMARKABLE custom exists among the Roumanians living in the westerly Carpathians. Every year, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and here all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina, in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees and other household requisites are also added to the dowry. On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each, most particularly, comes with a girdle of gold or silver. After the brides are chosen the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market, knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry and occupy her tent and place herself on view like the rest.

THE Aztec word consisting of thirty-two letters, "Amatlacuilolitquitcatlaxlahuilli," means "payment received for having been bearer of a paper with writing on it." But this is exceeded in length by a word even more portentous from the Cherokee language. This is "Winitawtgeginaliskawlungtanawnelitisesti," which means, "They will by that time have nearly done granting (favors) from a distance to them and to me."

FRESH AIR AND FOUL AIR.

By Professor F. R. Eaton Lowe.

Fresh air is an element upon which everybody professes to set a high value; yet we frequently meet with people who, by dint of green-baizing the doors, sandbagging the windows, stuffing up unused chimneys, pertinaciously closing the windows of a railway-carriage during the two hours' journey in July, and other similar expedients, endeavor to exclude the pure breath of heaven as they would so much choke-damp or sewage fumes.

In these days of scientific progress it is surprising that so much ignorance exists on the subject of ventilation; for, while the terms "oxygen" and "carbonic acid" are familiar to everybody, most of us are still in the dark as to the best means to be adopted for securing the one and getting rid of the other. Those who take so much trouble in stopping up every crevice, to prevent, as they say, the ingress of "draughts," never dream that they are at the same time taking every precaution against the escape of poisonous gases, the inhalation of which must ultimately produce a train of disorders, the mere catalogue of which would fill a page of a large-sized medical treatise.

Ventilation, as it is understood by such persons, includes amongst its happy effects, cold in the head, sore throat, toothache and *tic-douloureux*, all of which may certainly be produced by draughts; but this is not ventilation. Much of this misconception is due to the ignorance of builders, who appear to think that ventilation is altogether out of their line, and consequently make no provision for it. In large public buildings—as schools, churches and clubs—some attempt is usually made to keep the contained air pure; but in ordinary dwelling-houses there is nothing for it but to open the windows, at the risk of entailing upon delicate or non-acclimatized inmates the painful disorders just alluded to. It is far more important to secure a constant supply of pure air in rooms we ordinarily inhabit, than in public rooms only occasionally visited; and architects as well as builders have much to answer for in ignoring this consideration in the construction of their plans.

Before this subject can be thoroughly understood, it will be necessary to get a clear view of the function of respiration. We all of us are familiar with the appearance of the lungs of animals, from the specimens hung up in the butchers' shops. An examination of the lungs of a sheep will answer our purpose quite as well as if we had the corresponding organs of the human body before us (Fig. 1). They consist of two lobes of spongy, cellular matter—the spongy character being due to millions of minute bag-like air-cells communicating with fine tubes, the diameter of which gradually increases till they finally converge into the windpipe. The small air-cells are surrounded by meshes of delicate blood-vessels, still more minute, which bring the dark venous blood to the lungs to be oxygenated or purified, whence it is collected by the pulmonary artery and distributed to every part of the system. It may be asked, How is this oxygenation or aëration effected? Does the blood enter the air-cells, and come into actual contact with the contained air? Certainly not, or otherwise the blood would find its way into the windpipe, and be coughed up. This bleeding from the lungs, or hemorrhage, as it is termed, actually occurs in certain diseases, as in pulmonary consumption, and is a symptom of a very serious character. Instead of the blood finding its way into the lungs, the air permeates through the thin walls of the cells and comes in contact with the blood in the microscopic veins. Here important chemical changes take place, and both the air and the blood become entirely altered in character and composition. The dark appearance of venous blood (blood from the veins as distinguished from arterial blood) is due to excess of carbonaceous matter; the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon and becomes carbonic-acid gas, which is exhaled, and cannot again be respired with safety, while the color of the blood is changed to a bright red, indicative of its healthy character and fitness for all the purposes of nutrition. The number of respirations per minute varies from fifteen to twenty-one, according to age and constitution, and the quantity of air taken in at each inhalation is about twenty cubic inches. The carbonic acid comes off from the lungs in company with watery vapor, particles of effete or worn-out matter, nitrogen and other gases. Bad breath is attributable in some cases to caries or decayed teeth; in others, to the condition of the stomach; but in many instances it may be traced to the presence of fetid vapors in the expired air. We are in a condition of constant decay, or rather disintegration; worn-out particles are momentarily being cast off, and their places supplied by new matter; and while some of these particles of decayed matter escape through the skin and other channels, more or less of them are eliminated through the lungs, and find their way into the air.

Let us now examine the carbonic-acid gas, which—"carbon dioxide" of modern chemists—forms about one-thirtieth of the volume of air exhaled. The poisonous nature of this gas is pretty well understood, although its presence in our bedrooms and sitting-rooms is little guarded against. It forms the choke-damp of coal-mines and deep wells, and, breathed in a state of purity, causes death in a few minutes by suffocation. It is a non-supporter of combustion; and flame is extinguished by it as completely as by the employment of so much water. Advantage is taken of this property of the gas to detect its presence in deep wells which have to be descended for the purpose of repairs.

A candle is let down, and if it goes out it is at once concluded that it would be unsafe to allow men to descend. From the absence of this simple precaution men are frequently brought up from deep wells in a state of insensibility; and colliers are often exposed to similar risk from a sudden rush of large volumes of choke damp from the workings.

Another peculiar property of the gas is its weight. It is half as heavy again as air; the specific gravity of the latter being taken as 1, that of carbonic-acid gas is 1.5. On this account it can be poured out of one vessel into another like a liquid, so that by its weight it will cause a scale to ascend, though no cause is seen (Fig. 2). A row of lighted candles may be extinguished one after another by pouring upon each some carbonic-acid gas; and as the gas is invisible, the experiment savors very much of the magical in the eyes of those unacquainted with chemistry (Fig. 3).

The process of preparing this gas for experiment is very simple, and the necessary apparatus can be made from a couple of bottles and a glass tube. Take a wide-mouthed bottle fitted with a cork, and into the cork

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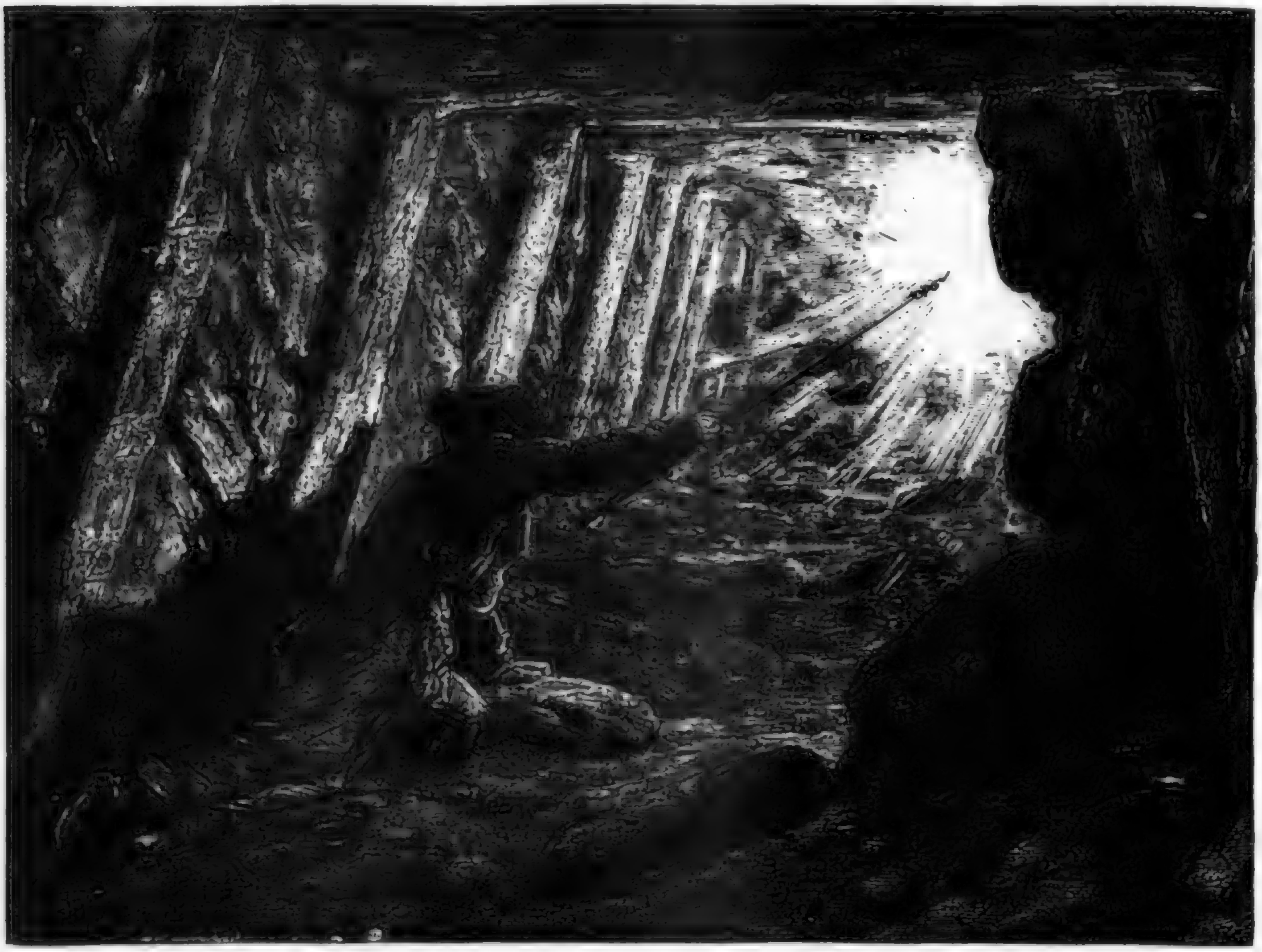


FRESH AIR AND FOUL AIR.—IGNITING THE FIRE-DAMP IN A MINE.

insert a glass tube, bent twice, at right angles, one limb of the tube being much longer than the other. Into the bottle put some hydrochloric (muriatic) acid, diluted with a similar quantity of water, and into the mixture drop a few pieces of chalk, or limestone. A brisk effervescence will ensue, caused by the escape of the carbonic acid in bubbles from the chalk. The long end of the tube is inserted into another bottle, which will soon be filled with the gas. To ascertain whether the bottle is filled, put in a lighted match or taper, which will be extinguished as soon as it reaches the surface of the gas.

By this experiment the chalk or limestone is decomposed, and carbonic acid set free; but by a very simple process we may cause the carbonic acid to unite with lime, and thus form carbonate of lime or chalk. This is the reverse of *analysis*, and hence termed *synthesis*. Nothing more is necessary than to fill a tumbler with lime-water—which can be procured at any druggist's shop for a trifle—and to blow into it through a tube, when a milky cloud will be immediately observed owing to the formation of a white precipitate of carbonate of lime. This results from the union of the carbonic acid in the breath with the lime held in solution, and proves beyond question the existence of carbonic acid gas in the exhalation from the lungs.

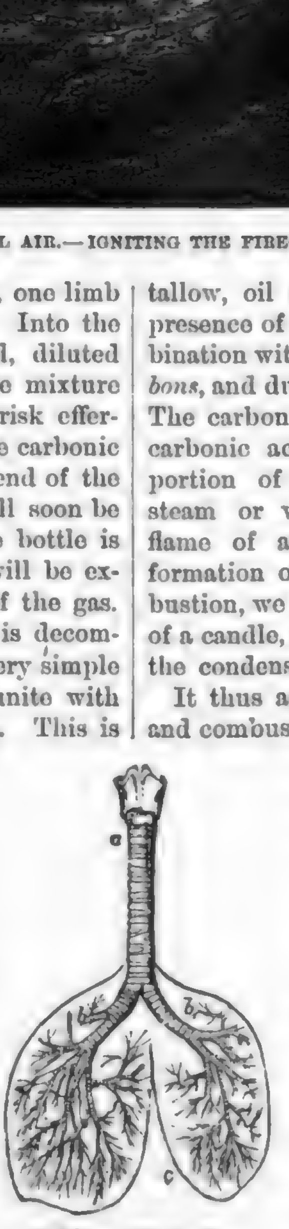


FIG. 1.—LUNGS OF A SHEEP.

Besides being a product of respiration, carbonic-acid is also a product of combustion. The materials we usually employ for the purpose of illumination—as gas, tallow, oil and coal—owe their inflammability to the presence of hydrogen. As this gas is in a state of combination with carbon, these bodies are known as *hydrocarbons*, and during combustion they undergo decomposition. The carbon unites with the oxygen of the air to form carbonic acid, and the hydrogen unites with another portion of oxygen to form water, which exists as steam or vapor in the air of every room in which flame of any kind is burning. To prove that the formation of watery vapor is one of the results of combustion, we have only to invert a tumbler over the flame of a candle, when the inside will soon become moist from the condensation of the resulting steam.

It thus appears that the two processes of respiration and combustion are strictly analogous, so far as chemical change is concerned, and it follows that the air of a room is as much vitiated by the burning of a jet of gas or an oil-lamp, as it is by the breathing of an occupant. A flame cannot live without a renewed supply of fresh air, any more than an animal. Put an inverted tumbler over a taper, and in a few moments the flame will be extinguished. Effectually exclude the admission of air into a room, and the fire in it will first begin to get dull, and ultimately go out altogether. What is fatal to combustion is also fatal to human life; for respiration is a species of combustion, attended with the usual phenomenon of heat, and requiring for its support constant supplies of good fuel. The greater the proportion of fuel—that is, fresh air—consumed by the lungs in a given time, the more rapid is the respiration, and the greater is the heat developed. We are all of us familiar with these phenomena as the results of vigorous exercise in the open air. The glow in the cheek, and increased appetite, and the general exhilaration, are so many signs of intensified chemical action and increased vitality. Diminish the supply of fuel, or deteriorate its quality by constantly breathing the atmosphere of some close room or stuffy office in a back street for eight or ten hours daily, and the respiration will become slower, the heat of the fire will diminish, the color will leave the cheek, the appetite will fall off, and the system generally will become debilitated.

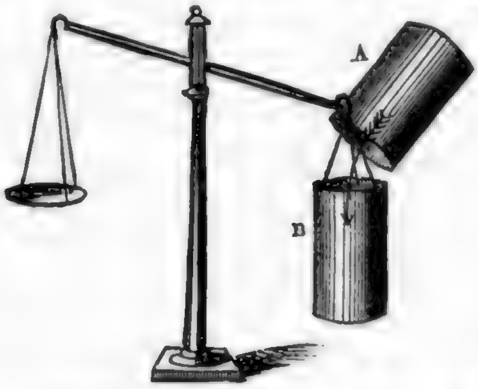


FIG. 2.—CARBONIC-ACID GAS POURED FROM A TO B, AND CAUSING SCALE TO DESCEND.

We have said enough of the properties of carbonic acid to convince any one of the danger of breathing it, even in the diluted condition in which it exists in an ill-ventilated apartment. The question now is, How are we to avoid it? To escape from an enemy, we must know exactly the position it occupies. It has been stated that carbonic acid is a very heavy gas; and it might be supposed that it would fall to the floor as it is generated from the gas-burners and the lungs of individuals. Immediately on its formation, however, it is in a heated state, and, in accordance with the universal law of heat, becomes much expanded, and rises to the ceiling. Should there be no means of escape in that direction, the gas will, on cooling, descend along the walls of the apartment, as shown by the arrows in the annexed diagram (Fig. 4), representing the atmospheric currents in a room lighted by three gas-jets and warmed by a fire in an ordinary grate.

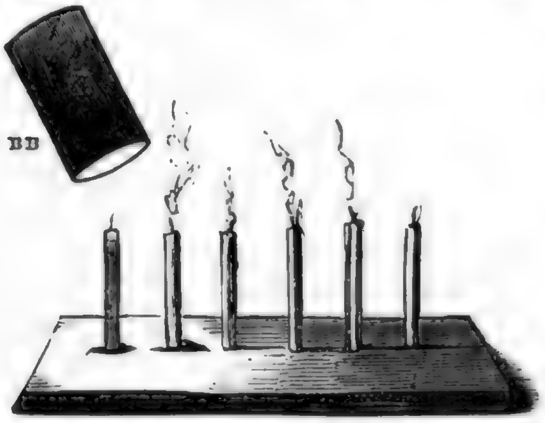


FIG. 3.—ROW OF CANDLES EXTINGUISHED BY CARBONIC-ACID GAS.

The horizontal arrows at the base of the diagram represent the currents of air proceeding from the doors D D toward the fire. It will be seen that the cooled carbonic-acid gas as it descends along the walls is similarly drawn to the fire, and escapes up the chimney in company with the smoke and other products of combustion. Had a grating or ventilator been placed at the top of one of the walls, as at A, the deleterious exhalations would have escaped, and the air been preserved in a fit state for respiration.

A fire is an excellent missionary in the cause of ventilation, especially in a room where the green-baize and sand-bag processes have not been adopted to ward off the hated "draughts." The air withdrawn from the room to feed the column constantly rising above the fire, must have its place supplied by fresh air from without; which accordingly works its way through every crevice and opening, and makes at once for the heated laboratory where its decomposition is effected. A glance at the diagram will make it plain that if there is no ventilator near, the carbonic acid must be respired in its progress toward the fire by persons sitting in the room, unless their dimensions are so Liliputian that their heads are below the level of the grate. In the absence of any proper provision for ventilation, our only resource is to open the windows an inch or two at the top. This will effectually get rid of poisonous exhalations, without subjecting any one not sitting immediately beneath to the risk of "catching cold."

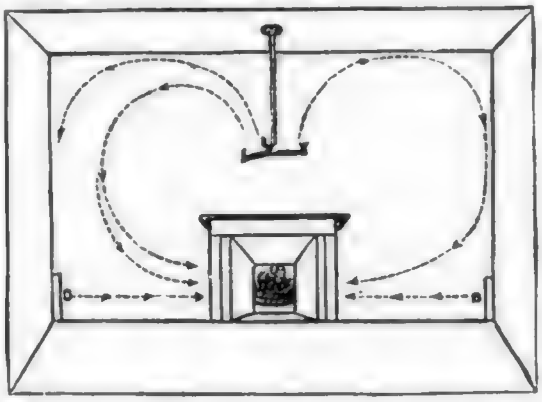


FIG. 4.—ATMOSPHERIC CURRENTS IN A ROOM.

In bedrooms, where we remain eight or ten hours at a time, it is most important that the escape of vitiated air should be provided for. On the assumption that the sleeping-apartment is occupied by only one person, who requires twenty cubic inches of fresh air at each respiration, or, on an average, four hundred per minute, in ten hours he would consume more that one hundred and thirty cubic feet of air—that is, if he could get it. But how? There is no ventilator; the door is kept shut all night; and as for opening the window but a single inch at the top—the very thought is enough to produce a shudder. Let any one who has been out in the open air enter a bedroom

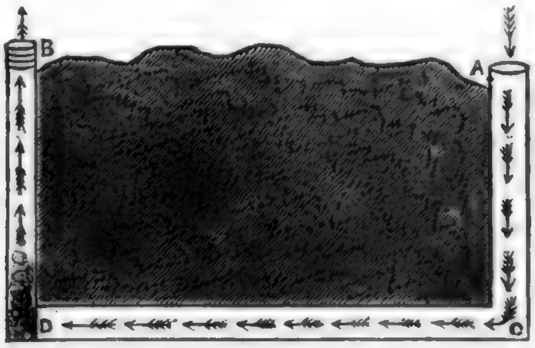


FIG. 5.—VENTILATION OF A MINE BY A FURNACE.

from which the sleepers have just emerged. The oppressive, not to say sickening, character of the atmosphere will at once make itself apparent. And yet people in general do not know to what cause to attribute their morning headache, their lassitude and debility, their loss of appetite, and the impurity of their blood, so plainly evinced by numerous pimples and blotches. As a rule, our sleeping-chambers are much too small; ten feet square is not an uncommon size for one of these rooms in a house letting at $200 a year. The air of such a room, having its doors and windows closed, and occupied by one person, would become unfit for respiration in four hours. In the case of two occupants, that time would, of course, be reduced to two hours.

It is to be feared that we shall never be able to secure rooms of much larger dimensions, especially in the houses of great cities; it is, therefore, of the highest importance that the introduction of ventilation by builders should be made compulsory. In the meantime, it is easy to improvise a remedy against the atmospheric stagnation and pollution so common in our dwellings. Keep the doors of the rooms partly open, and let down the windows about an inch at the top. There is very little risk in such a procedure, even in tempestuous weather, except to persons who are so frightened at contact with cold, fresh air that they are accustomed to wrap themselves up like a Greenlander whenever they are unfortunate enough to be compelled to leave their almost hermetically sealed abodes.

From what has been already said, it will be gathered that a room cannot be properly ventilated by opening a window at the bottom; and to sit for any length of time near a window opened in this way is not unattended with danger. The expense of inserting a ventilator in the upper part of the wall of a room would not be great, and the money would certainly not be thrown away. It should be constructed with oblique bars placed in such a way that the currents of air would enter the room in an upward direction, and no draught would be occasioned. In theatres and other public buildings of a circular, oval, or horseshoe form, a central ventilating shaft answers very well. In oblong buildings a shaft at each end is necessary. Fresh air must be admitted through gratings at the bottom of the walls, as it is highly dangerous to open windows or doors where there are crowded assemblies.

In concluding this paper, a reference to the ventilation of mines may not be out of place. The *modus operandi* of a fire in setting up atmospheric currents has already been explained. The accompanying diagram (Fig. 5) shows the method of ventilating a mine by means of a furnace placed at the bottom of a shaft at D. The air is drawn into the mine in the direction of the arrows down the shaft A, and, becoming heated in its passage over the furnace, escapes from the mine up the shaft B. The "drawing in" of the air in such cases is simply an effect of pressure. Air is a fluid, and if any portion of it be displaced, as by heat, the surrounding portions must simultaneously fall in to supply the loss. The ascending column of hot air wil carry with it all noxious gases and exhalations, and the atmosphere of the mine will be preserved fit for respiration. In spite of this precaution, however, miners are exposed to much risk from the sudden evolution of carbonic acid and carbureted hydrogen gases from the workings. The latter is the well-known "fire-damp," and inflames with explosive violence when a light is brought into contact with it. The "Davy" lamp is a sufficient protection against this formidable enemy; and its invention has saved the lives of thousands. The safety-lamp, however, will not render the fire-damp respirable; when its existence is indicated, an escape must be effected with all possible expedition. The same course must be followed in the case of "choke-damp," or suffocation will speedily ensue. The aim of colliery proprietors should be to provide ready means for the elimination of these terrible scourges of the pit. If the distance of the ventilating-shaft from the workings is too great, the draught becomes so sluggish that the gases cannot be carried away. Additional air-shafts ought then to be constructed; and although the expense would doubtless be heavy, the safety of men engaged in so hazardous an employment ought to be the first consideration.

The subject of ventilation, altogether, is one which deserves more of the attention of social economists than it has hitherto received; for, while we can scarcely attach too much importance to questions relating to cottage architecture, water-supply, and general drainage, it must not be forgotten that there is such a thing as atmospheric drainage, which is none the less important because unseen, and due provision for which is one of the requirements for the maintenance of the public health most essential.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

EVERY one interested in natural history, and glad to see the attention of intelligent people turned more and more to the study of outdoor matters, must rejoice at such books as those which Mr. John Burroughs has been giving us during the last ten years. Of them all, perhaps the latest, "Signs and Seasons," issued recently from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the best. In "Wake Robin," the first of Burroughs's books, we had the charm of bird life chiefly set before us. In "Winter Sunshine" came a naturalist's experiences of European sights and sounds. In "Pefracton," and "Locusts and Wild Honey," and "Birds and Poets," mingled criticism and poetry in its relation to woodland and farming life, together with much observation of natural history for the sake of the facts, as well as that subtle teaching which Mr. Burroughs has ears to hear so well, and a pen to interpret so trenchantly. In this last book, the naturalist is again foremost, and the list of chapters alone is appetizing to one who delights in the fields and the forest. He points out what it is possible to see day by day in our own door-yards in his chapter "A Sharp Lookout." "A Spray of Pine," and "A Taste of Maine Birch" are essays upon the two trees which distinctly belong to our own Northern States and New England sentiments. "The Tragedies of the Nests," and "Bird Enemies" show how the tenderest and gentlest of creatures have to struggle for life like coarser animals. "Phases of Farm-life" and "Roof-tree" picture with keen and loving pencil the poetry and good of rural life, and give some hint of why the best blood of the world is grown upon the farm, and how the charm of rural life, lingering in the memory and imagination, always allures the city man as to a vision of peace. It is the great advantage of such books as these that they show to the reader not only the external beauty and excellence of the nature close about us, but open its suggestiveness and feed our imagination as well as merely inform our intellects.

AN article in the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives an account of the wonderful training of the eye and hand among the Japanese. The Japanese mechanic, it is stated, can reduce wood to squares and levels without the use of measures. He will cut a board or a stick a given number of feet, using his eye for determining the length and breadth. Every Japanese boy who is fairly well educated draws with just about as much facility as he writes. He figures everything which he wants to illustrate. The writer having occasion once to ask a Japanese student something about methods of warfare in that country (he had been a soldier attached to one of the great Damios), he immediately figured his explanation in a neat drawing on paper. He could not command enough English words to make his meaning clear, but he could make it clear by a sketch with his pencil."

THE discovery of petroleum wells on the west coast of the Red Sea is both interesting and full of promise for a country such as Egypt, whose finances have for so long been in a deplorable condition. The yield of oil is at present but insignificant when compared with the enormous quantities which gush forth at Baku, and with the amount tapped from the American wells. But there is every indication that the yield will increase to a great deal more than two tons a day, the present output. There is little doubt that petroleum will form the fuel of the future for our steamships; and a station so near the great international highway of Suez, where that fuel can be readily obtained, cannot fail to become a place of great importance. Already the oil is being used by certain ships instead of coal.

AMERICA has long enjoyed the advantages of seashore stations, where the marine life between tide-marks may be studied under its natural conditions. Thus only, in fact, is it possible to acquire accurate and intimate knowledge of a very large part of the oceanic life which forms the subsistence of the fishes and marine mammals available to us as food or otherwise. Not only is the extreme minuteness of most of these tide-water animals an obstacle to their study, but they are so delicate and so susceptible to injurious changes in their environment, that it is almost impossible to carry them away to a laboratory, or breed them in an aquarium. Moreover, the most practical results following their study come from a knowledge of their habit of life, times of occurrence, disappearance, breeding and other phases, which can only be properly investigated under natural conditions. Until now, however, England, which of all countries contains the greatest number of naturalists devoted to the study of marine animals, has had no seaside station of this sort. Under the impulse of the Fisheries Exhibition and the interest in fisheries matters following it, which has culminated in the appointment of a Governmental commission devoted to the matter, this want has been supplied. A central laboratory has been erected upon Plymouth Sound, which is endowed to a small extent by the Government and will be open to students. While much purely scientific work will be done here, an eye will steadily be kept on the practical value of every investigation toward the increase and preservation of the food fishes in English waters.

THE United States Minister at Bogota gives some interesting news as to the manufacturing interests of the United States of Colombia. "The great need of the country," he tells us, "is railroads, as the mines and most productive regions are in the interior, and as the roads are poor it costs about 4 cents per pound to get the freight to Bogota. From the mouth of the Magdalena River to the rapids, a distance of 600 miles, steel boats are run. A railroad runs around the rapids, after which, by 40 miles on mule back and 30 miles in carriage, Bogota is reached. The reason why we have not more trade with your country is that Spanish, French, English and German steamships come regularly to our ports, while all trade with the United States must be carried on through foreign lines. A blast furnace and a rolling mill have been built at Bogota recently, and it cost more to get the machinery from the steamers to its position than the purchase money and freight from Wilmington, Del., where it was made, to the Magdalena River. The recent revolution has nearly stopped all business, but it will pick up again soon."

ONCE again has truth outrun fiction, for the camera in the hands of MM. Henry of Paris has accomplished a feat which no romance-writer would have dared to imagine. Most persons know by sight that beautiful group of stars called the Pleiades, and most people know, too, that this group attracted the attention of star-gazers in very early times. It is mentioned in the book of Job, and profane authors have also weaved many a pretty legend concerning this group of distant suns. In November last, the Messrs. Henry photographed the Pleiades; and the picture showed the presence of a nebula of spiral form which no human eye had before seen. Another photograph taken in this country showed the same appearance, though the largest telescopes in the Paris Observatory gave no evidence to corroborate the photographic appearances. But at the observatory of Pultova, where a gigantic instrument, possessing an object-glass thirty inches in diameter, has lately been erected, the nebula has been detected by the eye of M. Struve.

THE estimation in which the work of Pasteur toward the elucidation and cure of hydrophobia is held by scientific men, is shown by the fact that learned commissions have been sent to Paris to examine into the methods followed by him. That appointed by the English Government contains some of the most eminent men in the kingdom: Sir James Paget, T. Lauder Brunton, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Burdon Sanderson. Names like these assure us that caution will be exercised in the inquiry, and, furthermore, that men of experience and good judgment believe that Pasteur is, at least, upon the right track. Germany sends the great biologist Virchow, with Dr. Koch, whose eminence in cholera investigations is well known. The Academy of Medicine of Rome has sent delegates for the same purpose, while from Bavaria the Archduke Charles, himself a physician, goes to Paris to make an investigation on his own account, as well as in the interest of his subjects.

AT a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor Angelo Heilprin described the remains of prehistoric man, recently discovered on the shore of Sarasota Bay. These remains consisted of some vertebræ only, but the skull is said to have been seen by people of the neighborhood. The remains were embedded in a semi-compact sandstone, and the bones were converted into a yellow oxide of iron. They are probably more entirely fossilized than any human remains heretofore described. The deposit containing the bones is supposed to be of post-pliocene time, though the scarcity of fossils precludes certainty in this respect at the present time. Their great antiquity, however, is undoubted, since it is evident that they had not been disturbed in their original resting-place until brought to view by the washing of the sea.

THE substitution of glass plates instead of copper sheathing on the bottom of a ship has been tried in Italy. It is believed that the freedom from rust and from incrustation, not to speak of the reduction of friction, will prove highly advantageous. The plates of glass are cast to fit the hull and riveted on.

TO RENDER paper suitable for wrapping up silver and delicate metallic polished articles, the following preparation is recommended: Six parts of caustic soda are dissolved in water until the hydrometer shows 20 degrees B. To this solution are added four parts of oxide of zinc and boiled until dissolved. Sufficient water must next be added to reduce the solution to 10 degrees B. Next dip paper or calico into this solution and dry. This wrapping will effectually preserve silver articles from being blackened by the sulphureted hydrogen which abounds in the atmosphere of all large cities, and is largely due to derivatives of coal combustion.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane? Because it hurts the pupil.

WHICH is the fruit of which the most delicate may eat without risk. The fruit of his own industry.

A BEATITUDE is not very happy when the bee attitude happens to be on your hand, with the sting ready for business.

A LITTLE girl who saw a snake for the first time graphically described it to her mother as "nothing with a tail to it"!

THOUGH experience keeps an expensive school,
He's the only master for a fool.

A MAN who had been waiting a long time for something to turn up stepped on a barrel-hoop. It turned up with celerity.

"WHAT part do you perform in the great drama of life?" asked a wit of a peasant. "I mind my own business!" was the reply.

"HAVE you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a disconsolate-looking person. "No," he replied; "but I've a father in jail."

A BOY who was kept after school for very bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

TWO FARMERS had a dispute about the boundary lines of their farms. Their dispute is now settled, and so are the lawyers—on their farms.

THE young lady who had a poor partner in the waltz changed him for a more skillful one, because, she said, she believed in the better whirled.

PROFESSOR (to class in mineralogy): "Can you recall a mineral occurring in the liquid form?" *Philosophical Student:* "Milk, because it comes in quartz."

A SAILOR, on the way to his ship met a boy on his way to a circus. "I am going to sea," said the sailor. "I am going to see, too," responded the boy.

"HAVE you heard of the man who got shot?" said one fellow to another. "Got shot? No," exclaimed the other. "How did he get shot?" "He bought 'em!"

THERE was an old doctor, who when asked what was good for moths, wrote back, "How do you suppose I can tell unless I know what is the matter with the moths?"

"YOURS is a very expensive school," said papa, with a long face and a short purse. "Very sorry, dad," replied young Hopeful, "but I don't learn more than I can help."

AN ill-natured man being seen to blush, it was asked what the cause was. "Oh," said a witty lady, "the cross old creature happened to smile, and he feels ashamed of it."

"A CASE of female cowhiding!" is the startling title of an article in a country paper. We know all about it. The woman concealed the cow when she saw the assessor coming.

PATIENT endurance, which Longfellow says is even god-like, frequently shows greater self-sacrifice and greater heroism than many an act of bravery done on the impulse of the moment.

PHYSICIAN: "I will give you a larger dose after this; take a teaspoon every hour." *Lady Patient:* "What! a teaspoon every hour? At that rate my supply of silverware will soon give out."

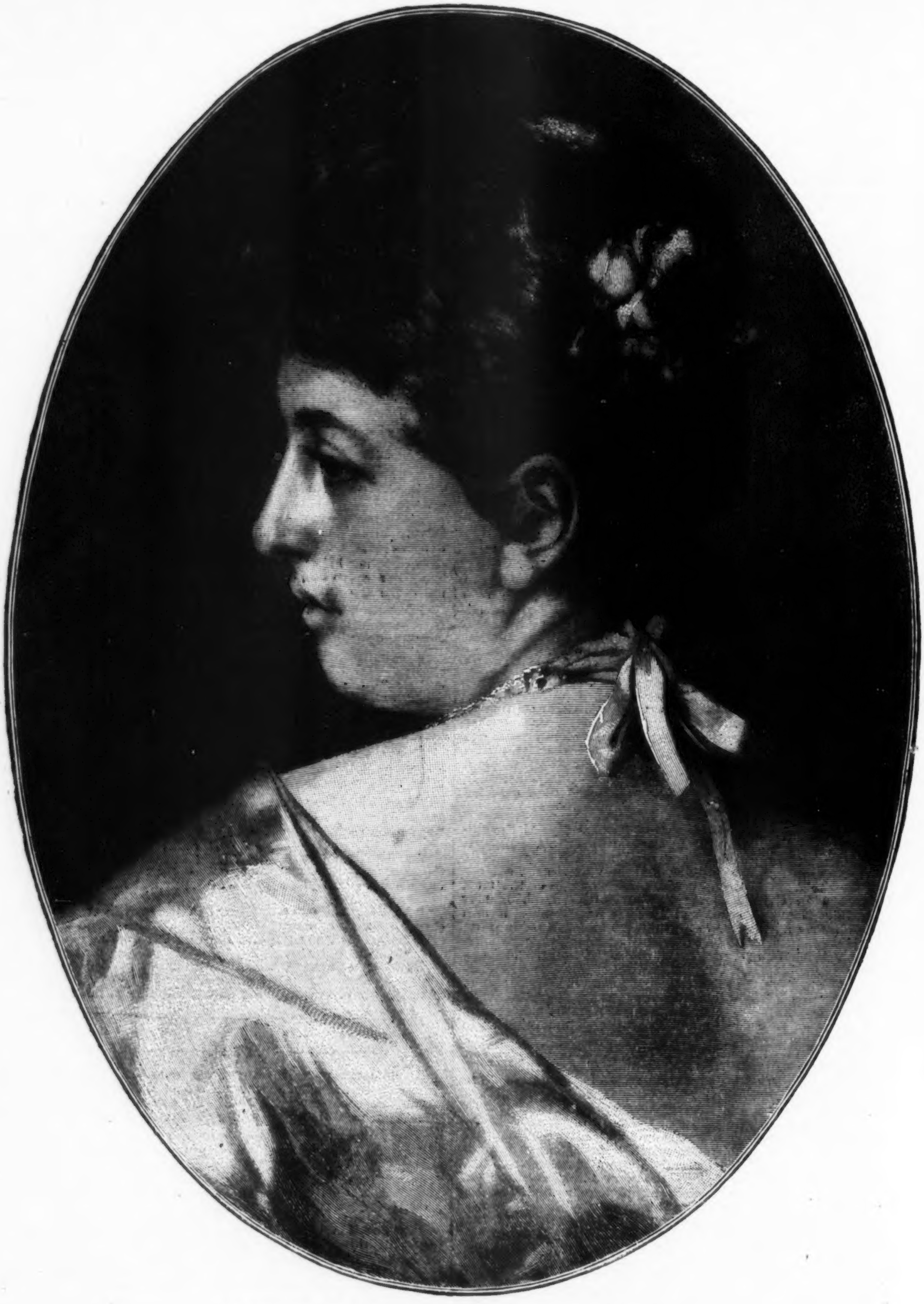
A SCHOOLMASTER, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dozen" on the blackboard, and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. He was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dozen know my lesson."

TEACHER: "John, what are your boots made of?" *Boy:* "Of leather, sir." *Teacher:* "Where does the leather come from?" *Boy:* "From the hide of the ox." *Teacher:* "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes, and gives you meat to eat?" *Boy:* "My father."

"UNCLE JAMES," said a Boston young lady who was spending a few days in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?" "No," replied Uncle James; "he's a Leghorn." "Why, of course, to be sure!" said the young lady. "How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles."

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD *Julie* (thoughtfully): "Do you know what makes the trees sigh sometimes?" *Mother:* "It's only the breeze, dearie." *Julie:* "Oh, no, mamma, that's not it." *Mother:* "Not the breeze?" *Julie:* "No, mamma; it's because the trees are lonesome for the birds to come home."

XUM



A DRESDEN PAINTER'S MODEL.—DRAWN BY PROFESSOR J. SCHOLZ.

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